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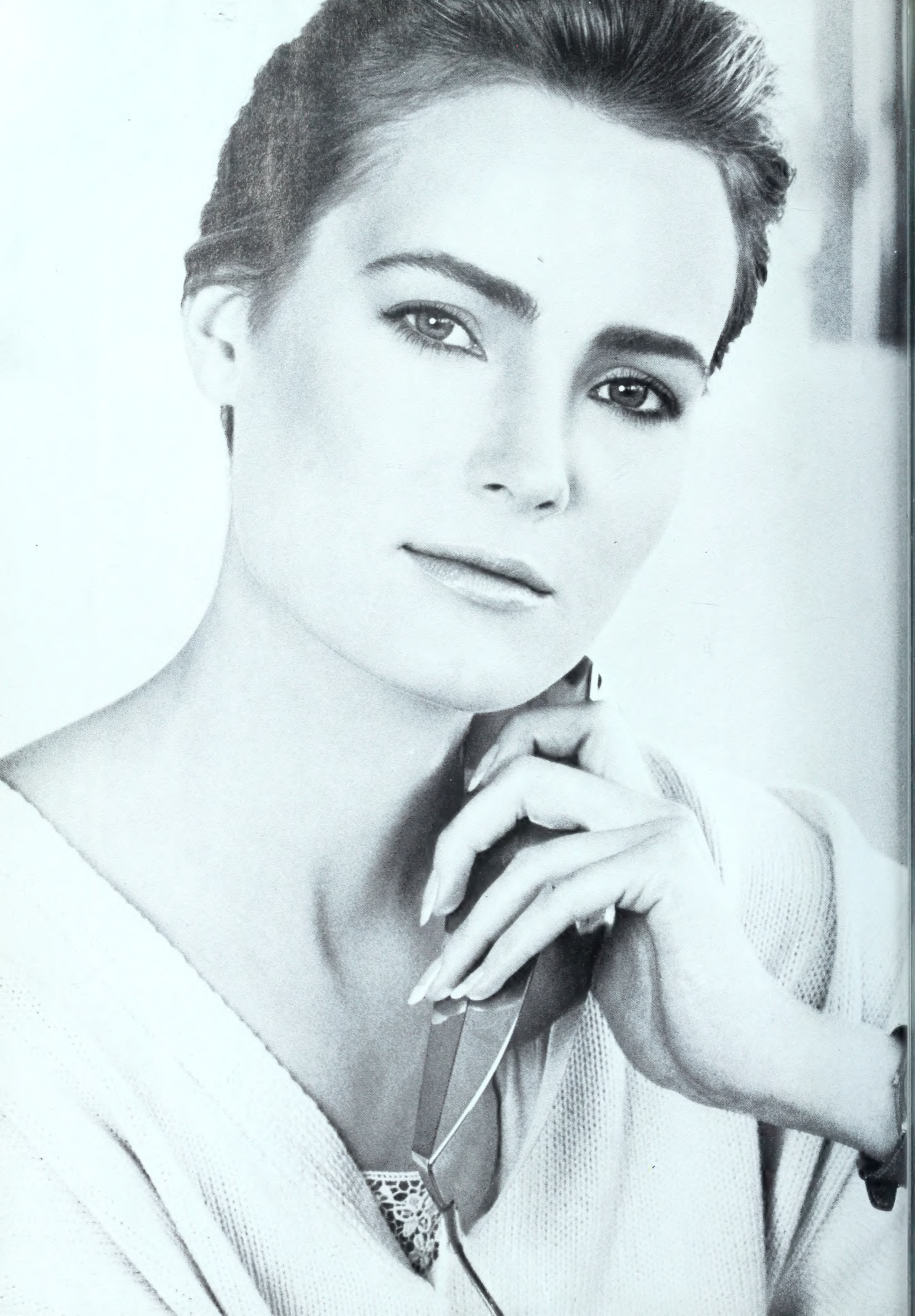


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Volume 159, Number 1

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New England RICHARD BALZARINI, Hingham Executive Center, 175 Derby St., Hingham MA 02043
South DENNIS W. DOUGHERTY, 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309
Midwest MELVIN G. CHALEM, 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611
Detroit JOHN F. McCLURE, 3310 West Big Beaver Road, suite 537, Troy MI 48084
West Coast MARGARET M. THALKEN, 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills CA 90212
DALE C. SONES, 1750 Montgomery St., San Francisco CA 94111
Florida DAVID RUBIN, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
London ROBERT E. YOST, 19 South Audley St., London W1Y5DN
France JOHN H. LIESVELD, JR., 284 boulevard St.-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R0AD
FRENCH MAISON & JARDIN 8–10, boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15
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It must be clear to any reader of House & Garden how important to the magazine are the architects and interior designers and decorators who create the rooms that fill our pages with so much beauty each month. To recognize their contributions, we have decided to establish House & Garden Design Awards for outstanding achievements in residential design within the United States each year.

There will be two categories in our annual competition: one for architecture and another for interior design and decorating. Two separate invited juries will choose the winning works each year, and a $25,000 award will be given in each category.

The quality of any competition is determined in part by the members of the jury and we determined from the outset that we wanted juries that would reflect a mixture of professional, academic, and patron or client concerns.

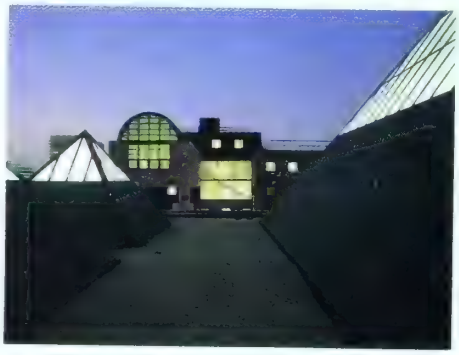
Given the importance we attach to their role, I am delighted to report that a very distinguished group has agreed to serve on our 1987 panels. For architecture our jury will include three architects: Philip Johnson, New York; Mario Botta, Lugano, Switzerland; and Thomas H. Beeby, Chicago, who is also the new dean of the School of Architecture at Yale University. Serving with them will be Mildred Friedman, design curator of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, and Phyllis Lambert, director of the Canadian Center for Architecture in Montreal.

On our first interior design and decorating panel we have Mrs. Henry Parish II, New York; Andrée Putman, Paris; and Charles Pfister, San Francisco—along with Alice Cooney Freylinghuysen, assistant curator, Department of American Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Paul F. Walter, a collector in New York City.



GRANT MUDFORD

Richard Koshalek, director, and Sherri Geldin, associate director, *above,* look over model for the inaugural exhibition of L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art, *below.*



Even as I write these names, I anticipate the stimulating discussions we are going to have come May, when the juries meet to deliberate and choose the first House & Garden Design Award winners. Official rules and entry forms can be found on pages 59–60.

As you look at this page, you might think the two people examining the model in the photograph above are also judging a competition. Not true. Richard Koshalek, director of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, and Sherri Geldin, associate director of the museum, are showing me the arrangement of art planned for the inaugural exhibition when the museum opens its new facility in early January. We've included some spectacular photographs of MOCA's new building by the Japanese architect Arata Isozaki on page 86, followed by another architectural triumph, the new Lloyd's of London by the Richard Rogers Partnership, page 90.

We feel as if we're also getting a new museum in New York with the opening of the Lila Acheson Wallace Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in February. Devoted to twentieth century art, the new wing will also exhibit items from the museum's design and architecture collections. For a preview of the opening show—appropriately called "Exhibit One: Decorative and Industrial Design, 1900–1986"—see page 136. We think it is going to change the public perception of the decorative arts of this century.

Although this is our first issue for 1987, you will be receiving it before Christmas and will be in the right mood for Nancy, Lady Keith's thoughts about gift buying and giving in the text accompanying the photographs of her rooms, page 66. I have to confess that, like Lady Keith, I too have frequently bought things that I found impossible to give away.

But it is the season for giving, and as we enter into it and the new year before us, we have to remember, as Lady Keith reminds us, that that means "double shopping." As I think about it, I find the idea intriguing. What would the world be like if every time we indulged ourselves, we were as quick to respond to the thought: one for me, one for you?

Happy New Year

Lou Gropp

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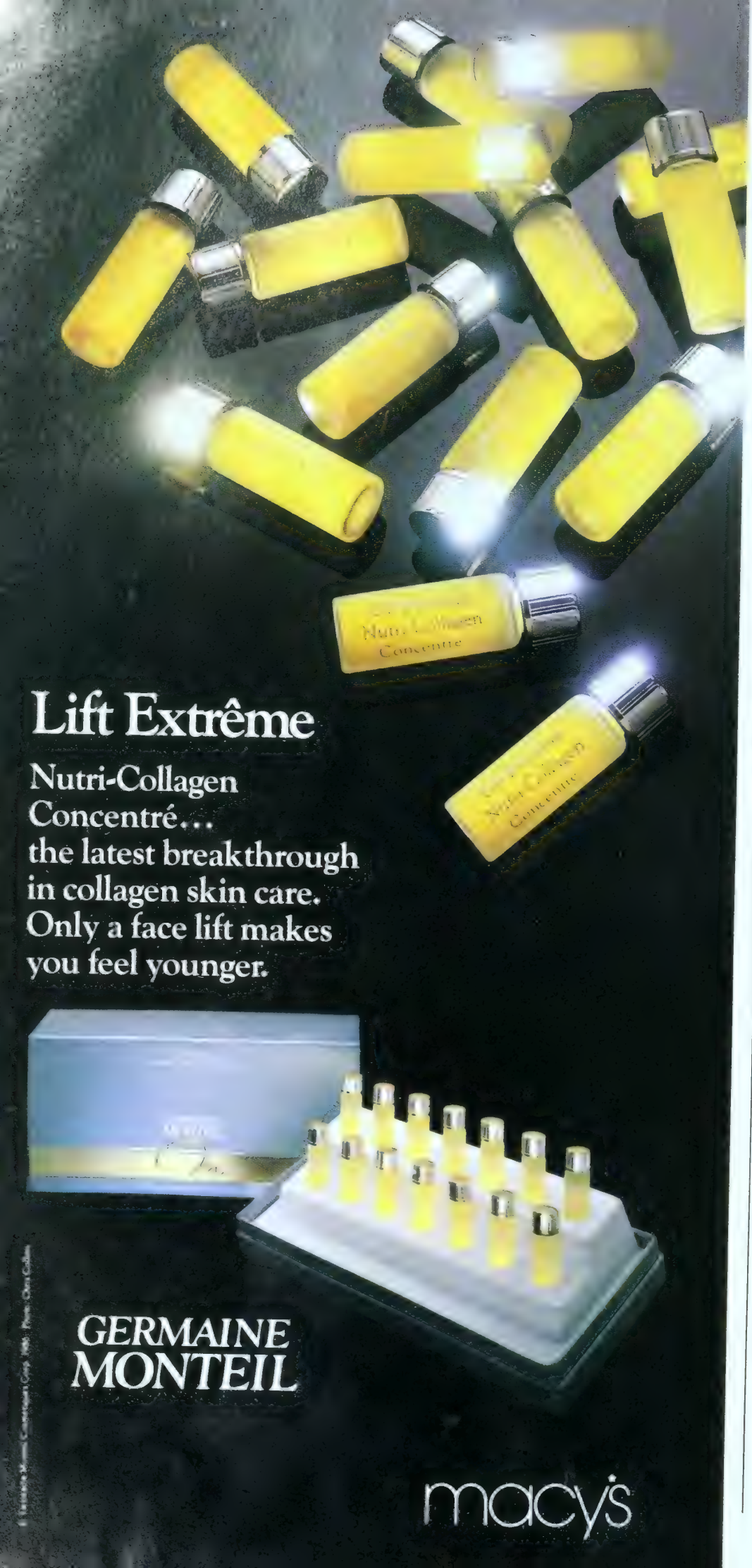
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

ROBERT M. ADAMS's most recent bo are *The Land and Literature of England* : *Decadent Societies*.

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art c ic and has written books on Christo and exander Calder.

BRUCE CHATWIN is the author of *In P agonia, The Viceroy of Ouidah,* and *On Black Hill. Songlines* will be published Viking in spring 1987.

ALASTAIR DUNCAN is the consultant nineteenth- and twentieth-century deco tive arts at Christie's. He is the author many books on the Art Nouveau and A Deco movements; his most recent book *American Art Deco.*

DAVID ESTERLY is a professional lin wood foliage carver who lives in upst New York.

ROBIN LANE FOX is a Fellow of New C lege, Oxford. He is the author of *Bet Gardening,* and his *Variations on a Gard* will be published by Godine in spri 1987. Among his nongardening books ar prizewinning biography of *Alexander t Great* and a new book, *Pagans and Chr tians,* which will appear this month fro Knopf.

ALICE GORDON is a writer and edit who lives in New York.

SPALDING GRAY has been performi his autobiographic monologues since 197 Most of them are published in two vo umes: *Sex and Death to the Age Fourte* and *Swimming to Cambodia.*

PATRICK HOCKEY is a painter who liv in Australia, where he divides his time b tween Sydney and a Queensland station.

ARATA ISOZAKI is the architect of th new Museum of Contemporary Art in Lo Angeles and last July was awarded the Ro al Gold Medal by the Royal Institute o British Architects. An exhibition of h work is on view at the Max Protetch Ga lery in New York through January 3.

LADY KEITH lives in New York and i working on her autobiography.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is a founder of th School of American Ballet and the Ne York City Ballet. *Quarry: A Collection i Lieu of Memoirs* will be published in Febru ary by Twelvetrees Press.



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HOMAGE TO GRINLING GIBBONS

Carrying on the great tradition of limewood carving

By David Esterly



Esterly carving: Black walnut and pin oak leaves with acorns and milkweed pod

One day back in the mid seventies I was walking down Piccadilly when my companion grabbed me by the arm and redirected me into St. James's Church just around the corner from Fortnum & Mason's. She explained that she wanted to see the Grinling Gibbons woodcarvings. Grinling Gibbons, a memorable name, though one that had lodged in only the most obscure recesses of my own memory. As an American student up at Cambridge, I had lived next door to some of Gibbons's finest work obliviously, and with equal blindness I must have encountered his carving in other seventeenth-century buildings across Britain.

But the scales finally fell from my eyes when I looked up at Gibbons's foliage-strewn altarpiece that day in London. His great cascades of flowers, fruits, and vegetables seemed to me like a vision of Elysium, an earthly paradise where field and grove and garden had come together in some apotheosis of bountifulness. And the medium for this vision, wood, that most corporeal of substances, here appeared floating and ethereal, in breathtakingly high relief, somehow carved to airy thinness.

I had just emerged from student life and so mistook my newly excited interest for an academic one. I thought that a book ought to be written on Gibbons and limewood foliage carving, the extraordinary form he invented. The story, I discovered, is a fascinating one. Born in Rotterdam of English parents, Gibbons had trained to be a religious sculptor in the grand European manner. He came to England when he was about nineteen, worked in obscurity for a time, and the one day near th beginning of 167 in a "poore solita thatched house in field," he was di covered by chanc by the courtier an man-about-towr John Evelyn. Eve lyn presented t the king his youn find and the bas relief panel, de picting the Cruci fixion, whic Gibbons had bee at work upon Charles II and hi queen refused t buy Gibbons's piece, much to the dis may of Evelyn, who later blamed thi rejection on the disparaging remarks o a bystander. But the truth is that the young sculptor from Europe was hope lessly on the wrong track. There coul be no real market in Protestant En gland for the kind of religious figure work Gibbons had gone there to do. It was politically unacceptable.

So Gibbons went back down to his cottage, thence to disappear from his torical view for six long years. When he reemerged, it was no longer as a sculptor in the great tradition but as a maker of decorative art. In place of carved saints there were flowers and fruits.


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but flowers and fruits carved as no one had carved them before—carved as if they possessed all the intense spiritual life a sculptor might find in his human subjects. Gibbons's brilliant and lucrative career had begun. It was to bring him an unceasing stream of royal commissions, as well as work for churches and for the houses of those few below royalty who could afford his services.

How was Gibbons able to transform the lumpish decorative work of his English predecessors? Why did he persist





in using that European sculpture medium, limewood, in preference to the traditional oak of English carvers? I came to believe that questions like these could not be answered unless one had some acquaintance with the physical process of carving. So I bought some chisels and began experimenting, pushing ahead as best I could by copying seventeenth-century pieces lent me by a dealer friend.

The genie was out of the bottle. Carving began insinuating its way into my life, gradually supplanting any thought of writing about it. I found something hypnotic in the act itself. Carving brings the whole body into play; control of the chisel comes by a kind of dynamic tension, the muscles of one arm playing off against those of the other.

Top: David Esterly at home. *Above:* Artichoke, escarole, leeks, and visiting butterfly in limewood, a detail of the vegetable garland applied to the mantelpiece, *right.* The mantel for a dining-room fireplace was designed by David Esterly and executed in white oak by Eric Glesmann Woodworking.

The answer to my question about Gibbons's choice of limewood soon became clear. Lime, which is what the British call linden, is a carving wood without parallel. The word *linden* is derived from *lind,* German for "soft," and soft it is, but it is also strong enough to be radically undercut and firm enough to accept fine detail. Lime

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almost any direction.
these qualities make f
wood that can be persu
ed into those curvifo
often seemingly paper-
shapes one associates
fine foliage carving—
for that matter, with
foliage itself.

I also discovered e
on that Gibbons achie
his impressively high relief by usi
bold technique of separate carving
assembly. This procedure saves a lo
pointless excavation, and far from
ing a form of cheating, it opens
door to extraordinary technical c
lenges. Gradually a sense of the spa
possibilities of this carving begar
dawn on me. With their liquid pla
shadows and shadowy light the fo
that could be created sometimes t
my breath away. I found myself mus
on Ezra Pound's mysterious rem
that our salvation is in organic form

It was fortunate that I taught my
to carve; otherwise I probably wo
have been taught the wrong thi
The traditional carving trade long
sank into frippery and fakery. M
technically skilled wood-carvers e




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now occupy themselves almost exclusively with restoration and repair or with eighteenth-century reproduction work. Based on the acanthus and usually painted or gilded, this work is commonly executed in pine, using carving techniques that are highly sophisticated but do not suffice for naturalistic limewood work.

I was not interested in producing period carvings, not even carvings of Gibbons's period. As they say, he who imitates the *Iliad* does not imitate Homer. I revere Gibbons, but I do not want to revive his style. For a start, his magnificent flowers often strike me as too perfect. I began putting in broken stems and insect damage, remembering that the beauty of flowers has always been a metaphor for the transitoriness of life. And I discarded all those seventeenth-century conventionalisms which even Gibbons scatters enthusiastically through his work: lace and ribbons, armor, medallions, cherubs, trophies of hanging game, heraldic themes, and the like.

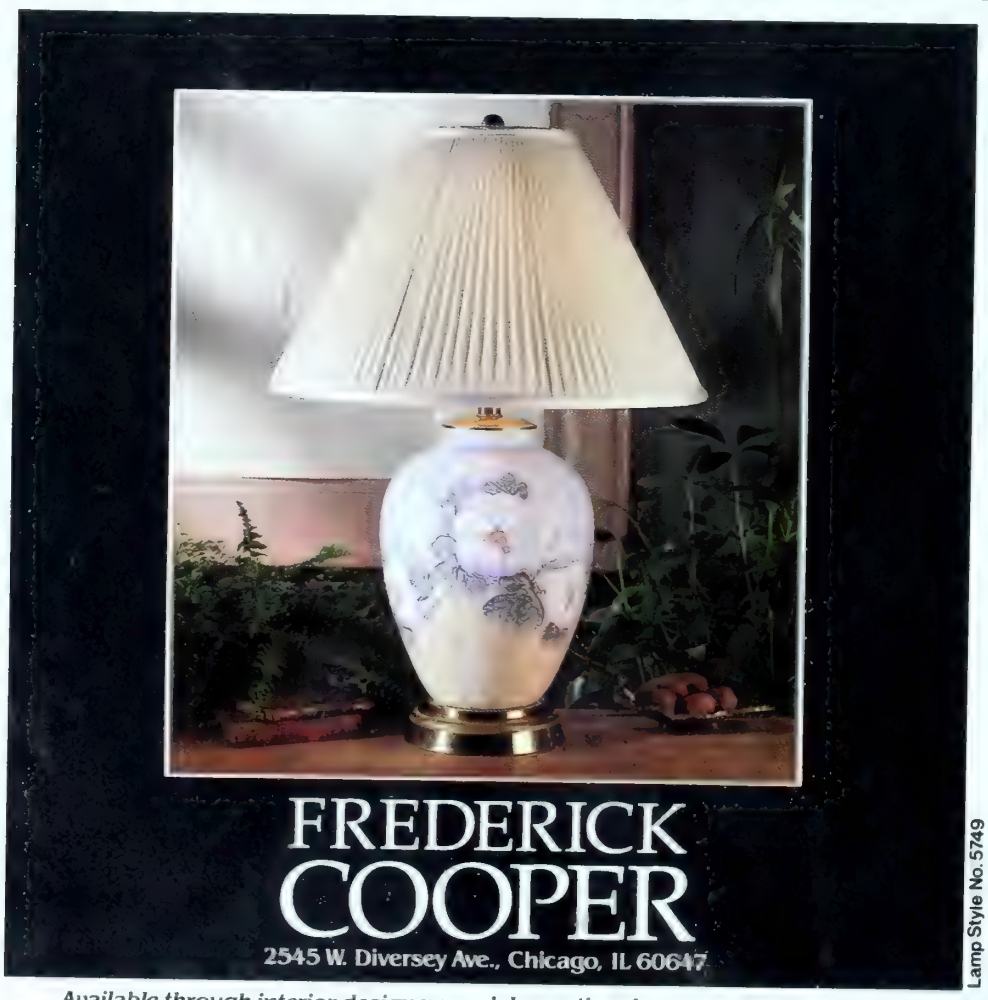
Moreover, I have tried to break away not only from the acanthus motif itself, that millennia-old device which permeates Gibbons and almost all other Western decoration, but also from the ghost of the acanthus, those formal curves which haunt decorative work even when the acanthus itself has disappeared. Innumerable natural forms remain when the acanthus goes: the common plants of fields and gardens, many of which Gibbons did not deign to use, as well as exotic hybrids he never saw. There are innumerable sources for visual rhythm, countless principles of design.

To avoid falling into period reproductionism, it is not necessary to soar to high art. I find that a craftsmanlike way of regarding both work and patron stimulates creativity. I do my best to see that the future owner of a carving is in on the design of it. For one thing, it is pleasing to make use of those flowers or other plants which have particular associations for the owner or a special appropriateness for the location. I work only on commission and pra cally never sign anything. My pri still are determined by my hours, by the market. I don't own any of own carvings.

Some people who commissio carving from me clearly wish to reg it in some measure as a kind of latt day object of virtu, a thing to conte plate for the skill it reveals, "curiosity of handling," to borr John Evelyn's phrase. And some ca ings are indeed meant to be the pro uct of unusually intense concentrati on the part of their maker. Such piec almost always small and independe of any particular setting, allow one push technique and medium to th limits; wood carving thereby begins approach its far extreme of delica Gibbons himself plainly delighted executing this kind of tour de force less than he did his vast construction

The larger and more architectur carvings, however, increasingly occ py my time. These are carvings execu ed for a specific location. They see able to bring the dimension of life to a entire room, in much the same way th fresh flowers do. But the monochrom of foliage carving means that attentio is not directed toward color but form the flowing, clean, crisp lines of grow ing things. For technical and aesthetic reasons almost all foliage carvings, in cluding the small tour de force piece are designed as appliqué work, to b attached to a vertical surface. Favore places for larger carvings traditionall have included wall space over or be side a door or window, on either side o a mirror or painting, on the frieze of mantelpiece, or in the overmantel area What is really required is a define space. Wherever it is sited, fine foliag carving should function as a kind o icon through which the beauty of the natural order can enter a room.

A good carver ought not to be impe rious. The way that Gibbons allows his medium, and the carving techniques it elicits, to influence the appearance o his flowers, fruits, and vegetables is one of his salutary lessons. For exam ple, the surfaces of Gibbons's work, and of all limewood foliage carving, have a distinctive softness of appear ance. This is because they are finished by chisel alone, without sanding or any other form of abrasion. The scores of small facets left by the tool break up



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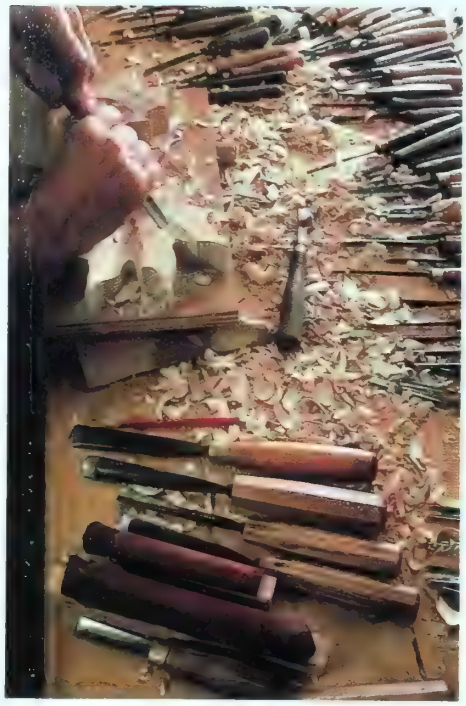
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the light and give the surface its deep texture. If you proceed to sand this tender skin, you end up with something hard, shiny, and dead.

Limewood foliage carving is an unfamiliar genre, so one must to some extent create and inform the taste by which it is enjoyed. Some people who ought to know better—designers among them—try to persuade me to paint or tint my carving or put a color wash, gesso, or whatever on it. But gesso it even lightly and you have clogged the surface and inclined the appearance of the work toward plaster. Tint or wash it and you begin to lose contact with the medium and with that sense of shared life which wood gives. Paint it and it might as well be plastic. Gibbons did not finish his carving in any way, as we know from contemporary references, but, alas, much of it was varnished in later times, as in St. James's Church, for example. Over the years an untouched limewood surface will weather and darken slightly and acquire a kind of bloom.



Array of tools on studio table

I used to have a workshop with sweeping views over river and field. Although I continue to live in pastoral surroundings, I now work cramped room, facing a blank wall, der fluorescent lights. This does w ders for the concentration, but the more to it than that. You must, Coleridge, using an archaic wo eloign yourself from nature, abs yourself from her for a season, if want to produce something that the life of nature in it. Carved flow and leaves and fruit are not a simple ercise in trompe l'oeil but alway translation from the natural obj Carve a leaf with photographic acc cy and you end up with a wooden l flat and lifeless. There must be a k of selective exaggeration, more curl here, more of a bulge there, so t by a series of small inaccuracies a lar accuracy comes into place. I may h an actual rose or apple on my wo bench, but it is there more as a remi er than a model. What is copie something in the mind.

A year or two after I was steered Piccadilly and into my present life found myself talking to an old carve front of St. Paul's Cathedral, where was employed replacing damag stonework. He must have been a sep agenarian, and he had an air of un suming benevolence. It was one those English spring days when t light suddenly expands and contrac as sun and cloud follow fast upon o another. I told him about my interest carving, and he replied by saying tha ought to think twice before taking it as a career. "You know what they say he told me, "carvers are starvers." A he listed a catalogue of woes awaiti anyone who embarked upon so dul ous a pursuit: poverty, obscurity, so muscles, and all the rest. But as talked along, good-humoredly, he sa that I was not going to be deterre Something hardened in his manne and he gave me the kind of look th searches out the heart. Suddenly deference and shyness fell away. "C yes," he said, in a sunburst of prid "it's the only life for a man."

I don't know that I would phrase that way exactly. But it's an honorab profession, where cheating shows a virtue has its own rewards. It giv strength and skill. And as you come realize, walking through the hous and palaces of the world, it has give many an anonymous carver a litt power over the grave. □

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BUILDERS OF PROMISE

Seven Japanese architects worth watching

By Arata Isozaki



Since the mid 1970s certain young Japanese architects have begun to attract international attention to their new designs. Their buildings are neither the traditional Japanese wooden houses composed of *tatami* (straw matting) and *shoji* (paper sliding door) nor the condensed realizations of Marcel Breuer's and Paul Rudolph's Modern style, which have also had a fashion in Japan. Some of the new young architects use a vocabulary similar to that of the "white" houses by the New York Five (Eisenman, Graves, Gwathmey, Hejduk, and Meier) or Venturi's and Moore's "gray" houses, but their work is essentially different. Most of them appear to be more particular about detailing, and they are intentionally emphatic about their heterogeneity. Using the color classification system of American architectural journalism, one might call these buildings "black" houses, because in most cases the designs contain a dark or psychologically deep element, even when white or silver or naturally textured wood is used.



House in Bōhuro, designed by Osamu Ishiyama. Photographs Taisuke Ogawa, copyright *Shinkenchiku*.





Fujii House near Yokohama, designed by Riken Yamamoto. Photographs Komei Tanaka.

In general the conditions under which these mostly small, private houses appear have been extremely bad. Both the sites and the funds available for construction are below average for normal Japanese houses. Only a few great houses are built in Japan, and usually they are constructed by carpenters specializing in traditional wooden houses or by the design sections of major construction companies. The advancement of the prefabricated housing industry (similar to the auto industry's) has made available almost all housing styles from Colonial and pseudo-Victorian to Japonica, Spanish, and Modern, but the industry has organized its supply according to market research on the tastes of upper-middle-class Japanese. The only other housing types are multistory public apartment blocks and the small condominiums the Japanese call mansions, both of which are designed according to Western standards for single people but are usually inhabited by families.

All this construction is done without order in the large cities of Japan. A eign journalist once said cynically the country's economic prosperity pends on Japanese worker bees li patiently in tiny rabbit hutches. became a subject of dispute at the D but it describes an undeniable tr And what all of the above has added to is very little opportunity for Jap young architects.

Dissatisfied with this architect situation, a group of people who primarily engaged in intellectual p fessions has begun to support country's young architects. Only a l ited number of this group, usually d tors and journalists, can actua become clients. These people, who





Nakatsuka House in Izu, designed by Hiroshi Hara. Photographs Tomio Ohashi.

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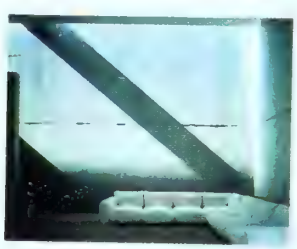
George McMonigle creates for The Franklin Mint.

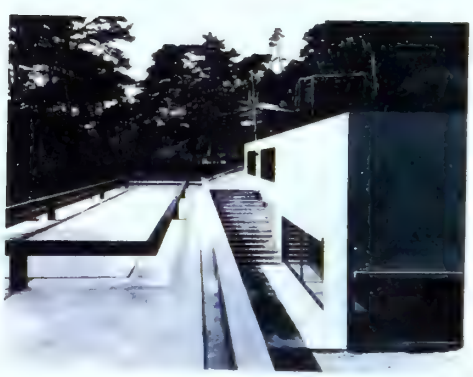


House in Kuwahara Matsuyama, designed by Itsuko Hasegawa. Photographs Tomio Ohashi.

gard the introduction to Japan of the Western chair and bed a result of modernization no longer adhere to the traditional style of living on *tatami* but sometimes, recalling the memory of their childhood days, feel nostalgic for the Japanese style of living. It is a strange jumble of a life, especially pronounced in the cities, where Eastern culture meets that of Western origin. And it seems to me that irritation with the current condition of Japanese cities is reflected in the radical efforts of young architects.

Among the seven architects discussed here, Tadao Ando is probably most popular abroad. His debut work, Sumiyoshi Row Houses (*nagaya*), was the result of a strong and conscious resistance to the present urban situation. Ando wrenched away one house from the line of old wooden row houses and replaced it with a concrete block, intending to fill the 633-square-foot site with a residential space as large as permissible under the architectural regulations. It resulted in an extreme plan; the bathroom is reached only by passing through the inner court from either the bedroom or living room. In addition, it is completely closed to the outside road and provided with light by means of an inner court like those in houses in the Middle and Near East. It is true that such a solution has long been carried out in the *machiya* (town house) buildings in the Kansai district, but Ando's realization takes the form of a boxlike sculpture finished in crisp concrete.





Koshino House in Ashiya, designed by Tadao Ando. Photographs: *top,* Tomio Ohashi; *above,* Mitsuo Matsuoka, copyright *The Japan Architect.*





Sejima House in Tokyo, designed by Toyo Ito. Photographs Tomio Ohashi.

The same closed attitude to the surrounding environment in the city is seen in Toyo Ito's House in Nakano Hon-cho with a U-shaped plan. Two curving walls made of twelve-foot-wide panels form the space in which all the functions are arranged. Closing itself not only to the outside street but also to its inner court, it thus creates a long abstract space like a womb.

Hiroshi Hara assumed a defensive attitude in his manifesto against the condition of the city, and in this vein he designed a series of houses that looked exactly like typical farmhouses or warehouses. They had no special ex
rior design, but their interiors w
composed with amazing elegance, a
to epitomize the city. The central a
of the house was conceived as a str
along both sides of which priv
rooms are arranged like private hous
Hara's intention with this work, he
said, was "to bury a city in a house."

A more extreme example of this
fensive attitude is Riken Yamamot
Fujii House. Its first-floor dental cli
is concrete, over which was buil
wooden house whose three spaces
the main bedroom, the children's b
room, and a common room—are
ranged disjointedly. Thus the first flo
may well be regarded as a kind of art
cial base. The roof garden, though it
only a tiny space between roon
brings in refreshing nature. Most i
pressive in this design is the nonch
lance with which the lower area
reinforced concrete block is grafted





Miyata House in suburb of Tokyo, designed by Hiromi Fujii. Photographs Masao Arai, copyright *Shinkenchiku.*



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Perforated metal sheet and wire net create cool, even erotic components similar to the half-transparent screen of bamboo and pape that characterizes the traditional Japanese house

the wooden portion above. It would be too cynical to see this composition as an example of the combinations in the residences of the West—the rusticated expression at the ground floor and the light expression of piano nobile at the upper floor. In fact, the architect wanted to build the upper part with reinforced concrete as well, at least from the point of load, but he has said that he had to use wood because of the building cost. Although no detail of the traditional wooden architecture of Japan was used within the wood frame of this house, its clean freshness strangely recalls the traditional space of Japan.

A different approach is taken by those architects who are intentionally on the offensive in this disordered city. They do not always make a violent attack on the city but, by producing visual disharmonies, point out its existence clearly and appear to attain Brecht's *Verfremdung,* the sense of alienation.

Hiromi Fujii's Miyata House combines a pharmacy and residence. Here no distinction was made in expressing these points. On the contrary, a strong principle of geometric form-composition was used in the treatment of the interior and exterior spaces of both the residential space and the pharmacy. The design of this building is basically formed from two juxtaposed cubes. And in order to break up the simplicity, some parts of the building were excoriated and rotated, then meticulously articulated, which resulted in a complicated combination of forms. Because Fujii based this geometric system on the square, both on the elevation and on the plan, we might be tempted to note its close resemblance to the way in which the transparent interior space in traditional architecture of Japan—based on the *tatami* unit of measure and the use of *shoji* screen—is formed by means of similar rectangular divisions. Although he claims that this work resulted from a purely logical operation having nothing to do with the tradition, it is strange that the completed realization, particularly the texture of material seen under natural light, recalls a Japanesque space. One of the reasons may be the use of monochromatic color in white and gray.

More intuitive closeness to the Japanesque space is seen in Itsuko Hasegawa's House in Kuwahara Matsuyama. The owner of the building has a self-supporting ironworks in this town, and because he promotes local cultural activities, he has a wide circle of associates, which required a room for parties on a scale rarely seen in the standard private house in Japan today. Itsuko Hasegawa's solution was to arrange an unusually large space in the center which could be partitioned by a movable stainless-steel screen. And she utilized metallic material both on the exterior and in the interior of the house in order to make the maximum use of the owner's engineering skills. In a traditional *machiya* house a large room called *hiro-ma* (*hiro* for wide or large, *ma* for room) was used chiefly as a guest room. In this house such a space is revived with ease. And by using the perforated metal sheet and wire net, Itsuko Hasegawa has produced cool, even erotic components similar to the half-transparent screen made of bamboo and paper that characterizes the traditional Japanese house.

Osamu Ishiyama's attack against the city is made, strategically, from two angles. One concerns the supply system of housing materials: opposing the major companies that rule distribution, he develops his own route, though small, which promotes vernacularism and resembles a kind of guerrilla warfare. If required, Ishiyama will visit places of production, such as Alaska and Formosa, to make his purchases, thus promoting the larger supply of mate while he circumvents the present tribution system. But in Bōhuro, work presented here, Ishiyama int to rediscover crafts that are now al extinct in Japan and to use them new way.

As his second strategy, Ishiy tries to excavate the unique form tent in Japanese culture and to them forward in overstated for Most of these forms and materials despised as kitsch. But it seems to that his daring to propose gaudy J nesque forms in defiance of tod middle-class principles of "good sign" in the end supports truly g design. Forms on the exterior an the interior space, however, are ranged in a way quite different f the composition in a traditional ho in Japan. Each of the forms was ad ed critically, and meaning someti functions as joke or parody.

That an architect in the present s ation must decide to be either offen or defensive against the city might s gest that a city like Tokyo, compa with cities in the West, is tending creasingly toward anarchy charact ized by contingency, discontinu and diversity. And when an archit works in a city that has been form without a plan, like Tokyo, it is diffic to have peaceful, friendly relati with the surrounding environment. pecially in cases where he intends initiate a radical change, it follows t the relations with the environm would be irritated, almost close to fr tration. But it is a fact that the very si ation itself has inspired such archite to be adventurous. The works of t seven architects selected here were alized in the past ten years—one wo for each architect. And it is encour ing that any one of these architects h constantly been engaged in such di cult work up to now. □



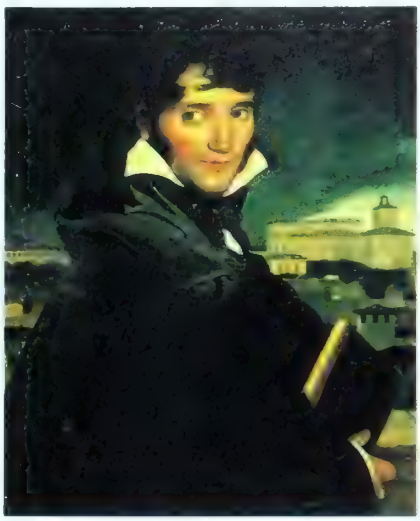
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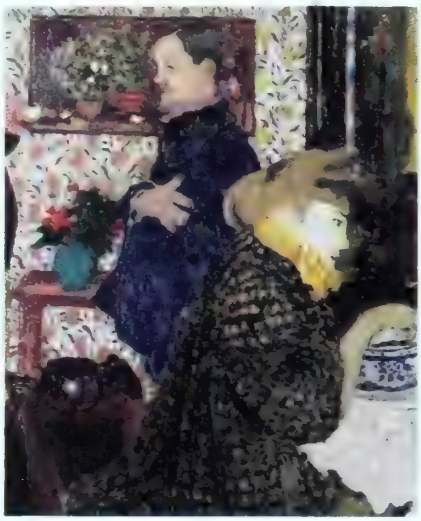
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Left: Ingres's *François Marius Granet,* c. 1807; *Right:* Vuillard's *Portrait of Misia Natanson with Félix Vallotton and Thadée Natanson,* 1899

REFLECTING ON THE FACE OF FRANCE

A two-century survey of French portraiture is hardly the freshest or most riveting idea for an exhibition. But however flimsy the concept, it provides a great pretext for marshaling some worthy paintings and portrait busts that deserve to be seen anew. And that's precisely what Houston's Museum of Fine Arts has done in its current show, "A Magic Mirror: The Portrait in France 1700–1900," through January 25. The 46 artists range from Hyacinthe Rigaud, whose grandiose images of Louis XIV made him the most sought-after portraitist of his era, and Ingres, who conferred lasting fame upon the nineteenth-century *haute bourgeoisie*, to Toulouse-Lautrec, who caricatured the habitués of fin-de-siècle café society.



Seurat's *Young Woman Powdering Herself,* 1889.

The exhibition is noteworthy for some outstanding loans: Rigaud's portrait of a duke as well as Chardin's *Boy with a Top* came from the Louvre, and the superb Ingres was borrowed from the Musée Granet in Aix-en-Provence. Moreover, the show enables the Houston museum to show off seven works from its own collection, including Seurat's portrait of his mistress and Cézanne's likeness of his wife. Many of the faces on view are attached to names that are now legendary: the empress Josephine (modeled in terra-cotta by Chinard), Paganini (by Delacroix), Balzac (Rodin), and Madame de Pompadour (Boucher). To be able to see these celebrated folk as they were viewed by the leading artists of their time is reason enough for such a show. *David Bourdon*



Cézanne's *Madame Cézanne,* 1885–87.

GREAT SCOTT



Burton's granite chairs, 1985–86, and a bronze *Pedestal Table,* 1979–81.

New York artist Scott Burton, 47, makes sculpture in the guise of furniture. An avowed populist with a didactic bent, he scorns art-for-art's-sake theories and sees nothing wrong with producing usable art. Several museums and corporations evidently agree, because they have commissioned him to devise artful furniture for their public spaces. Now through February 1 the Baltimore Museum of Art is showing 35 of Burton's tables and chairs in an exhibit that surveys his furniture art from 1973 to the present. Fabricated in wood, steel, or acrylic and often carved out of granite, gneiss, or lava, the chairs embody Burton's distinctive sculptural style—a chunky Tony Smith–type Minimalism with a Postmodernist overlay of Egypto-Deco mannerisms. Some of Burton's pieces are witty takeoffs on classic seating, such as the Adirondack lawn chair, the sling chair, the lounge chair, and the chaise longue. No wonder that Burton's sophisticated art is fast becoming popular furnishing for museum gardens, corporate lobbies, and public parks. *D.B.*



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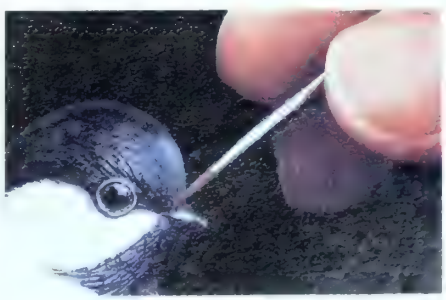
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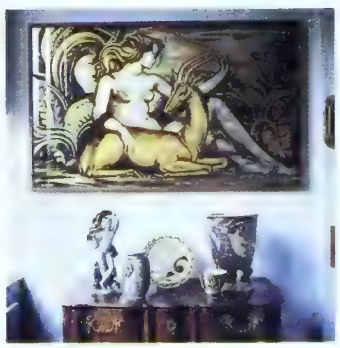


Painted by hand to reveal every detail of the chickadee's intricate markings.

DECO DOYEN

On his hundredth birthday, René Buthaud has lived long enough to see interest in his designs reborn

By Alastair Duncan











Deco master and his work *clockwise from center:* René Buthaud in his sitting room Bordeaux; five exceptional ceramic vases, 1920s; poster the Salon des Artistes Décorateurs, 1931; a corner his studio; ceramic pieces beneath a *verre églomisé* pa

René Buthaud, who celebrated his one hundredth birthday on December 14, is one of a very small group of surviving artists in the field of decorative arts already busy at work at the turn of the century. Photographs of Buthaud taken in the 1920s in his atelier show an intense young man clad trimly in jacket and tie, an astonishing contrast to the sensual reclining nude on the vase in his hands. An ever-present hat completed the appearance of what seemed more a conservative member of Bordeaux's business community than its single avant-garde potter.

At the end of World War I, Buthaud chose to work in the relative quiet and obscurity of Bordeaux rather than Paris, then the fountainhead of the French Modernist movement, known broadly as Art Deco. To resist its allure and limelight meant in most cases that one forfeited a position of leadership in the decorative arts. Few successful artists even considered it, fewer tried. Buthaud established a middle ground: by exhibiting annually at Paris's Salon des Artistes Décorateurs in the Musée Galliéra and the Salon d'Automne at the Grand Palais he remained in touch with Art Deco's growth and subtle shifts of emphasis; by living in Bordeaux he could work quietly without the pressure of Paris.

Born on December 1886, in the town of Saint Buthaud was Bordelais his mother's side and Po vin on his father's. His ther, who was a haberdash and hosier, moved in 18 to Citon-Cénac near B deaux. After graduati from Bordeaux's École des Beau Arts, Buthaud, sponsored by the c transferred in 1909 to Paris for grad ate work. He also served an appr ticeship as engraver and was award both the Prix Chenavard and the P Roux.

The turn of the century had seen t evolution of two main schools thought in ceramics. The first, wh concentrated on the development

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new exotic glazes, found its inspiration in the work of Théodore Deck. In 1887 Deck had published a book that discussed old styles and new techniques: Oriental stoneware, Hispano-Moresque faiences, and Italian majolica were applied with multicolored glazes that incorporated metallic oxides fired at very high temperatures. The glaze itself became the decoration rather than the means of applying a pictorial theme. Color and texture were everything: thick sumptuous glazes were applied in drip patterns or brushed on in bright translucent layers. Ceramicists such as Alexandre Bigot, Jean Charles Cazin, and Adrien Pierre Dalpayrat became Deck's disciples, carrying his theories into this century.

Buthaud brought to the undecorated vase his academic training as an artist. He had inherited the traditional, almost reactionary attitudes for which Bordeaux is known: after the excesses of the Art Nouveau period, southern France had retreated happily to the purism of Greek and Roman Neoclassicism. Buthaud found that the broad surfaces afforded by his ovoid and baluster vases were perfect for figural compositions depicting mythological gods and naiads. Soon gently sensual maidens, clad only in summer bonnets became another characteristic Buthaud theme. Many, through their er matic stares, recall the young women contemporary canvases of Modigli and Picasso and the gouaches a lithographs of Jean Dupas.

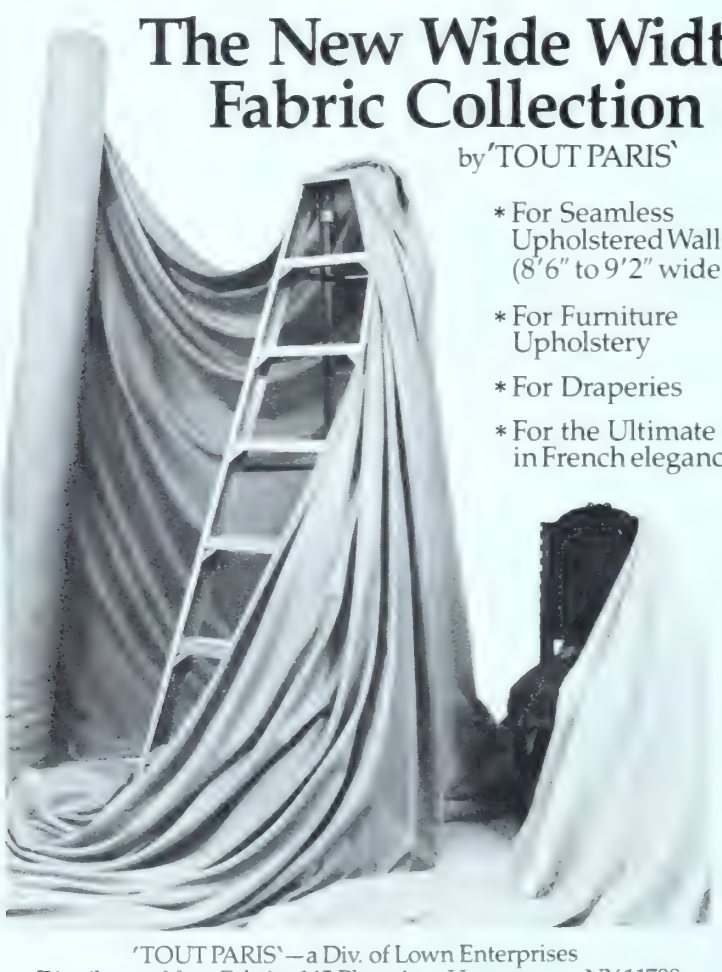


Mosaic urns commissioned by Bordeaux's Parc des Sports, 1937.

Dupas, also from Provence an childhood friend, became an artis collaborator. Buthaud's recollection the events leading to Dupas's most c ebrated commission—the *verre ég misé* panels depicting the history navigation for the Grand Salon of t ocean liner *Normandie*—reveal h own innate modesty and lack of co petitiveness. In the late 1920s, B thaud began to experiment with *ve églomisé,* the technique of rever painting on glass which took its nar from an eighteenth-century Parisi artisan, M. Glomy, who specialized painting gold decoration onto the verse side of glass panels for incorp ration into furniture. Dupas, aft visiting Buthaud's studio one day wh Buthaud was at work on a sample pa el, decided to pursue the technique his own. Within five years this led the *Normandie* commission, a secti of which is installed in the restaura area of the Metropolitan Museum New York. Although history h passed over his pioneering in the revi al of the technique, Buthaud does n resent Dupas's success, pointing on to examples of his own earlier work show both his mastery and role as pr cursor.

Although Buthaud came relative late to his preferred medium—he w in his early thirties when he decide that his career lay in ceramics rath than paintings—age did not matte not only has he been blessed with lo gevity but World War I had effective suspended artistic progress from 191 In 1918, when he turned his creativ talents to ceramics, Buthaud was we placed to participate in the decorativ arts revival of the 1920s. His career ca be divided into three broad period 1918–26, 1927–39, and 1940–60.

At the 1925 Exposition Internation ale in Paris, Buthaud was a member o the ceramic jury. He therefore had t exhibit hors concours in the Primaver Pavilion. Within a year he was back i Bordeaux, this time permanently. Hi first wife died of tuberculosis an Buthaud, grief-stricken, felt the dee need for family ties. The old wine sho next to his house on the rue Cante



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merle was converted into a studio. Gone was the amateurish furnace of five years earlier, and in its place was one with an inverse mantle capable of a temperature of 1250 degrees Fahrenheit. Its installation coincided with the second phase of Buthaud's career, his concentration on stoneware pottery.

The quality of the potter's clay of the Canéjan region near Bordeaux served Buthaud well. Of considerable plasticity it became pale yellow on firing and, because it is iron-free, stayed relatively moist at high temperatures. Buthaud covered it with a thick waxy enameled glaze, which produced a beautiful crackled finish. A local potter threw the vases to his carefully prepared designs. Buthaud, preferring not to work the clay himself, entrusted this to the thrower, after which he would check that the completed piece conformed to his specifications before he decorated it.

The decorative style most associated with Buthaud evolved during this period. An article on the artist by Pierre Lahalle in the October 1928 issue of *Mobilier et Décoration* details the range of ceramics—vases, chargers, and pitchers—that he displayed annually at the Paris salons. Most of the themes are figural: fanciful coquettes or power images of tribal African warriors and maidens. Others depict stylized flower sprays in a muted palette. Some of these are in bas-relief with crisply i cised detailing. The design in ea instance is continuous, without a peating pattern, reminding one th Buthaud was trained as a painter a therefore viewed the ceramic object a circular canvas.



Incised and painted stoneware vase of an African maiden, 1930s.

In fact, Buthaud continued throug out his career as a ceramicist to acce commissions for graphics. Woodc for the 1923 issue of *Horizons: Anth logie d'Art Actuel* and a 1936 study f a glass panel exhibited at the Salon d Artistes de Guyenne in Bordeau stressed further the facility with whi he switched media. At the same tim Buthaud began to make statuettes faience. Turquoise figurines of myth logical Diana, draped nymphs, a goats were detailed in muted ename Despite the fact that the statuett were described by the critic René Ch vance in *Mobilier et Décoration* for Ja uary 1935 as an offshoot of h principal work, they gradually r placed his vases. Two years later he d signed four large mosaic urns f Bordeaux's Parc des Sports. Staine glass windows for La Maison du Vin Bordeaux in 1935 added a further d mension. Buthaud's talents were mar fold, quickly permeating the enti Gironde Province.

The aftermath of World War II pr vided several commissions to redec rate bombed buildings. By now firm established as a premier ceramicist-ar ist, Buthaud was kept busy. Abstra figures and images began to domina his pottery and graphics, signaling move from his earlier Art Deco styliz tions to those of Postmodernism. O the centennial of his birth Buthau stands today as one of the preemine French ceramicists of this century, tak ing his place alongside such celebrate peers as Émile Decoeur, Edmond La chenal, Auguste Delaherche, an Émile Lenoble. He lives now where h has lived since his retirement in th 1960s, on the rue Adrien Bayssellanc in Bordeaux. He remains the dean the region's Neoclassical school, source of great local pride for whom far broader recognition is now finall at hand, not only as a potter but also a a diverse artistic talent. □

Michel Fortin is planning a show of th works of René Buthaud at Maison Ge rard, New York, in April.

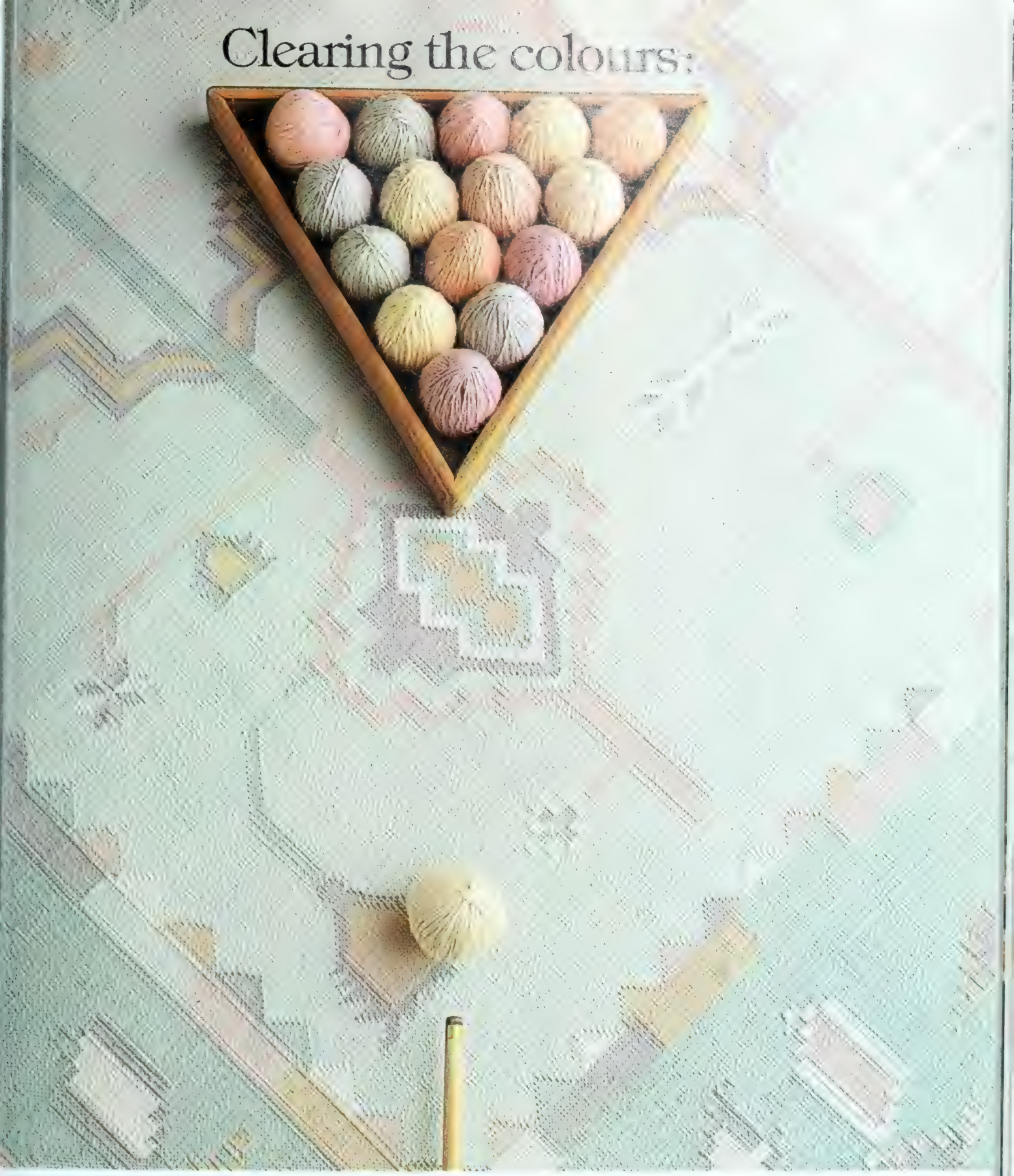
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HABITS OF THE HEARTH

Symbolism and style meet at the fireplace

By Mark Hampton







One Louis XVI–style marble mantelpiece decorated in three different ways.

It would be difficult to imagine a room with a fireplace in which it was not the dominant architectural focus. Where an original fireplace exists intact, chances are that the mantel design will also be the most elaborately developed stylistic feature of the room. To be sure, very ornate architecture can include lavish overdoors, cornices, and ceilings; the fireplace, however, is frequently the centerpiece, both figuratively and literally speaking. Where humbler building styles are concerned, the mantelpiece usually holds the position of most important or only important architectural element in the room. Often it is the trademark of the period.

Original mantels frequently do not exist in situ. There are a couple of easy explanations for this. First of all, mantelpieces are so pivotal in terms of design and style that replacing or remodeling them has always been an obvious way to update the background of a room. A new fireplace can completely alter a space. Also, because they are easily removed and relocated, many beautiful old fireplaces have been yanked out and sold for the embellishment of new buildings or for the improvement of existing rooms somewhere else. This brisk traffic in old mantels (I've even heard of mantelpieces being stolen from vacant buildings) occurs not only because they are easy to reinstall but also because they are loaded with architectural and decorative significance. The sculptural quality of some chimneypieces is fantastic. More important is the fact that the word *hearth,* and all it implies, is deeply rooted in our romantic thoughts about home. I hope I do not have to justify my conviction that nearly everyone prefers a room that has a fireplace in it to one that does not.

So here is this profoundly e
trenched idea of a focal point to o
rooms which I guess we'll just have
presume is a legacy from the cave m
who also expected to arrive home a
find a fire waiting for him. And like
I suppose the cave man wanted t
principal seating group to be arrang
around the fire.

Although we may feel that a fi
place is required, we are not impell
to let our decorating style be dictat
by it. The illustrations represent t
same mantel—a simple, mildly Ne
classical design in the style of Lo
XVI executed in gray marble. It
shown in three different moods. In r
life (illustration on the left) this fi
place adorns the sitting room of Dav
Hicks's wonderful flat in London. T
flat is in that splendid building call
Albany, which consists of a gra
Georgian town house to which the a



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chitect Henry Holland added two apartment-house wings in the early years of the nineteenth century. That's a whole story in itself, but suffice it to say that there are no apartments in the world quite like them.

David Hicks has treated his Albany fireplace in a completely personal way, a way that has in fact become a trademark of his style. With characteristic deftness he has arranged a small antique head, a red chalk drawing, a tiny thing of flowers, a dark glazed porcelain covered vase sitting on a marble base, a piece of Lowestoft, a carved gourd with vermeil mounts, and a Classical column and obelisk. That arrangement is liable to change at a moment's notice. A more permanent element of the chimney ensemble is the small self-portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds that hangs on a sheet of mirror above the mantel. The combination of the informal, rather spontaneous still life and the more formal, static background of a portrait hung over an old mantelpiece has everything to recommend it. It is interesting and lovely to look at, yet it is not unnecessarily jarring; that is to say, it is not coy or annoyingly self-conscious.

The fact that it can easily be changed makes it fun for the owner and fun for the visitor. The problem, of course, with this sort of approach is that you have to have a knack for arranging still lifes. Some people have it, and some people don't. If it suits your taste and you are capable of pulling it off, then do it your way. The need for this sort of competence applies to almost every aspect of the decorating of rooms and negates most other rules. (Too much of this competence might have a seriously negative effect on the interior decorating trade!)

It is conceivable that for a variety of reasons you would prefer to treat your Louis XVI fireplace in an entirely different way. Styles change, moods change, people's possessions change. In the center illustration I have imagined the same mantel, but in the hands of someone who has another point of view. Instead of striving for a look of casualness that implies change and whim, this person wants the fireplace to be integrated into a design com-


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Presenting...

Rapunzel

A big tall grand Georgian fireplace made for a big tall grand room is neither convincing nor pleasing in a low room with dinky doors

d of all the various elements of a stic moment in time. The wall of himney breast is treated as a single y. Above the mantel hangs a mir- n the mantel's style. Flanking the or are a pair of gilt-bronze sconces istent with the whole scheme. The aments on the mantelshelf are lly Classical in spirit: a bust, a pair orcelain flower holders, and a pair ns, which could be crystal or por- n. One thing should be pointed about this sort of composition; all objects should be of the highest lity you are capable of. David ks is famous for being able to com- objects of surprising but appeal- disparity, including a disparity of ity and value. It is an unconven- al gift. Where more conventional traditional results are desired, nk a stricter attitude is necessary ot that traditional decorating uldn't be fun. There are, however, s that have to be taken into consid- ion the minute you embark on a ect based on the correct interpre- n of a style.

he third version of this fireplace resses the problem of simulta- usly desiring traditional decoration le wishing to be allowed a good of self-expression free from too y strict rules. In my opinion that notomy explains the popularity of ms decorated in a sort of English e in which pictures, porcelains, and ssories of virtually any period can nixed. The hypothetical fireplace his last version is embellished with ental porcelain vases, an eigh- th-century clock, and an array of tations, postcards, and perhaps a nt glowing report card or a draw- by the pretend owner's pretend e-year-old. The wall of the chimney ast is hung with Regency brackets which stand Staffordshire figures an assortment of miniatures, all stered around a central painting. h and every one of these things could be from a different country and a different century and the effect might be more or less the same.

In each of these three treatments of the same fireplace there is an implied mood that should extend to the rest of the room. Not all mantel styles are as flexible as this one, but many of the most popular ones are—which accounts for their popularity. The limitless variety of Georgian and Colonial types is well known to everyone. They can be marble or wood. If wood, they can be painted or stripped. If painted, they can be dealt with in a correct historical sense or they can be tarted up with wild abandon, provided that's the way you're headed. French mantels, especially smallish ones, are frequently graceful and lovely in rooms that lack scale, as Billy Baldwin and Sister Parish have demonstrated dozens of times. The interesting thing is that a French mantel can look great in a room that really doesn't have anything to do with French furniture, but an English mantel isn't quite so flexible. The most demanding area of all in the design of a mantel or in the selection of an old one is the problem of scale. Of all the criticisms I can think of that arise regarding fireplaces, errors of scale are the most common. Scale violations are generally those in which the height is off. A big tall grand Georgian fireplace made for a big tall grand room is neither convincing nor pleasing in a low-ceilinged room with dinky doors and details. The general rule, of course, is to adhere to historically proven proportions. What a simple rule. Why is it so often unheeded?

The subject of fire tools and fire screens occupies an inordinate amount of time with a lot of people. Neither tools nor screens should be very obtrusive, in my opinion. Little stands with little sets of tongs, pokers, and brushes hanging on them which are constantly being knocked over are not very appealing. A couple of useful tools, preferably old, standing around are good looking and easy to deal with. There is a C-shaped brass thing called a jamb hook that screws into the wall or mantelpiece against which a poker can rest. A nicely made brush or broom can lend a touch of simple handicraft, which is always attractive.

Screens are even more complicated, and the modern era of glass-fronted built-in whatchamacallits in the chimney opening drives me nuts. The safest screen is the freestanding spark guard that completely seals the opening with black wire mesh. Very plain folding screens are nice. Roll-down screens are fine—expensive, but fine. Then there are the curtains of mesh that draw to the sides. They aren't bad at all, but on a small opening they can take up an awful lot of room. Freestanding modern glass folding screens can be very chic, and antique ones, if you're lucky enough to find any, are pretty and unusual. But for the most part the less fuss made over these prosaic accessories the better.

As in all discussions of decorating, the question of ugliness is always lurking around the corner, but I love fireplaces from practically every period. The Aesthetic Movement produced some examples of originality that are impossible to describe. If you are ever in Washington, go see Whistler's Peacock Room at the Freer Gallery—it's fantastic. Frank Lloyd Wright's cavelike stone chimneys are stupendous. Nineteenth-century mantels can be preposterously rich. Then there are those mountain lodges with fireplaces made of huge boulders, not to mention Renaissance Revival, Arts and Crafts inglenooks, the Vienna Secession. Fireplaces are keynotes of creativity in the history of decoration. Like nothing else in a house they wrap up a wide variety of decorative and architectural needs and desires. Given this enormous significance, they deserve serious attention.

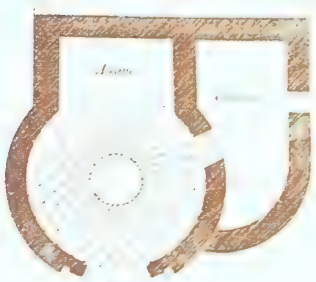


FOLIES DE GRANDEUR

The marquis de Girardin's eighteenth-century park at Ermenonville

By Robert M. Adams

Before the Revolution in France, under the old regime, the *noblesse* were divided into nobles of the sword and nobles of the robe. The former claimed (more or less convincingly) to be descended from Frankish warriors of the early Middle Ages. The latter had earned their nobility in the law courts, as state councillors, by deeds of administrative valor. Some had risen to noble status through having enough money to lend large sums to the sovereign. Marquis René Louis de Girardin, for example, was not of French ancestry at all; he was descended from a family of Florentine moneylenders. Having become domesticated in France and proved extremely useful to a regime perpetually short of money, the marquis decided to build an estate in the country which would express both the dignity of his title and his own idiosyncratic ideas. What he created, working very much to his own standards of taste, was the domain of Ermenonville about thirty miles northeast of Paris. It was basically a summer house surrounded by a park; it was also a statement of personal principles. Though much decayed these days and menaced from all directions by suburban sprawl, Girardin's creation still survives, and over the centuries it has acquired a rich literary patina, which still brings occasional curious visitors on pilgrimage from Paris.



Leaving the huge, roaring plastic termite mound that is the international airport at Roissy-en-France, one drives north on a superhighway marked—surely with sinister intent—as leading to Lille. But long before reaching this grim industrial destination, one turns off on a little rural road leading through the hamlets of Saint-Witz, Plailly, and Loissy to Ermenonville itself. In making this turn the pil-



Follies at Ermenonville from *Détails des nouveaux jardins à la mode, jardins anglo-chinois,* engraved by Le Rouge, Paris, 1776–88.





grim will be deliberately opting agai the more glittering and socially acce able alternative of Chantilly, which l off the same superhighway in the ot direction. Chantilly, long the reside of the dukes of Montmorency, i proper Renaissance château, with elegant formal park, a famous ra track, a fine collection of paintin a major library, a social prestige. It the home of whipp cream, litera and figurative Ermenonville a more mod but more poe destination– little town scarcely s hundred inh itants.

What the marquis de Girardin cre ed there, amid scrub forests, stagn swamps, and rough moor country, v a park in the newly fashionable Engl manner surrounding a dignified not domineering country house. had read the pastoral poetry of Jam Tomson, had visited the estate of poet William Shenstone at the L sowes near Halesowen in Worcest

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shire. But he had ideas of his own; inspired by these, he diverted a meandering streamlet to make a small but genuine waterfall and an artificial lake surrounding the house. He rearranged the forests around his estate, planting here and trimming there, to provide long and picturesque vistas through the park. Because he wrote a little book on the art of landscape gardening, based mostly on his own practice at Ermenonville, we know a good deal of the thinking that went into his design; of course the outlines of the design itself remain—damaged in details, overgrown in places through neglect, destroyed in one or two particulars, but broadly traceable.

Above all, Girardin wanted to avoid the stiff and formal regularity of gardens like those at Versailles or Chantilly. He was a primitivist, at once sentimental and severe, even before Jean Jacques Rousseau arrived to preach that exact doctrine. Thus his ideal landscape was natural and open, harmonized by the designer's art to produce gentle sentiments in the contemplative viewer, intimate sympathy with nature and the God of nature. There was, apparently, a more severe side to this worship of naive simplicity, but it manifested itself chiefly with regard to the marquis's family: both sons and daughters were expected to wear clothing of Spartan austerity and were held to rigorous standards of behavior. But to the outside world the marquis turned a gentle, genial philanthropic face. He deplored gates and fences, which closed him in as they kept intruders out; he wanted his estate to blend gently with the farms and fields of the district and welcomed even a public road across his land (traversed now and then by a meditative pedestrian or a slow wagon) as lending an agreeable touch of prosperous activity to the view. This open and generous disposition was possible no doubt only because the marquis was well upholstered with money and because Paris, with its teeming slums, was at a safe distance. In fact, apart from a couple of tiny hamlets like Ermenonville itself and nearby Mortefontaine, M. de Girardin's neighbors were mostly great



A plan of the park at Ermenonville drawn by Le Rouge, 1775.

proprietors like himself, or ancient, peaceful, and sparsely populated abbeys like those of Chaalis and Saint-Sulpice; thus he built in the open and for the pleasure of all, even though "all" was in practice far from everybody.

Nowadays huge trucks thunder down the little road through Ermenonville; after passing through the protecting hands of Prince Radziwill and then the Touring Club of France, the château is currently occupied by a troop of Krishna cultists. The house itself has not been vandalized but the surroundings are littered with garbage—discarded bathtubs, eviscerated mattresses, rusting cars with smashed windows. A few swans drift forlornly across the murky trash-filled waters of the lake. The outer fringes of the park are given over to a trailer community—more nomads, but less permanent and therefore less threatening than the subdivisions and block houses with which the domain has been repeatedly menaced. Yet, after all, there is new hope: the government has assumed responsibility for the estate and is trying to clean it up.

From the first, Ermenonville was planned to appeal to the man of feeling. Groves and glades alternated with little open parks and lawns, winding pathways opened here and there grassy clearings, with glimpses in background of prefabricated ru Though one could easily lose onese the greenery, the path back to the teau was never more than a few away. And to invite expansion of generous feelings, Girardin filled park with moralized structures for delight of the suggestible. Here found the Temple of Philosophy, it pillars inscribed with the na of Newton, Descartes, Voltaire, M tesquieu, Penn, and Rousseau; building itself was deliberately unfinished so that great names of future might be added. Hard by st the pyramid of the pastoral poets, as one wandered down the paths, e turning brought one to a fresh gr altar, fountain, chapel, or simply restful bench marked with a pious scription.

The marquis envisaged the ha families of the neighborhood gathe on the grassy lawns by his lake to v ble with untrained voices the anc folk songs of their district. Indeed their further accommodation the n quis provided in his park an outd dancing ground where the peasant the region might assemble for th fêtes champêtres traditional in countryside of the Valois. This have begun as the fancy of a paterna tic proprietor, but it soon became a cial fact. During Girardin's lifeti and even after, young people of the trict used to assemble of an evening the dancing ground of Ermenonv and on August 24 (a day sacred to S Bartholomew, patron of the distri after the company of archers from S lis had held their annual festival, th would be dancing all night long. So times gentry from the nearby châte came to join the marquis and his wif leading out the dance, as part of an fashioned chivalry.

Into this idyllic and somewhat p tified landscape came, in the last d of his life, one of Girardin's hero-p losophers and a man of feeling par cellence, Jean Jacques Rousseau. had never been an easy person to along with, quarreling as irritably w his attempted friends as with his o

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enemies, and by 1778 he had just about exhausted the patience of both. But the marquis de Girardin offered him shelter at Ermenonville, adding some welcome patronage and a soothing measure of consideration for his easily ruffled feelings. Rousseau and his Thérèse moved into a *pavillon* by the main château while the marquis, to respect his guest's well-known dislike of civilization, built him a little rustic cabin in a sandy area of the estate known as the Desert. Teaching music to the marquis's children and botanizing amid the fields and forests, Rousseau thus experienced during the last months of his troubled life a measure of content. And the general impression Rousseau created was favorable, rising among the well disposed to a sense of awe. Unfortunately it was also brief; only a few months after arriving at Ermenonville, Rousseau died there.

After the philosopher's death, his patron created for him a tomb on an island in the little lake; for many years devotees made sentimental pilgrimages there. Most picturesque was the tearful visit, in July 1783, of Anacharsis Cloots and Gabriel Brizard; between ardent prayers to Saint-Preux and Sainte Héloïse (references to Rousseau's novel *Julie, ou la nouvelle Héloïse*), they decked the tomb with roses and burned beside it a copy of Diderot's bitter *Essai sur Sénèque,* which they thought libeled Jean Jacques.

But all this time and well into the nineteenth century the country festivals and summer dances continued at Ermenonville, and during the second decade of the new century a curiously imaginative boy from the village of Mortefontaine took part in them. His name was Gérard Labrunie; his father was a military doctor with Napoleon's army of the Rhine. Gérard's mother, while with her husband in Silesia, had died, and the boy was placed with her uncle, Antoine Boucher of Mortefontaine. Thus the child—who would grow up to be Gérard de Nerval, poet, mystic, antiquarian, and storyteller—came early under the imaginative influence of the marquis de Girardin. Ir
guardian's library he found bo
about the ancient history of the Va
in rambles around the open estat
Ermenonville he discovered relic
the prehistoric past, such as a small
original cave dwelling (authentic),
an ancient Celtic dolmen (probabl
Girardin's construction, alas—b
small boy is not likely to be a scru
lous archaeologist). Growing up
time of severe rationalism and religi
disbelief, young Gérard felt impe
to discover or create a religion of
own, and he sought it amid the
dences of a universal aboriginal
gion, older and more mysterious t
Christianity, rooted in the earth its
The country around Ermenonville
learned, had been held not only by
counts of Valois during the Ren
sance but centuries before them b
Frankish tribe known as the Silv
ectes and even before that by peo
known from their priestly caste as
Druids. From the little he could le
of the Druidic religion he guessed t

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it must be related to the mystery cults of the ancient Greeks, even as those cults owed something to earlier Oriental religions. At the deepest level of time he found the worship (most precious of all for a boy who was always trying to replace his lost mother) of the serene and beautiful goddess Isis. And just as he could see in the midnight dances of his youth at Ermenonville a survival of Druidic round dances, so in Baronne Adrienne de Feuchères, who joined in those dances and was elected their queen, he saw not only Renaissance countesses and the goddess Diana but also a version of Isis herself, who seventeen hundred years before had brought to Lucius Apuleius redemption from the bondage of this animal world.

In fact the baronne de Feuchères, or Fougères, was an Englishwoman named Sophie Dawes. She was either the natural child of the duc de Bourbon or more likely his mistress, and later there would be a scandal over her possible complicity in his murder, but for Gérard, as she dashed through the forests on her chestnut hackney, she was Diane the huntress. His vision reached through the shell of the outside world to a kernel of occult and ancient meaning accessible to nobody else.

This extraordinary sense of the world's infinite translucency could have been instilled in Nerval from many sources. It could be called Pythagorean; the medieval church would have recognized it as the structure of typology. Gérard professed his relation to some eighteenth-century visionaries whom he grouped together (as few of them would have chosen to group themselves) under the title *illuministes*. But he was distinctive in tracing the different layers of his many-leveled world through a succession of distorted but basically equivalent names. For example, he saw Ermenonville, which more stolid students associated with Ermenon, an ancient abbot of Chaalis, under a variety of different lights. For him the name came from Erman or Armen, with Germanic forr like Hermann and Arminius, but b fore that, the name had been Greek- it was Hermes. Alternatively he reac as Arme-Nonville, or Nonval, which very close to his own elected nam Nerval. He had taken that name fron bit of land owned by his father ne Mortefontaine, the Clos de Nerval, b he also took it because of its impli connection (half-serious, half-derisiv and in either event imitative of an ear er *illuministe*. Restif de La Bretonn with the Roman emperor Nerva. W do not know whether he connected h own given name of Gérard with t marquis de Girardin, ex-Gherardi but it's not unlikely. In his most famo story, "Sylvie," he describes takin pretty little peasant girl of that name the midnight dances at Ermenonvi on August 24. Her name echoes t name given by sixteenth-century po to the duchesse de Montmorency; Sylvie, she particularly loved to ta part in the fêtes champêtres at near Chantilly, where a Maison de Sylvie



preserved. But Nerval's Sylvie also tains in her name an evocation of ancient Silvanectes. Thus, when ceases to sing the old, natural folk gs and phrases an air from a mod- opera, it is for her escort a devastat- betrayal. She is no longer of the ient Valois, which was for Gérard remains for a dwindling few of its sent inhabitants a land where they ak a special variety of French, sing gs in a distinctive unrhymed meter, stories with a peculiar timbre, cher- particularly warm feelings for the ily of the Medici, dance in rounds midsummer evenings, and organize nselves into companies to shoot bows and arrows at targets set up grassy lawns.

Thus he peopled the world with at he called *les filles du feu,* the ghters of fire—magical creatures in om Christian saints, pagan sibyls, dern actresses, Druid priestesses, heroines, and passing Parisian ac- intances were miraculously, imag- tively combined through the al- chemy of their names. It was a essential part of his art to invite what he called the "encroachment of the dream on real life." From that interpenetration of obsession and experience flowed his most splendid and memorable poetry, his most exalted and moving stories. Nerval as he grew up became an inveterate, restless traveler, and the same sort of reader—inquisitive, unconventional, attuned to the most subtle and distant correspondences. In occult books, as in ancient ruins and Oriental temples, he sought always the same visionary presence of which he experienced his first intimations at Ermenonville. What he sought to establish has been finely defined by a recent commentator: it was the identity of a landscape and a woman, the unification of a reality symbol with a myth-dream. The search was harrowing, absurd, and for a man of his fragile mental balance precarious. It took him on occasion beyond the bounds of sanity and led at length to his wretched suicide one black winter night in 1855.

For an occasional visitor the frail veil of Nerval's imaginings still lingers around Ermenonville and Mortefontaine. It is less Girardin-country nowadays, or even Rousseau-country, than Nerval-country. Those who see the landscape through their reading of Nerval will be no less depressed than others by its present state of squalor, but they will know that what makes it precious to them is as much the myth they bring to it as any configuration of trees, lawns, brooks, and structures that was, is, or may someday be. To refurbish the major part of the marquis de Girardin's property is by no means unthinkable, and surely it is desirable, but to re-create the Nerval landscape, one must bring it with one. Even now, as one strolls across the park—averting the eyes from the litter and closing the ears to the roar of traffic—it is not hard to evoke the intense but ephemeral daughters of fire hovering in the atmosphere and followed—but always at a despairing distance—by their Orphic adorer. □



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House & Garden announces the establishment of annual awards to recognize outstanding achievement in residential design within the United States. Submissions for the first competition are invited in two categories:

Architecture

Interior Design and Decorating

Winning works will be chosen on the basis of design excellence, creativity, appropriateness, and quality. The decision will be made by two separately constituted juries. An award of $25,000 will be given in each category.

GING The juries will meet May 1987, and a formal pub- announcement of the win- will be made in early June. awards presentation cere- y will take place in the fall r to the publication of the rd-winning projects in use & Garden. The cash rds will be part of the pre- ation ceremony. The jurors he separate categories, spe- y invited by House & Gar- each year, will include ing figures in the design munity. The jurors for the 7 House & Garden Design rds program follow.

ARCHITECTURE JURY

PHILIP JOHNSON
Partner, John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson, New York.

THOMAS H. BEEBY
Dean, School of Architecture, Yale University, New Haven; Principal, Hammond Beeby and Babka, Chicago.

MARIO BOTTA
Architect, Lugano, Switzerland.

MILDRED FRIEDMAN
Design Curator, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.

PHYLLIS LAMBERT
Director, Canadian Center for Architecture, Montreal.

INTERIOR DESIGN AND DECORATING JURY

MRS. HENRY PARISH II
Parish-Hadley Associates, New York.

CHARLES PFISTER
Principal, Charles Pfister Associates, San Francisco.

ANDRÉE PUTMAN
Designer, Paris.

ALICE COONEY FRELINGHUYSEN
Assistant Curator, Department of American Decorative Arts, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

PAUL F. WALTER
Collector, New York.

DEADLINE AND RULES Entries must be postmarked by April 30, 1987. If delivered, entries must arrive at House & Garden at the street address below no later than 5 P.M. that day. Address entries to:

Awards Editor
House & Garden
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

House & Garden is not responsible for late, lost, or misdirected mail. Entry fee is subject to state regulations and prohibitions. All taxes related to cash awards are the responsibility of the winners.

ENTRY FORM: First House & Garden Design Awards
Please fill out all parts and submit with each entry according to instructions. Copies of this form may be used.

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Location
Client
Client phone number:
Category

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I certify that the submitted work was done by the parties credited and meets all the Eligibility Requirements. All parties responsible for the work submitted and the client are familiar with and accept the terms of the section of the rules entitled "Publication of Winning Entries." I understand that any entry failing to meet the Submission Requirements may be disqualified. I grant permission to House & Garden to photograph and publish photographs of the submitted work in the magazine and for publicity purposes and will provide any necessary releases therefor. Signer represents that he is authorized to make the submission.

Signature _____

Name (typed or printed) _____

Firm name, if any _____

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Your submission has been received and assigned number:

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ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

Residential projects completed in the United States during the two years prior to the entry deadline are eligible.

In the category of *Architecture,* residential projects may include renovations, reused spaces, apartments, and houses, as long as major living spaces are involved.

In the category of *Interior Design and Decorating,* any residential interior qualifies as long as major living spaces are involved. The same entry may *not* be submitted to both categories.

In all cases House & Garden reserves the right to make the final decision regarding proper classification.

All work must be completed and occupied by the residents by the date of submission.

The designer's and the client's written approval and permission to photograph the residence must accompany each submission. The designer and the client may be the same person.

The design work in both categories of *Architecture* and *Interior Design and Decorating* must have been performed by professionals with active practices. The practices need not be located in the United States.

Any entrant who has a current professional connection to one of the jurors is ineligible.

The jury's decision is contingent upon eligibility being established. House & Garden reserves the sole right to determine a project's eligibility.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS

Entries are restricted to one submission per category. The category, *Architecture* or *Interior Design and Decorating,* must be clearly stated on each entry folder.

Each entry must be firmly bound in a 9″ × 11″ folder. All graphic material must have descriptive labels in English

Complete anonymity is required on the presentation material for the jury. No names of entrants, clients, or consultants may appear on any graphic or written material that is part of the presentation.

Each submission must include a description in English on one typewritten sheet of paper placed on the first page inside the binder, giving the type of project, location, and a brief summary of principal features worthy of recognition.

Each submission must be accompanied by a signed entry form (reproductions of the form are acceptable). All five sections of the form must be completely filled out and inserted into an unsealed envelope attached to the inside back cover of the presentation folder.

An entry fee of $50 must accompany each submission, inserted into the envelope with the entry form. Make the check or money order (no cash please) payable to House & Garden.

Entrants must retain copies of material submitted to House & Garden. House & Garden will return all but assumes no liability for loss or damage.

Architecture entries must include:
1. Plan, floor plans, and sections, graphic scale, maximum size 8½″ × 11″ each. Elevations are optional.
2. Two 35mm color slides, descriptively labeled in English and placed in 8½″ × 11″ clear plastic sleeve. Thickness of the slide mounts cannot exceed 5/64″. Glass mounts are not acceptable.
3. Not more than twelve 4″ × 5″ transparencies, descriptively labeled, placed in 8½″ × 11″ clear plastic sleeves *or* not more than twelve 8″ × 10″ and/or black-and-white photographs, descriptively labeled and placed in 8½″ × 11″ clear plastic sleeves.
4. Either transparencies or prints must show all exposed sides of the building which architectural work has been involved.

Interior Design and Decorating entries must include:
1. Floor plans, maximum size 8½″ × 11″ with a graphic scale, plus color swatches and fabric samples, descriptively labeled in English and mounted on a backing sheet 8½″ × 11″.
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No other form of graphic material (models, films, videotapes) will be accepted. Renderings and original drawings are not required. House & Garden cannot accept responsibility or liability for original work.

PUBLICATION OF WINNING ENTRIES

Once the jurors have made their decision and the winners have been notified, she may not enter into an agreement to publish the award-winning project in another publication until at least three months after House & Garden has published it.

The winner is responsible for procuring releases for copyright and privacy purposes. The client must make the residence available for additional photography. The client may request anonymity in the published article.

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Entrant
Project:
Client:
Client's address:

I certify that I am the client for the submitted work, and the entrant has my approval to submit it to the House & Garden Design Awards program. Should the project win an award, I shall make the residence available for additional photography and I give my permission for publication of photographs of the residence in the magazine and for publicity purposes. I agree that no photographs of the residence will be submitted elsewhere for publication until at least three months after House & Garden's publication of the project

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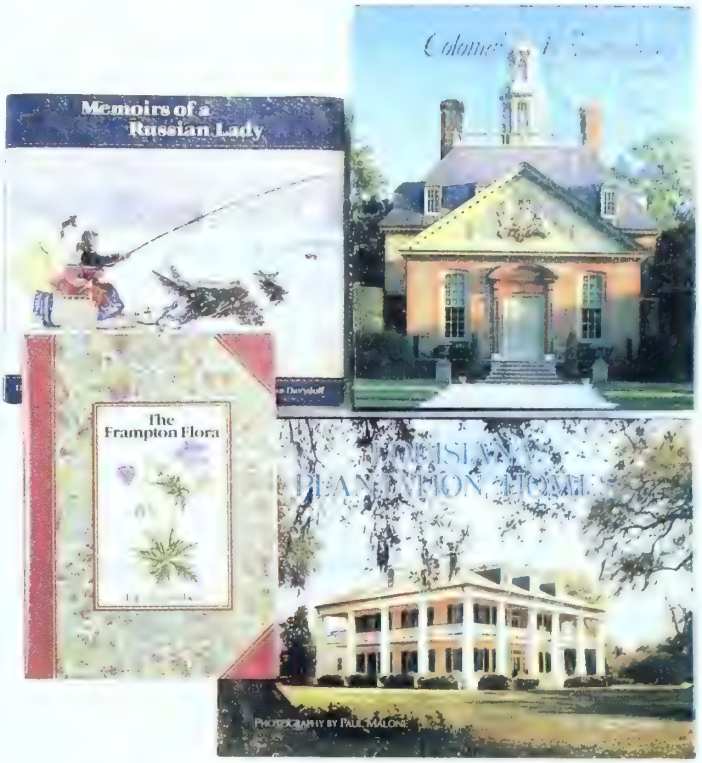
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en, *above,* comes from Il Papiro, the paper specialists.
ine feathers cut from their handmade peacock paper are artfully applied in grad-
ating shades to a carved wood body and then glazed. Made in Florence, the goose
20 inches long. $230 at Il Papiro, 1021 Lexington Ave., NYC; (212) 288-9330.



ARTY MATERIAL

lontparnasse, *right,* a splashy
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New York, was designed for
the party of the year," the
letropolitan Museum's Cos-
me Institute benefit. This re-
rsible pattern, polyester and
urex, is $73.50 a yard. Avail-
le through designers.



DESIGN SWITCH

Cloisonné earrings and a brooch, *right,* shown in actual size, reflect their designers' styles: jabots and swag by Robert A. M. Stern, geometrics by Richard Meier. Part of the Architects for ACME series at $15 and up. For nationwide sources call ACME, (213) 385-5644.



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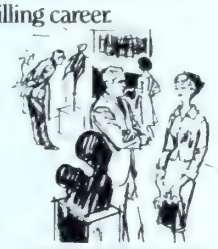
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BY TINA LEE

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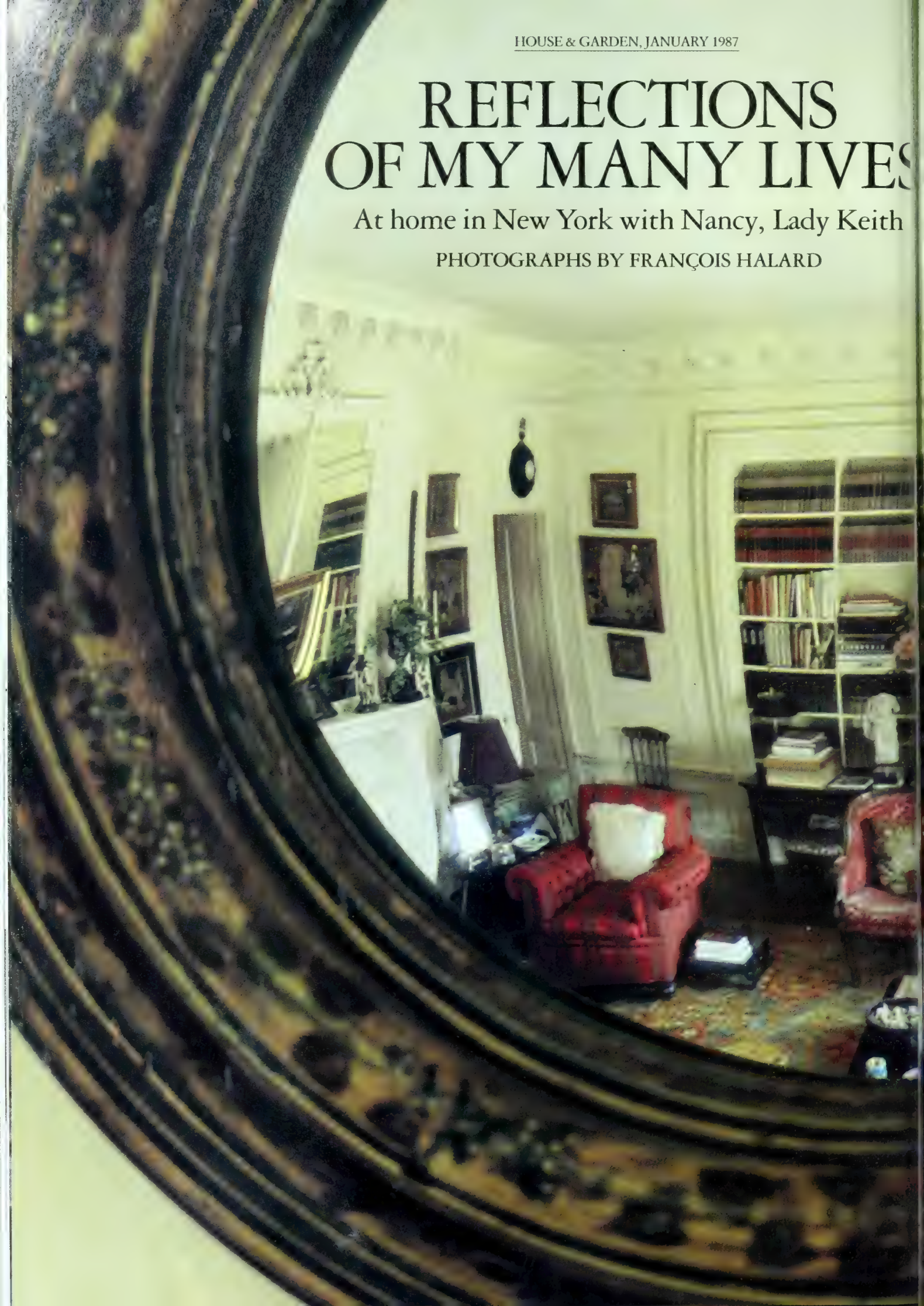
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HOUSE & GARDEN, JANUARY 1987

REFLECTIONS OF MY MANY LIVES

At home in New York with Nancy, Lady Keith

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD





Reflections in an oeil-de-boeuf mirror of furniture and objects from a lifetime of travel and collecting in Slim Keith's New York living room.







What you see on these pages is the accumulation of a lifetime. Nothing was acquired for the rooms. Rather the rooms were acquired for the things. I am a very sentimental woman. I love presents and keep everything I get. The things bought as presents seldom end up by being given: if I like it enough to buy it, I like it enough to keep it. It means double shopping. Objects become such a part of me that I would feel like a multiple amputee if I had to part with any of them. The way I have it figured I will part from them long before they part from me.

There are many dear friends in my life who are professional and gifted decorators. I ask a lot of questions and usually get helpful and practical answers. I have always felt, however, that friends are more valuable than decorators, and I believe firmly in the rule that friends should not work for friends.

David Selznick once asked me if I would do a house for him and his wife, Jennifer. I said, "We'd end up hating each other, David. Our friendship is too valuable. I won't do it." "No matter what?" he said. "Well," I answered, "maybe for a Modigliani." For Christmas that year he gave me a lovely Modigliani drawing. I didn't do the house.

So in great part I have done these rooms alone. There is no other stamp on them but my own. The mistakes and oddities are mine and I like them, warts and all. I have many self-imposed rules, which seem to work for me. Every key position in the room should have proper light to read or sew, a place to put a drink, an ashtray, or a book. There should always be *(Text continued on page 172)*

The ivory objects on the 18th-century English lacquer desk in the living room have been collected by Slim Keith from many places over the years. *Above:* A photograph of Slim Keith by John Engstead, taken in the forties at her house in California. Portraits behind are of Howard Hawks's daughter and son, Barbara and David.





American comfort and a whiff of Europe in the sun-filled living room, where with the exception of the paintings above the fireplace all the pictures in the room are needlepoint. Jerome Robbins made the needlepoint pillow in the chair on the right which says, "I will be true to my love and my love will be true to me." The French silk Empire curtains are from Juan Portela, and the armchairs on either side of the fireplace are from Rose Cumming.





On the mantel in the living room, *above,* a tole urn is beside a porcelain giraffe candlestick bought from James Pendleton in California. *Below:* A Tissot study hangs above two Battersea boxes, and on the left a Spanish oil by Domingo, c. 1885, from a Biarritz junk shop. *Right:* A mood of English elegance in the dining room, where the Regency rosewood dining table from Angus Wilkie is set with Imari plates. A Rouault hangs above the Regency cupboard between Chinese wallpaper panel screens, and on the back wall are a painting of a guinea pig with plums and a landscape at Windsor.





On the mantel in the dining room an early-19th-century decorative Chinese landscape by a follower of Chinnery hangs over a rare brass monkey candelabra and a porcelain crab, gifts from close friends.
Opposite: In the living room on a table covered in a piece of 19th-century chintz, once a curtain, is a collection of terra-cotta figures, some Chinese, some Tanagra. Flowers are by J. Barry Ferguson.





In the bedroom a carved wood monkey dressed as a footman holds a basket of hair ribbons. *Inset opposite:* The brass tester bed, which has gone from house to house, is draped in cream-colored voile with a headboard covered in an antique quilt. Green opaline lamps are on the dressing table. The heavy Irish antique lace curtains are from J. Garvin Mecking.



A TOWER IN TUSCANY

Marco Zanuso's inspiring restoration for Beatrice and Gregor von Rezzori

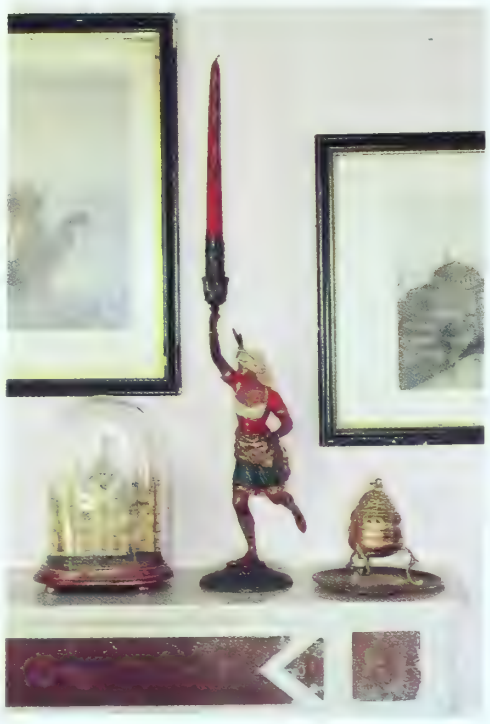
BY BRUCE CHATWIN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Those of us who presume to write books would appear to fall into two categories: the ones who "dig in" and the ones who move. There are writers who can only function "at home," with the right chair, the shelves of dictionaries and encyclopedias, and now perhaps the word processor. And there are those, like myself, who are paralyzed by "home," for whom home is synonymous with the proverbial writer's block, and who believe naively that all would be well if only they were somewhere else.

Even among the very great you find the same dichotomy: Flaubert and Tolstoy laboring in their libraries; Zola with a suit of armor alongside his desk; Poe in his cottage; Proust in the cork-lined room. On the other hand, among the "movers" you have a Melville, who was "undone" by his gentlemanly establishment in Massachusetts, or a Hemingway, Gogol, or Dostoevsky whose lives, whether from choice or necessity, were a headlong round of hotels and rented rooms—and, in the case of the last, a Siberian prison.

As for myself (for what that's worth), I have tried to write in such places as an African mud hut (with a wet towel tied around my head), an Athonite monastery, a writers' colony, a moorland cottage, even a tent. But whenever the dust storms come, the rainy season sets in, or a pneumatic drill destroys all hope of concentration, I curse myself and ask, "What am I doing here? Why am I not at the Tower?"

There are, in fact, two towers in my life. Both are medieval. Both have thick walls, which make them warm in winter and cool in summer. Both have views of mountains, contained by very small windows that prevent you from getting distracted. One tower is on the Welsh border, in the water meadows of the River Usk. The other is Beatrice von Rezzori's signaling tower—in her idiomatic English she calls it a "signallation tower"—built in the days of Guelph and Ghibelline and standing on a hillside of oak and chestnut woods, about 25 kilometers east of Florence.



A view, *opposite,* in early spring of the Rezzori Tower, used for the overflow of guests from the main house. The exterior stairs, designed by architect Marco Zanuso, were inspired by medieval buildings. *Above:* Detail of a French turquerie candlestick against scenes of Istanbul.

For years I had to admire Beatrice Monti della Corte (as she then was) from afar. She had been a golden girl of the postwar generation on Capri. When she was 23 long before big money clamped its leaden and rapacious hand on the art market, she had opened a gallery in Milan, the Galleria dell'Ariete, one of the first in Europe to show the new New York School of painting. She had bought a sixteenth-century "captain's house" in Lindos (long before the days of deafening discotheques). Next I heard she had married the Austrian novelist Gregor von Rezzori (or was he Rumanian?) and had settled in a Tuscan farmhouse.

One summer evening in England, this couple, whom my imagination had inflated into figures of mythology, were brought to our house. Within minutes we were all old friends: within months I was a regular visitor to Donnini.

The house is a *casa colonica:* the colonists in question being settlers from the Arno Valley who fanned out in waves over the Tuscan countryside from the fourteenth century onward. Its solid architecture, of stone and tile, is unchanged since that of classical antiquity. Indeed, until about thirty years ago, what Horace had to say of his Tuscan farm could also be said of the life in any *casa colonica.*

At nights the thirty-odd members of an extended family would curl up to sleep under the rafters. By day they would tend their sheep or their beehives, vines, and olives. They plowed the narrow terraced fields with white oxen and lived, austerely, on a diet of bread and beans cakes of chestnut flour, and meat or pigeon maybe once a month. Then, in the postwar industrial boom, the farmers went to work in the factories, leaving thousands of farms untenanted. *(Text continued on page 171.)*





In the blue-and-white light-filled living room a sculpture by Consagra is to the right of a painting by Griffa. Three out of five Rezzori pugs are ensconced here: Desdemona on the chair, Babar and Celestina on the couch.



The studio bedroom, *above,* is on the fourth floor at the top of the Tower. A camel bridle hangs behind the Louis XVI desk and Neapolitan armchair encrusted with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Rumanian embroidered cushions are on the bed draped in a Madras fabric. *Right:* Detail, from another bedroom, of an ivory dressing-table set against a page from the Koran; an 18th-century painting on glass is reflected in the mirror.



A bedroom on the second floor, *opposite above,* with brass beds from Sicily and chairs from a 19th-century folly on the next hill. A decorative border has been added around the walls. *Opposite:* On the third floor in another bedroom, this one with painted striped walls, a Neapolitan inlaid chest is at the foot of the French faux-bamboo bed over which hangs a Lebanese mother-of-pearl relief of the Last Supper.







An Art Nouveau fantasy bathroom on the third floor, which began with the 19th-century English Art Nouveau basin. The Liberty pattern on the day bed was copied by a local fresco painter, named Barbacci, for the walls and the tub, over which a dragon presides from the mirror above.



L. A. ELEVATION

Arata Isozaki's Museum of Contemporary Art

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD



The Japanese architect's first major building in the United States, MOCA is clad in maple-cut red Indian sandstone and dark green aluminum paneling. The copper-roofed barrel vault of the library and office wing is faced with panels of translucent onyx. The sunken courtyard in the foreground leads to the main entrance and the

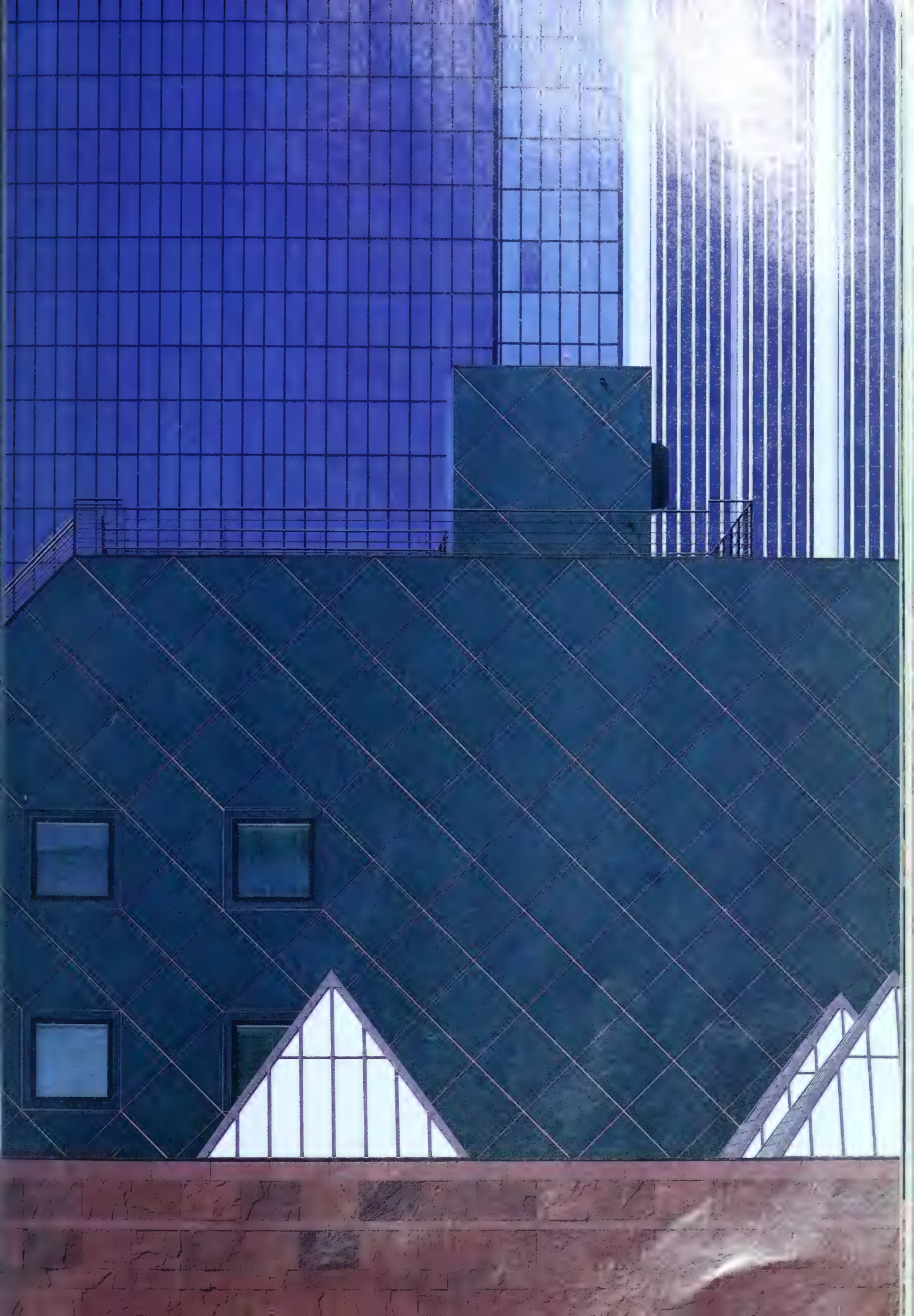


There is no truth to the claim that the only culture to be found in L.A. is in a cup of yogurt. What Los Angeles *has* lacked is a museum of modern art, a surprising omission given the strong start its citizens got in acquiring the art of this century. As early as the 1930s, important collections of German Expressionism and the ultimate movie mogul taste—French Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, and Fauvism—were assembled in L.A., but few of those works found their way into public institutions. Thus, despite its immense wealth and creative adventurousness, Los Angeles has had a much less impressive art presence than a number of smaller American cities.

That is finally about to change. The opening of L.A.'s new Museum of Contemporary Art (in a week-long extravaganza at the beginning of December) is a pivotal rite of passage in Los Angeles's cultural coming of age, an event that proudly confirms a major civic accomplishment and promises a richer public life for our

(Text continued on page 164)

Centerpiece of California Plaza, the Museum of Contemporary Art, *right,* is surrounded by reflective-glass office towers of the new eleven-acre mixed-use complex in downtown Los Angeles. *Above:* Pyramidal skylights illuminate the galleries.



LONDON ASSURANCE

Richard Rogers's Action Architecture for Lloyd's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT





One needs only a few hours in London to understand why the British have been so ambivalent about modern architecture. Their nation is not only endowed with the world's most extensive legacy of superb eighteenth- and nineteenth-century building stock but is also burdened with some of the worst Modernist design anywhere. Fear of further horrors has led in recent years to the rejection of several major architectural projects in London—most notably the Mansion House Square scheme designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe—and has prompted some critics to warn that Britain is in danger of declining into a quaint touristic theme park. But the prospect of England-Land has now been allayed by the completion of the Richard Rogers Partnership's new Lloyd's of London building, one of the most provocative structures to rise in the capital city since the start of World War II.

Although Britain has never seen anything quite like it, the new Lloyd's nonetheless fits squarely into a way of building as typically British as the half-timbered thatched cottage or the Georgian terrace house. It is the latest episode in an unbroken development of technological assemblage that began with the innovative engineering feats of the Industrial Revolution, reached a symbolic culmination with

(Text continued on page 166)

Looming over the roofs of the Victorian iron-and-glass Leadenhall Market, the new Lloyd's of London building, *opposite,* is the latest installment in the century-old British love-hate affair with Modernism. *Left:* Detail of stainless-steel curving stair tower and ducts exemplifies the flamboyant external expression of service functions.



On the top floor of the high-tech structure is the Committee Room, designed by Robert Adam for Bowood House, Wiltshire, in 1763. *Opposite:* The Room, a 305-foot-high atrium, is the trading floor for the insurance syndicates that make up Lloyd's.



OLD WORLD WHITE

For his own house in Manchester-by-the-Sea, designer William Hodgins finds an infinity of colors between stone and chalk

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND





The living-room seating focuses on the fireplace and water view seen through new French doors. William Hodgins replaced an "unfortunate" mantelpiece with a 17th-century French one made of stone. One of several casual still lifes in the room is arranged on an old repainted desk and includes a serpentine stone ball on pedestal, an 18th-century Italian painted obelisk, and a pair of French bronzes.





The spacious entrance hall, *above,* doubles as a setting for occasional dinner parties. Ordinarily the old French table, decorated by furniture painter John Andersen, stands against the bookcase in which creamware is displayed. Hodgins accumulated six similar Italian country chairs, three seen here. Floor painted by Franklin Tartaglione. *Left:* Creamware on an antique console that w rescued from imminent restoration. *Opposite:* Detail on a sideboard includes bronze candlestick, marble bust, cast-iron satyr.



I have never been so taken with a place," William Hodgins says of his Massachusetts North Shore house. "If I miss a weekend, I feel deprived." The Boston-based decorator—Canadian born and New York trained by the Parsons School of Design and then by Sister Parish—seeks weekend solitude. He managed to find a secluded property in a populated estate enclave in Manchester-by-the-Sea, one that faces a quiet saltwater cove and is reached by a lane that winds enough to discourage the approach of curious strangers.

The building was originally a carriage house, vintage last-quarter nineteenth century; the track from which huge sliding doors once hung is still visible on the outside. In the 1930s a family expanded the building as their residence and, to save fuel, dropped the ceilings to seven and a half feet. Hodgins, six feet six inches tall, was elated when he discovered he could raise the room heights to well over nine feet. He also opened the space laterally, adding, where there had only been a small picture window, three large pairs of French doors facing the cove and opening to a generous new deck.

An acknowledged master of the pale, neutral palette, Bill Hodgins naturally colored his own retreat in the tones he likes best. His goal was a setting that would be "clean, cool, clarified, gentle." The designer smiles when he hears a British counterpart's color range described as "off-white to further off-white," noting that his boundaries are wider: "from stone to chalk perhaps." To the Hodgins office and its craftsmen, "old-world white" is shorthand not only for creamy, soft, old-looking color but also, says an associate, "for a state of mind."

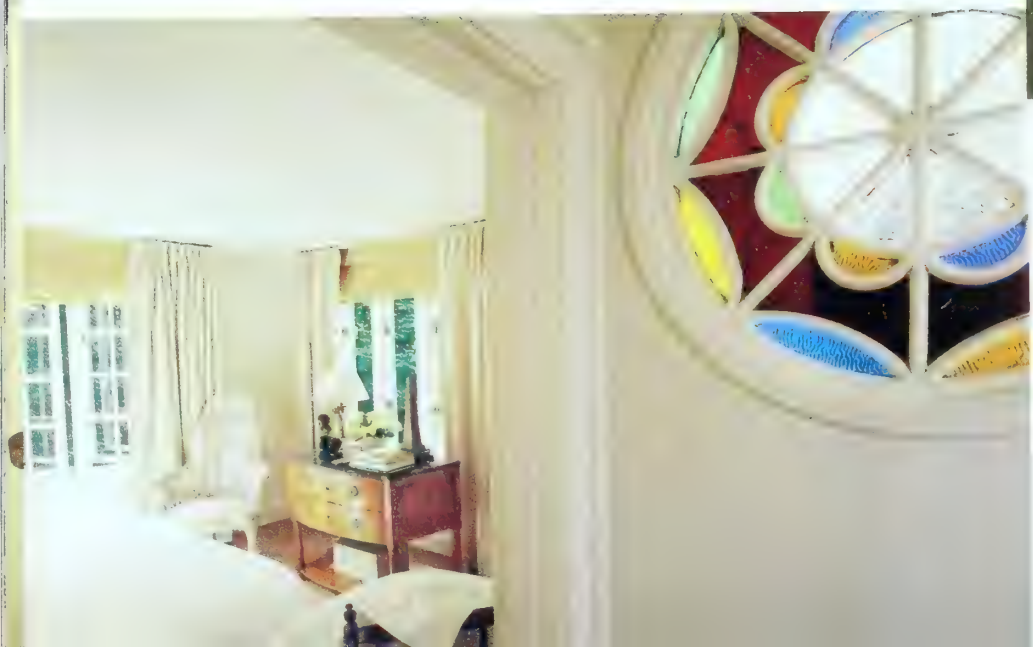
One of the advantages of an old-world-white milieu, the designer points out, is that the eye can concentrate on shapes, for "with white you aren't hiding anything." At the Hodgins house this means savoring rounded antique tables and chairs, small sculptures, a creamware collection. And it means wanting to be there every week. □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray











Although he enjoys solitude, William Hodgins sometimes fills his two upstairs guest rooms. *Above:* Under the eaves is the "ladies' favorite" with its window seat and tiny operable eyebrow window. Early-19th-century English brass bed has unusual upholstered headboard. *Opposite above:* In the master bedroom, on the main floor, the large urn is one of several garden vessels and sculptures the designer likes to use indoors. *Opposite below:* Stained-glass oculus found in a flea market was placed in the wall of a new bathroom for the second guest room. Host Hodgins's rule: a bath for every bedroom. French chest of drawers is one of a handful of unpainted pieces in the house.

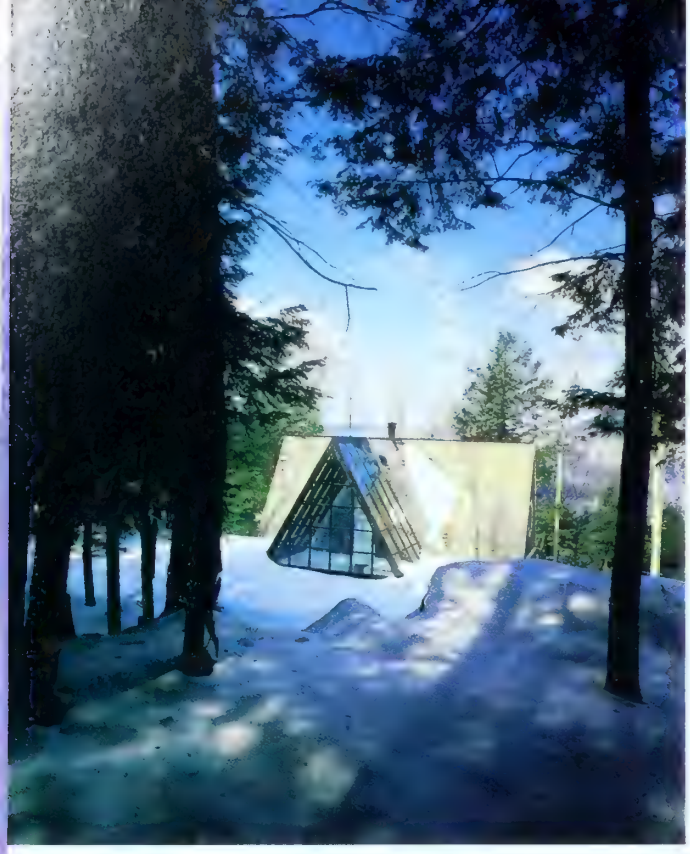
LITTLE HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Architect Marlys Hann designs for herself a Catskill hideaway that is rustic yet crisp

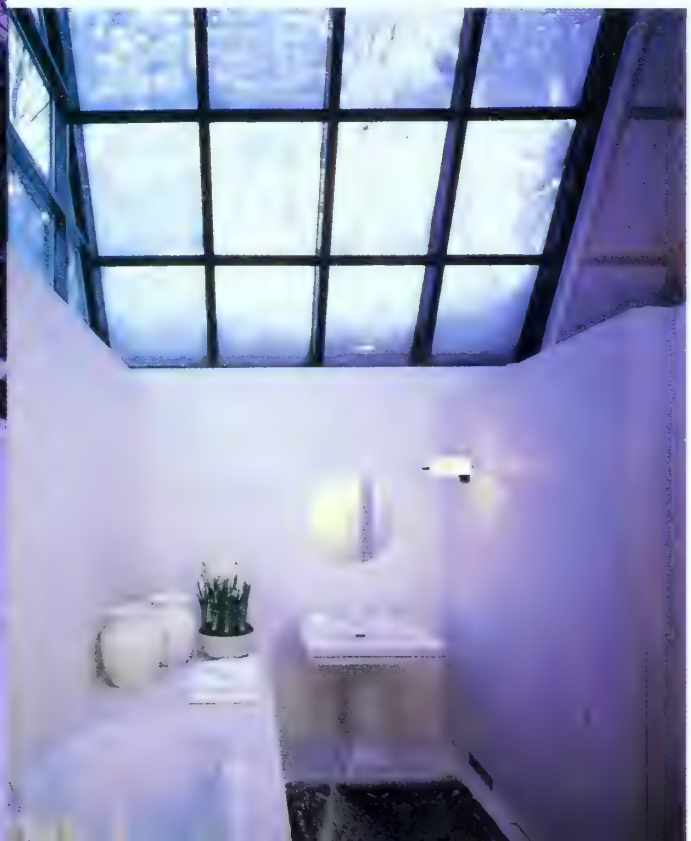
BY ALICE GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WARCHOI



Marlys Hann designed the northwest façade of her house, *this page*, with a major window to encompass a stunning view of the Pepacton Reservoir and the mountains on its far shore. *Opposite:* A soaring ceiling and open cruciform plan visually enlarge a relatively small house—1,000 square feet.



Over dining area with bluestone table, *opposite,* is one of the two guest lofts reached by library ladders. *Above right:* The owner awakes to a framed abstract of nature. (Round windows also give views of trees and sky to sleepers aloft.) *Above:* Earth covers storage rooms on either side of the glass-roofed, ceramic-tiled solarium-bath, *below. Below right:* Terrace extends living room into the elements.





Even now feminine inroads to certain professions have rocky stretches, and women who take them risk a bumpy ride. Architecture is such a profession, and Marlys Hann has been through some road-weary times. Building her own house, however, was not one of them. On the top of a mountain the question of being a woman in a man's world gave way to more rewarding inquiry.

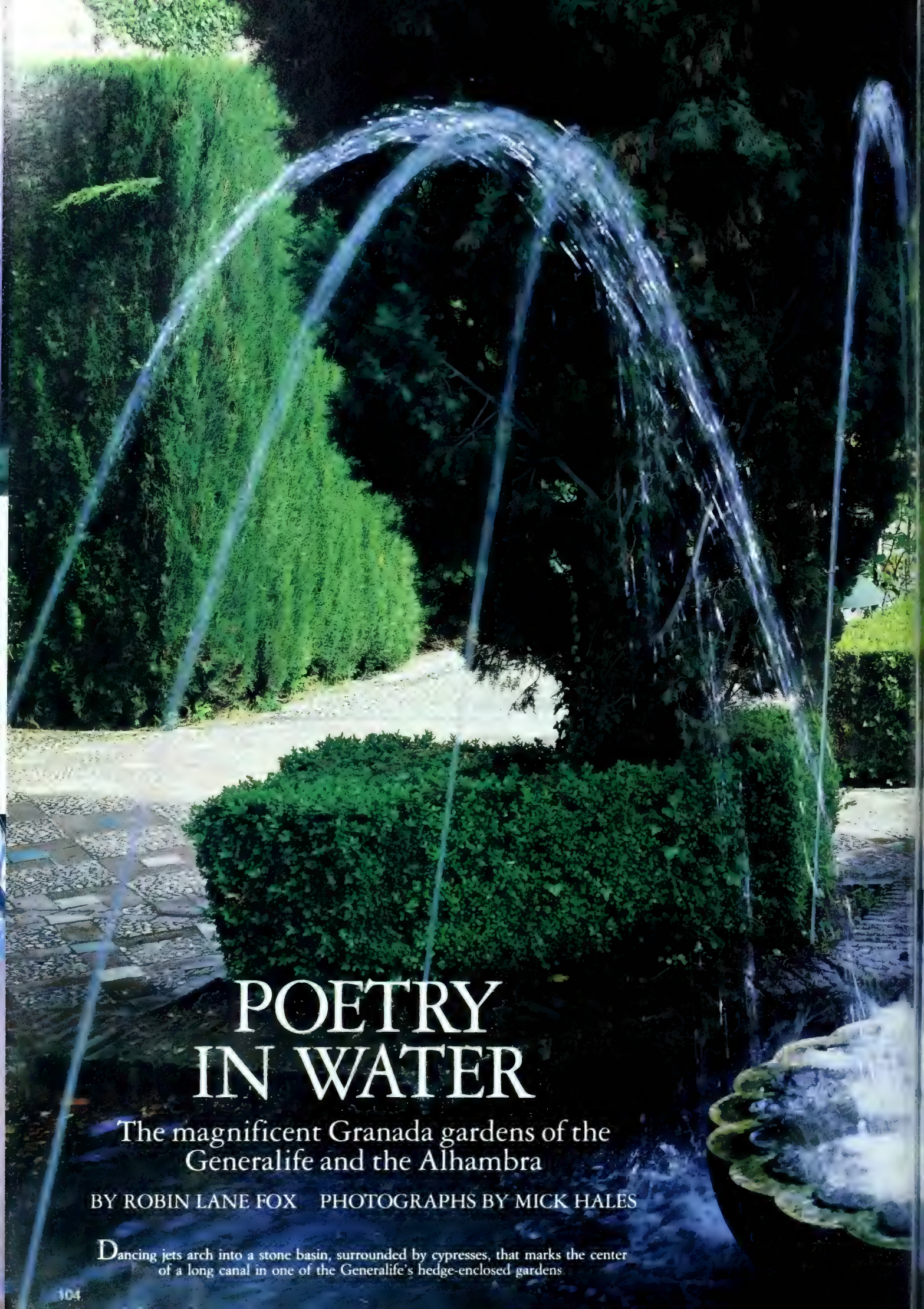
A New York–based architect who grew up in Salem, Oregon, Marlys Hann was visiting a prospective client's land in the Catskills one June when she first saw the eight and a half acres she now owns. It was during the recession of about six years ago, when architects everywhere were having a hard time, and Marlys Hann had had an unlucky series of canceled projects and other setbacks. But she went with a local developer up a steep gravel road, nearly a mile long, that culminated on a cliff high above the Pepacton Reservoir, and she suddenly knew that it was time to realize two aspirations: a place of her own and a project she could be sure she would finish. The property was inexpensive; she bought it that weekend.

"The next weekend I was up there sleeping out with nothing but a plastic dropcloth, a foam mattress, and a blanket," says Marlys Hann. "After two hours it started to rain, and it rained for twelve hours. I didn't have a car—I'd been dropped off by my potential client—so I found a place under the hemlocks, which formed a sort of natural umbrella. But even hemlocks don't keep

(Text continued on page 175)







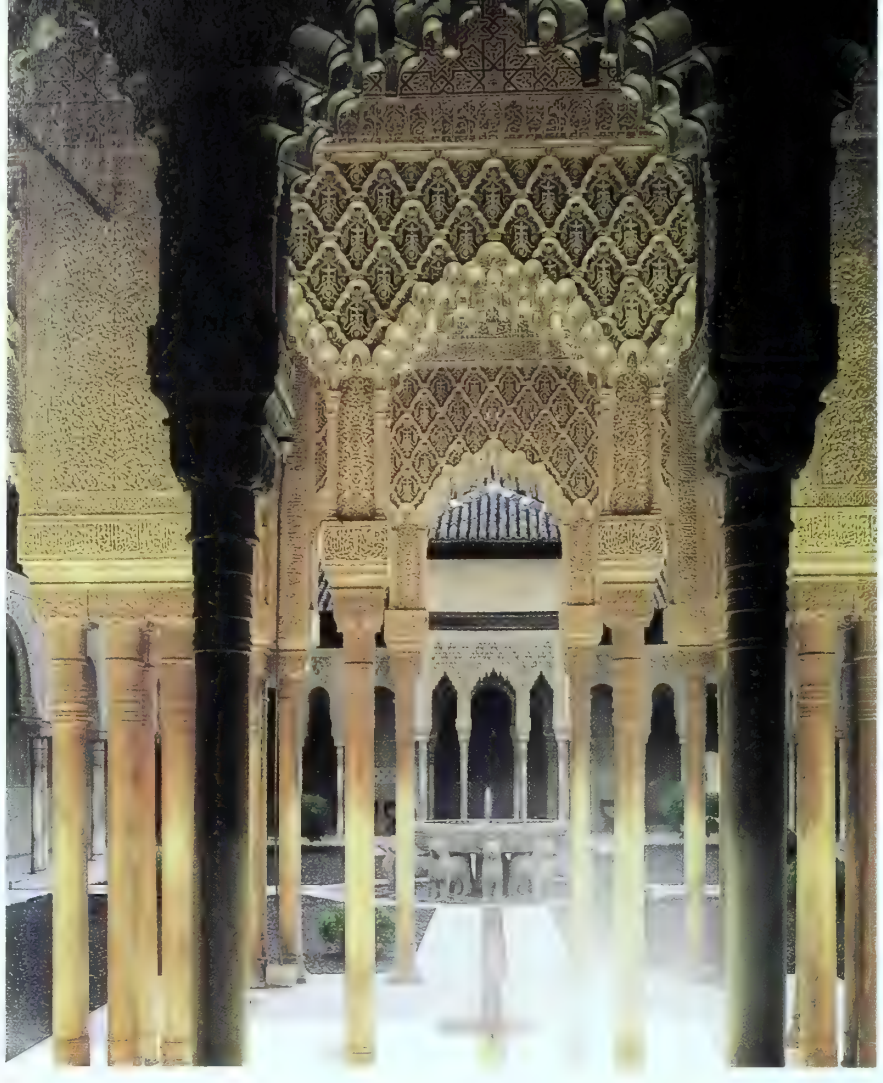
POETRY IN WATER

The magnificent Granada gardens of the Generalife and the Alhambra

BY ROBIN LANE FOX PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

Dancing jets arch into a stone basin, surrounded by cypresses, that marks the center of a long canal in one of the Generalife's hedge-enclosed gardens.





Which are the finest historic gardens in the world? Some would choose the formal hedging, steps, and use of water in France's Vaux-le-Vicomte or Italy's Villa Lante at Bagnaia north of Rome. If you like flowers, these designs are not gardens: there is not a flower in either of them. I am tempted, instead, by the Nishat Bagh garden of the Mughal princes which rises up the hills behind the amethyst surface of Lake Dal in Kashmir. If I hesitate to choose it, it is not because of an absence of flowers but because of their presence, the flowers of garish Indian public gardening: cockscomb and cosmos have nothing to do with the Mughals' original design. For historic gardens, in the plural, I look elsewhere, to the fortified cliff that rises above the bell towers of Granada in southern Spain. Where else can you still look through the grille of a fourteenth-century Moorish window and watch while a white cat angles for carp in an old octagonal Pool of Life?

The site is my choice for the finest historic gardens in the world, because for once there is point in the plural. Granada's hills are the scene not of one great garden but two, the Generalife and the Alhambra. High above the bunched roofs of old Granada, the garden terraces of the Alhambra look across a hillside to the soaring cypress trees, wisteria, and water gardens of the Generalife garden and its charming pavilions. Between the two gardens the intervening mile of hillside is one enormous nursery garden, ridged and backed into beds for the gardens' plants of the future and broken up with almond trees, acacias, and fruiting quinces. The two gardens gaze across at each other, while behind them stands nature's backdrop, the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and, below, the man-made squares and narrow streets of the prettiest city in Spain.

"Lady, give alms," runs the verse inscription of the Alhambra's watch tower, "for in life there is nothing harder than to go blind in the presence of Granada." Gardeners could never be blind to the history of these two hill sites. Their combination of Eastern and European taste survives nowhere else in such an evocative style. No sooner are gardens made than they vanish, leaving only their bones; the two great gardens of Granada are still alive and luxuriant because after seven hundred years they passed into the care of Spanish taste, the best public taste among civic authorities in Europe.

Gardens began in Granada at one of those moments in history which I would dearly have liked to share. In the seventh and eighth centuries tribal raiders from the Arab peninsula galloped north

Vaulted in a tracery of water, the central canal of the Patio de la Acequia is the classic image of the Generalife, *opposite. Above:* A forest of slender pillars surrounds the Patio de los Leones in the Alhambra. *Overleaf:* Intricate boxwood parterres punctuated by trees and flowering shrubs surround a rectangular pool with an island of calla lilies in the Jardines de Partal.







Rose-laden arches, *opposite,* in the rose garden of the Generalife lead to *glorietas*—roofless green rooms—of clipped and trained cypress. Black and white pebble mosaics enliven paths and patios throughout the gardens. *Above:* In the Patio de los Cipreses, broad canals edged with arcing jets of water surround an oblong peninsula of ground divided into three parts: a fountain in a stone-curbed pool between two oleanders in box-hedged beds. High walls on three sides completed by an arcade on the fourth enclose this patio in the Generalife. Just visible at the upper left is the trunk of a cypress called the Sultana, said to be six hundred years old, one of those which gave this garden its name.

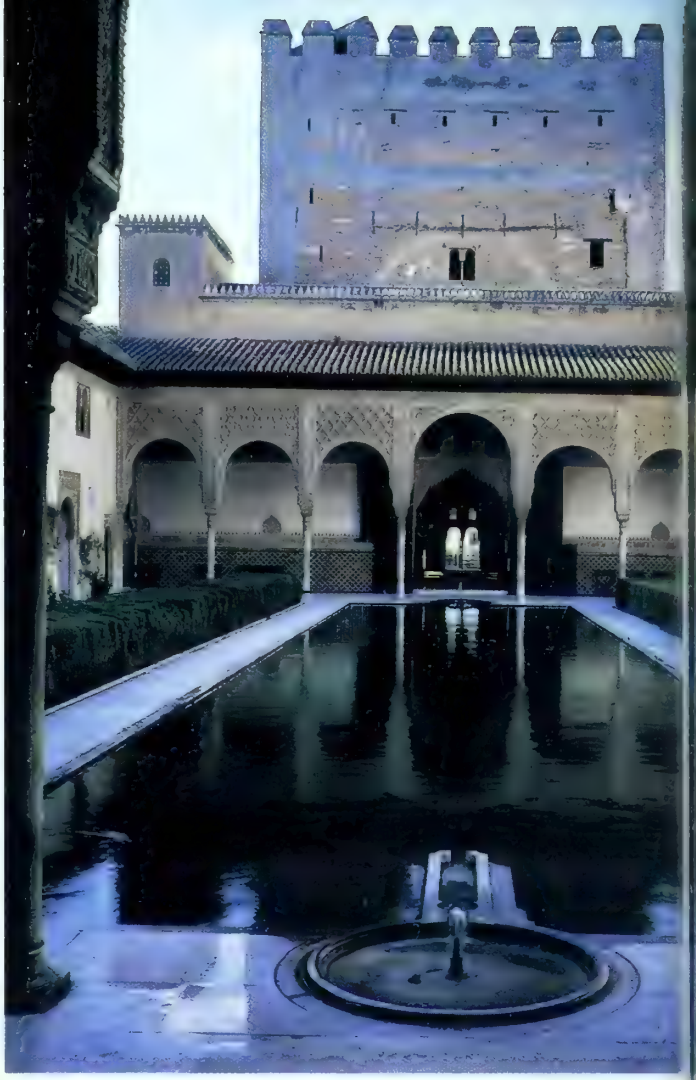


from the bare arid landscape of their homeland and found themselves among the irrigated gardens of Syria and the Near East. In their homeland they had only known spurges and thistles and the curious desert plants of their pre-Islamic poetry. Now they were the masters of the natural springtime gardens of the Mediterranean. How could they ever have imagined the olive trees and blood red anemones of Syria, the quinces of Iran, or the tulips, irises, and fields of wild allium which stretched through southern Asia Minor and north Africa? By the mid eighth century the Arabs had reached Spain, settling where mountains framed the views of their forts and castles. Did the new joy of gardening take precedence over the details of their Koran? The Prophet had pictured gardens in heaven only, but his heirs now found gardens all around them in landscapes he had never seen. The first Arab governors of Spain took quickly to their newfound scope for gardening. There are early reports of their terracing and transporting, as they shipped garden plants from one end of the Mediterranean to the other. Nowhere seemed more perfect than the plains around Granada, which their poets compared with the hillsides around Damascus, the second jewel in their conquered territories. Between trees like emeralds, they wrote, the streams flow like ingots of silver, from snow mountains to the plains of an earthly paradise.

Of the earliest centuries of Arab gardening in Spain we only have literary records, a poem or two, and allusions in works of prose. The gardens of the Alhambra and the Generalife begin in their modern form in the year 1238. While the Christian kingdoms in the north of Spain began their slow reconquest of the Muslim south, a new Muslim dynasty split off from its neighbors, calling itself the Naziri sultanate with Granada as its seat. Its rulers founded hospitals in the city and the first Muslim university, or madrasah, in the West, which remains in use to this day. When the Christian kingdom of Ferdinand and Isabella eventually conquered Granada in 1492, the first Christian archbishop of the city paid tribute to the Naziris' Islamic government. "We must adopt their works of charity," he announced, "and they our faith." The two aims did not altogether overlap. Before long, Christians were using force, not charity, to compel Muslims to convert to their religion.



The archbishop could well have added a wish for the adoption of the Muslims' gardens. Since the



Terminated at both ends by round bubbling fountains, the central pool in the Patio de los Arrayanes, *above,* is flanked by broad hedges of precisely clipped myrtle, and beyond them jasmine trained against the side walls. *Above left:* Terrace walk at the Alhambra. *Below:* View from the Generalife across the nursery garden to the Alhambra with the city of Granada below.

thirteenth century, the Naziri sultans had been planting green gardens in the courtyards of the Alhambra and cultivating a neat formal setting for their pillared pavilions and exquisite halls of audience. We can still derive an idea of their taste from the Alhambra's famous Patio de los Leones and Patio de los Arrayanes. In the former we now know from excavations that the paths were originally raised above four lower flower beds to show a carpet of blossom which the sultans viewed from above. Twelve stone lions, as we still see, spouted water into intersecting canals among the flowers and formal patterns. In the Patio de los Arrayanes, a broad canal, which still exists, ran up to a neat circular conclusion. Probably it was flanked by the evergreen hedging and curtains of climbing jasmine which are presently on the site.

These early Islamic gardens were planned for sitting and conversing among the light and shade of evergreen trees, the scents of roses and climbing plants, and the constant play of water. Their arts and aims are still ours. Opposite the Alhambra, the Generalife garden was begun in the 1320s as a small summer residence for the Muslim governors. It, too, has a link across six centuries with its first historic plan. In 1958 archaeologists found





Carefully framed views lead visitors from patio to patio in the Alhambra. *Above:* Window in the Patio de Lindaraxa offers a tempting glimpse of honeycomb vaults. *Above left:* Beyond a pool edged, Spanish-style, with pots of annuals, the Torre de las Damas. *Below:* From the pool in front of the Torre, steps lead up to the parterres and courts called the Jardines de Partal.

he bones of the original Islamic garden beneath the pres-ent Patio de la Acequia. It was not so different from the plan we now see, but it was divided, like many Islamic gardens, into four symbolic sections. In the center stood a pavilion across the intersection of the water canals.

On these two hills the Naziri sultans and governors lived their lives of romance and munificence, marked by occasional acts of murder. None was more generous or more cultured in his patronage than the sultan Yusuf I, who presided over the best of the landscaping until he was murdered, crazily, in the Alhambra's small mosque in the year 1354. When the Christian kings took the city in 1492, they built a second grand palace in the Alhambra's circuit and maintained its outer gardens, although they left several of the Muslims' garden courtyards to fend for themselves. These smaller gardens lapsed into centuries of quiet neglect, the home for a few devoted keepers, wanderers of the strangest origins, and tales that the people of Granada told about the palace's Muslim past.

We know of this phase in the life of the Alhambra gardens through the memoirs of its most famous visitor, the American minister to Spain. Washington Irving is still honored in plaques and sculptures in the cities of Granada and Seville. Born in 1783, he was the son of a New York merchant, who destined him for a legal career. After enduring a course of legal studies, Washington joined the family business but failed in several of his endeavors. Commerce's loss was literature's gain. Irving turned diplomat instead and embarked on a life of travel, serving briefly in London and entering Spain in the 1820s, where he set out to tour southern Spain on horseback. Irving was so enchanted with the Alhambra and its long-lost gardens that he took up lodgings in the palace building for eighteen months. "Let others repine at the lack of turnpike roads and sumptuous hotels," he wrote in 1832, "and all the elaborate comforts of a country tamed into the commonplace, but give me the rude mountain scramble, the roving haphazard manners that give such a true, game flavor to romantic Spain."

As a boy, confessed Irving, he had sat by the banks of the Hudson River and "first pored over the pages of an old Spanish story about the wars of Granada." Since then, the city and the "romantic halls of the Alhambra" had "ever been the subject of my waking dreams." He found in them the inspiration for one of America's great legacies to the literature of romantic travel. A century earlier the palace and its gardens had been restored for the visit of King Felipe V and Queen Isabel of Parma. First the Arabs, then the Europeans: the details of this restoration had faded by Irving's day, but its outline survived on the site to influence subsequent residents. The most ambitious restorers had been the French commanders in the recent Napoleonic wars in Spain. True, the French did blow up certain sections of the Alhambra's walls before evacuating the fort, and Spanish guides still tell of a Spanish ex-soldier who gallantly cut the fuse of a yet more terrible bomb designed to detonate the entire monument. But the French had done more to assure the garden's survival than to ruin it. They planted and trimmed new formal hedges and developed the crisscross patterns of the evergreen parterres we still enjoy. These improvements frame Irving's own *Tales of the Alhambra* and all subsequent enjoyment of the site.

This layer of French formality sat very well with the intimate style of the earlier Muslim courtyards. In Irving's tales it was the setting for all manner of curious residents who had come to roost in the Alhambra's outer buildings. There were Spanish families and

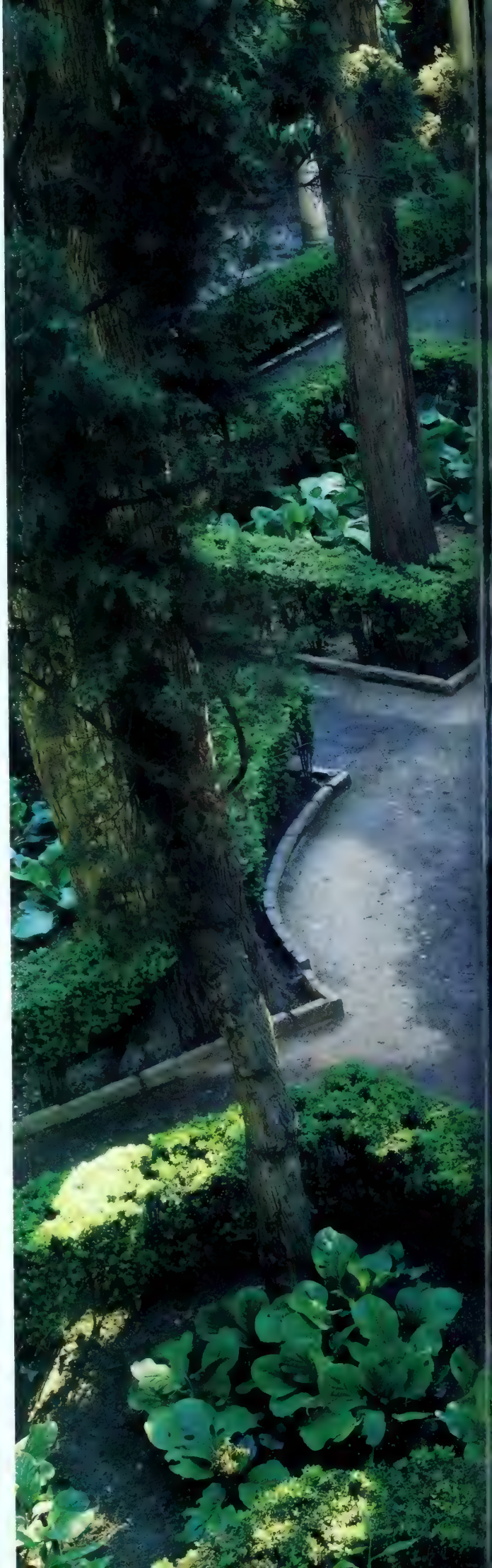


former smugglers and a "brave and battered old colonel of the Invalids" who nestled like a hawk in one of the Moorish towers.

Nowadays the gardens benefit from the final layer in their history: the planting and attention of their Spanish owners. They are a unique mixture of styles: the Islamic courtyards and water canals; the hedging and enclosures of formal gardening in the European Renaissance; the French patterns of evergreen cypress, box, and ivy; the natural flamboyance of the roses, pergolas, flowerpots, and curtains of jasmine which Spanish gardens have patronized in their own invention, the patio. Two gardens but three or four styles. In spring and early summer they are a journey through most of the history of formal design and garden planning.

Of the two, the Generalife is the more spectacular. There are two possible derivations of its Arabic name: "garden of the architect" or "noblest of gardens." I like to think it referred to both. We have lost the Moorish summerhouses that once stretched up the Generalife's hill and led to the romantic Casa de la Doncella in the Alhambra. We have lost, too, the pavilion that stood at the meeting point of the garden's four canals. The great leisure pavilions, however, are still standing, and their Islamic decoration and inscriptions are unimpaired; they look down the main axis of the Generalife's one surviving pool of water. Down from the garden's highest terrace runs a stone staircase whose handrail is a channel for a falling stream of water. This device, too, may be true to the garden's origins, one of those "watercourses beneath the shade of trees" which a contemporary poem on a Muslim garden mentions. In the courts below, the jets of thirty to forty fountains arch over into the various pools and channels. They splash in a constant refrain, run by one of the most varied displays of water engineering in the world. If the Muslim governors could see these later improvements, their love of water and its effects would be satisfied.

The planting, too, would seem familiar. We know something of the flowers of fourteenth-century Spanish gardens from Arabic books and poems and a calendar of the seasons, as observed in the nearby city of Córdoba. Cypress, myrtle, blue iris, jasmine, red roses, thyme, and narcissus: these plants and many more were known in the gardens of fourteenth-century Spain. Since then, Europeans have clipped neat hedges of cypress like green chambers and set them with simple floor patterns of box and myrtle, which are able to survive Granada's mild winter. Here the mood is more suggestive of a great Italian garden split into intimate, balanced subdivisions. These evergreen walls are broken by open "doors," or vistas, which are clipped yearly by hand and lead the eye down the main line of water and through various arches and pergolas. It is fashionable nowadays to treat gardens as outdoor rooms and to *(Text continued on page 162)*



A fountain, with its Moorish basin set on a Renaissance base, is encircled by a boxwood parterre in the Patio de Lindaraxa. Once a part of the harem, the garden was redesigned for Carlos V in the 16th century. The beds are planted with bergenia and punctuated by tall cypresses, flowering shrubs, and fruit trees.





MEMOIR THROUGH OBJECTS

Here, and in his forthcoming book *Quarry,* Lincoln Kirstein explores the meaning of his personal collections

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

In the parlor, *above,* African masks hang among three portraits of Lincoln Kirstein, left to right: Michael Leonard's acrylic, 1982, Pavel Tchelitchew's oil, 1937, and Lucian Freud's unfinished oil sketch, 1950s. Among the objects in the foreground are, at left, a bronze Orpheus with a panther by Astrid Zydower and, at right, Isamu Noguchi's head of Kirstein, 1928. *Opposite:* Elie Nadelman's *Tango 1923–24* is in front of Hope Hawthorne Maiorano's leaded window of Gurdjieff's Pythagorean Escutcheon.





George Grey Barnard's bust of Abraham Lincoln, *above,* in two pieces: the head is set into the shirt collar. In front is Leonard Volk's cast of Lincoln's left hand, 1860, and Brady's photograph taken February 27, 1860. *Right:* An overview of the parlor, once a stable; the alley behind, which was part of the mews, is now a garden.







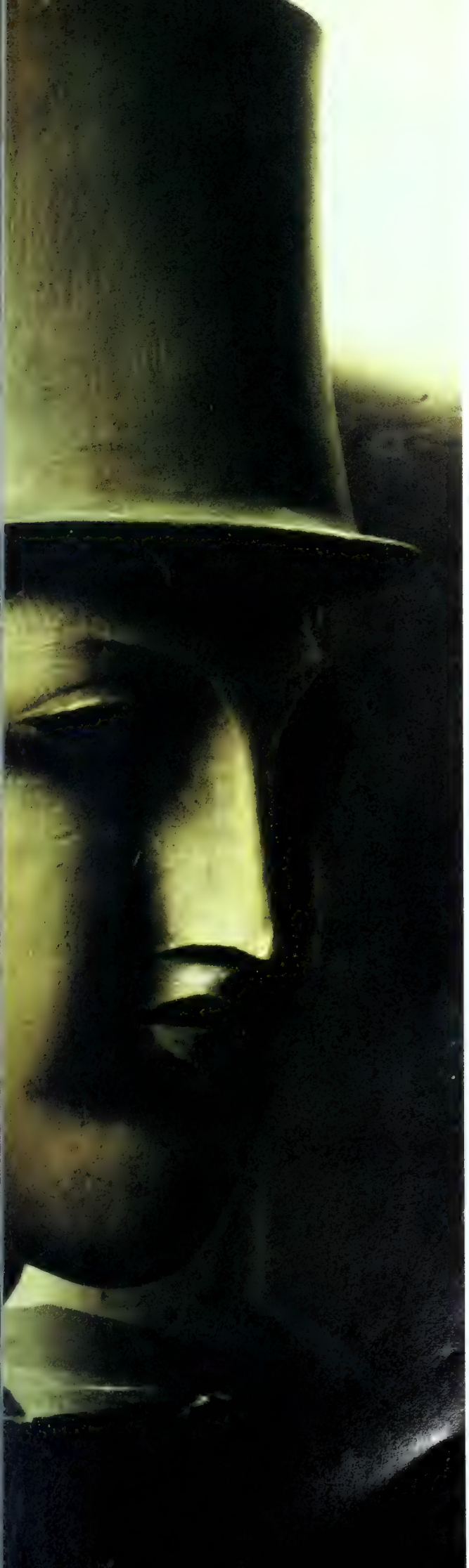
Oh, a little, in a rough sort of way.
—BERNARD BERENSON, when asked if Sir Robert Witt knew anything about pictures

Any assemblage of art or craft can be taken as frame for a mirror of its assembler. Should such amassment boast coherence in scale and parity in quality, it may be seen less as domestic adornment than illustrating a philosophy. Congruity past caprice even assumes the order of a polemic or, if you will, didactic prejudice. A batch here illustrated has, over years, served to demonstrate historical reference, technical competence, a continuity and ubiquity of digital mastery. There was no pretension toward a permanent collection since this had little significance for public display. Whatever objects possess merit have a life of their own and would find in a future other associations, as they had many times before.

Since the space available was neither large nor lofty, the overall size of much is moderate to miniature. However, I have never felt that discreet dimensions are divested of potential monumentality. Within their modest range, the forms that embody individual work are seldom finical or diminutive. Each is sharply legible, placed against whitewashed bare brick enclosing walls that once made a stable. One high square-paned window still looks out on an alley, now a garden, shared by adjoining houses in a block that was once a mews for mansions in an adjoining city park.

If there is a single element distinguishing the totality, it is refinement of execution and attention to completeness in detail. Paintings and pieces in stone, wood, or metal are examples of manual dexterity, based on close observation of nature, conservative in style and handling, but the imaginative or lyrical launch is mostly from this century. Three paintings by Jared French and one by Paul Cadmus are executed in egg tempera on masonite panels. These are poetic images conceived in terms of traditional representation. Like three-dimensional objects in the room, they depict portraits, idealized or exact.

Small bronzes attract interest from their personifications. Two are by Jean Antoine Houdon. A bust of the composer Gluck is possibly an early study for the famous life-size marble in Paris. Although but six inches high, apparent ravages of smallpox only enhance the humanity of a nobly preoccupied expression. A maquette of Voltaire, enthroned tiny but complete in its almost microscopic detail, is regally mounted on a striated marble block bound in brass. This is identical with a model Houdon forwarded to Catherine the Great for her choice of the monument she finally commanded. On the mantelpiece nearby is a crisp *Winged Mercury* (by Foggini?) after the famous figure by Giovanni Bologna. This reduction may have been one of the souvenirs made for the early Florentine tourist trade. The body, which has become an archetype of the classic academic ballet first dancer, is poised on the sturdy pedestal of gilded breath of Boreas, the wind god. Slightly smaller in scale is an acrobat (by Susini?), a boy in a handstand, another paradigm of dancer-ath-



lete. He was first glimpsed fifty years ago in London's Wallace Collection, one of half a dozen extant copies. Forty years waited for Michael Hall, the dealer, to find him in Manhattan. Also there are two anonymous statuettes, seemingly older than they actually are: a French classic (or academic) nude deity, which looks imperial Roman except for its whole body, and a splendid hunter with his hound, which could be North Italian but dates from the first quarter of the nineteenth century and is English. The single bronze that renders visiting curators envious is a Corpus Christi, a midget crucifixion with its original iron spikes, driven into solid brick, chased exquisitely in gilded bronze. Some feel it came not far from Cellini's shop.

As for work carved in my lifetime, there is one heroic presence, a bust of Abraham Lincoln by George Grey Barnard, instigator of the Cloisters and author of the huge *Two Natures of Man* in the Charles Engelhard Court of the Metropolitan Museum. Barnard made three versions of this head, based on Brady's carte-de-visite photograph taken on the morning of the Cooper Union address, which introduced a Western candidate to the Atlantic seaboard, ensuring his election. This is a superb demonstration of cut stone; the head, separately carved, is inset into the bust. Shirt and tie are treated impressionistically à la Rodin to avoid distraction from the precision of complex planes mapping nose, mouth, eyes, and hair. Beneath it is a bronze cast of Lincoln's left hand, by Leonard Volk, and on an adjoining wall is Lincoln's life mask, also by Volk, which with the Brady photograph served Augustus Saint-Gaudens for the greatest Lincoln image, his standing figure in London's Parliament Square.

Delicately complete in its frank carnality is a bronze youth bearing a panther by Astrid Zydower, a gifted British sculptor. This is a model for the twelve-foot-high fountain figure recently placed on the terrace of Harewood House near Leeds. Compact energy and feline grace drew a bit from the electric performance of Mick Jagger as he appeared ten years ago. On a near table is the model, by the same hands, for a monument to Shakespeare, conceived for Richard Buckle's great tercentenary exhibition at Stratford-upon-Avon. A larger-than-life cast now sits before the Festival Theater in Stratford, Connecticut. It does not derive from the Droeshout frontispiece to the folios but suggests a village boy, locked in a Warwickshire backwash, longing for London and its playhouses.

Carved from twin blocks of cherrywood stands Elie Nadelman's *Tango,* *(Text continued on page 176)*

Nadelman's *Man in a Top Hat,* c. 1910–11, *left,* is of Romain Coolus, "boulvardier-playwright, bar and brothel companion of Toulouse-Lautrec, lover of Misia Sert." *Opposite above:* On the table, Manjusri, Lord of the Divine Word, keeps company with a Nepalese bodhisattva and a sixth-century Tibetan meditation aid among Japanese scrolls, Catholic prayerbook, and a Koran. *Opposite below:* Various coins and medals depicting Lorenzo de' Medici, Sigismondo Malatesta, and Richelieu among others mix with African combs and small figures.

ADOBE BLOWUP

Artist-designer Ron Robles creates a larger-than-life Santa Fe house

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY E. NICHOLS





The *portal,* similar to a back porch, *right,* faces west for sunset watching. Furniture is draped with bedspreads from India. A window guard forms the base of the coffee table. Oversize reproductions of Precolumbian figures are from Robles's Santa Fe gallery. *Above:* The main entrance doors, from an old carriage house, are built of mesquite wood. Mask of clay is copied from a Machu Picchu gate.







Ron Robles, painter, designer, and keeper of the Nove Collection i Santa Fe (art, furniture, jewelry, clothing—whatever appeals to hi strong, consistent taste) boasts of a Native American ancestry tha spans North America: a mother from a Yakima tribe in the Pacific North west, an Aztec father. In his house for Mel Fillini in Santa Fe, Robles's South western strain is revealed. Here he took a traditional Santa Fe adobe wit small rooms and low ceilings and rebuilt it, filling it with sculpture based o Precolumbian originals—both the building and the works of art blown up t monumental proportions. Robles gave the old house a living-dining-kitche stretch of space that measures 94 feet—so big in scale that sliding glass door are used in window openings. He took an original fourteen-inch Aztec fig ure, one example of many, and had it reproduced over nine feet tall.

Although Robles is a painter ("Being in this house is like being in one of m paintings"), there are no canvases on the walls, no strong colors, no parti tions between the public areas. Mel Fillini wanted his eye to move withou interruption around the curved walls, through the huge doors and skylight to the dramatic arid landscape and the showy Santa Fe sky.

Six dogs share this house with its owner, and their needs were part of th design program, accounting for the Flokati rugs on some of the animals' fa vorite chairs and for the bare floors of concrete with drains for washing them down. But practicality alone did not dictate those floors: Robles refers to Fil lini's Latin American travels in several places, and the hand-troweled floo segments are set in a pattern admired in walls at Machu Picchu. □

Editor: Babs Simpso



Entertaining is made easy as guests are able to move in and out of Fillini's spacious living area, *above* and *right*. *Opposite above:* The sofa in the sitting area is covered with a Greek Flokati rug. Glass and gesso-finished wood coffee table is designed by Ron Robles. The skull of an African Cape buffalo hangs above the fireplace; on the foreground ledge, an onyx dragon head. Copy of an Aztec statue on right wall stands over nine feet and was based on fourteen-inch museum piece. *Opposite below:* Between gate and house, guests cross a fountain-fed canal.









In the upstairs library, *above,* early Georgian chairs from Kentshire Galleries are drawn up to a table whose top is a 19th-century brass tray from England. The fruitwood and rosewood inlay end table is a late-18th-century English piece. A Stark kilim covers the floor. The pair of early-19th-century bronze ormolu tazzas in the bookcase comes from Didier Aaron. *Opposite:* In the dining room, the walls and dome are painted with trompe-l'oeil views by Lucretia Moroni. Hepplewhite chairs come from Hyde Park Antiques, the Sultanabad carpet from Vojtech Blau. A Molyneux-designed console table holds 18th-century Imari. The moiré tableskirt fabric is from Scalamandré.





In the media room—designed by the movie producer who used to own the apartment—overstuffed swivel chairs are draped with antique quilts. On the screen: a scene from Milos Forman's *Amadeus*. Wallcovering and curtain are Clarence House velvet.



HOUSE FOR SALE

Why I hate where I live

BY SPALDING GRAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

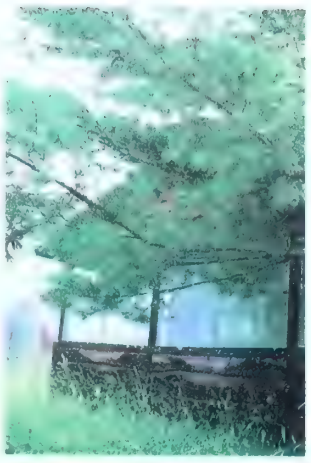


For years I had wanted to purchase a little retreat house near a body of water not too far from New York City. Until recently I didn't have the money to even consider it. Then at last, just three years ago, I found that my savings had reached the grand total of $30,000. My grandmother Gray had left me $10,000 when she died and I had saved $20,000 on my own, so as a result I was looking for what seemed to be the impossible, a $30,000 house not far from a body of water.

Also I wanted to buy the house outright. No mortgage for me. My father was a credit manager and always advised me never to buy on credit. I am perhaps one of the last 45-year-old white New York City–dwelling males without a credit card. I

don't even have a wallet. I carry little bundles of larger bills in my left pocket keeping smaller bills in my right and all the left-over change goes into a black sock. That's the way it is with me when it comes to money.

After two years of searching, I found what I thought was the perfect place. It was not exactly a house. It was a cross between a house and an Adirondack-style cabin. I like to think of it (when I have to) as a "cottage," but to simplify things I'll refer to it as the "house." As for the body of water it was near, it was the Esopus Creek just outside Phoenicia, New York. This body of water was more like the body of a snake than it was the long-sought-after body of water as voluptuous, all-embracing mother of us all. The Esopus Creek is clear and cold and you can swim in it if you don't mind ending up in the Ashokan Reservoir fifteen miles downstream due to the very rapid currents. But it is a fine and beautiful "body of water."



Something new, a fine white moss was growing on my precious ceiling beams. And the whole house was beginning to look like a penicillin farm. Again we were forced to flee

Shortly after buying the house outright and moving in, I soon discovered that the house had a lot of problems. *Real big problems.* (For the gruesome details please read "Terrors of Pleasure: The House" in my book *Sex and Death to the Age Fourteen.*) And, dear reader, listen to this: I might never have had those problems had I bought the house through a real-estate broker rather than the owner.

It wasn't as though I didn't take some precautions before buying the house. I'm not a total fool. I did have a contractor look it over just before I bought it, and he told me to offer $26,000, insure it well for fire, then pay some needy young local $50 to burn it down. But this advice had a reverse effect. I began to feel protective and sorry for the house. I began to think of it as the "little house that cries" and my heart went out to it, thinking all that it needed was a little tender loving care.

After the full realization that the house (I say *the* house because I've still not yet been able to deal with it as mine) was terminal and most likely never to recover, I had one of those wonderful, healing, wish-fulfillment dreams: *I dreamt that in my absence someone had torn the house down and landscaped the location into a perfect oblong golf green (not to be mistaken for a fresh grave). Even better, whoever it was who had torn the house down had done it without my permission, and I was not only allowed but* encouraged *to sue this person for exactly the amount that it would cost to build a perfect new house.*

As for the real, imperfect waking world, I was doing my best to recycle the negative experience of buying this disaster house by performing a new monologue about it at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center. Having a highly symbolic mind, I saw that the fact I was now in a theater called the New House performing a monologue about my old house was in itself a grand, ultimate healing situation. And I even tried to sell my house at the end of each performance. The fact that there were no takers began to prove, at least in my mind, that perhaps there isn't a sucker born every minute. On the other hand, some very positive and helpful suggestions came from the audience after the show. One audience member, a very successful New York lawyer, even offered his services to help me prosecute the previous owner of the house for not fulfilling his contract to fix the foundation after he sold the house to me. I was tempted to go through with it, convinced that at least I could make a monologue about the American justice system. But I just didn't have the energy to deal with it. Performing eight shows a week and dealing with press during the day was all I could stand.

It was not as though I didn't have dramatic evidence for my courtroom trial. I had a fantastic tape recording I had saved off my girlfriend, Renée's, answering machine. It was a long, irate, and indignant pledge on behalf of the previous owner of the house to fix my foundation no matter what it cost. This tape was a gem. I couldn't wait to play it on my ghetto blaster—full blast to some wonderful, graying, sympathetic judge. I pictured that courtroom scene over and over in my mind. Only by now I knew that was also a fantasy.

On the other hand, my girlfriend, Renée (the one who told me over and over, "You can change the house, but you can't change the location"), began to encourage me to try to take things into my own hands. "Nothing," she said, "is sweeter than revenge." And we made a plan together. We would rent a big sound truck and drive over to Queens to the home *(Text continued on page 173)*



MODERN REMASTERED

When the Metropolitan Museum opens its new twentieth-century wing, a richer side of design will be revealed

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK DARLEY





Aglow with the reflective brilliance of thousands of tiny air bubbles, five glass vessels designed between 1922 and 1929 by Maurice Marinot are representative of the Met's strong French Art Deco holdings.



New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art is America's biggest, famous, and most visi- useum, but in one im- nt respect it has been a ing giant, only now ening to public recog- n. Notwithstanding the highly questionable s into the marketing merchandising of art, ost important activity since its centennial in has been acquisitions, scale virtually un- hed since the forma- of the great European ely collections begin- with the Renaissance. where has the muse- real progress been thoroughgoing than in epartment of Twenti- Century Art under the manship of William S. rman. The fruits of his s, and those of a distin- ed roster of predeces- nd colleagues, will be w in the new Lila Ach- Wallace Wing, being iled in a two-week s of previews late in ary before the official ing on February 3. The nts of the $26 million ture, the seventh added museum since 1970 as of its comprehensive nsion program de- d by Kevin Roche John eloo and Associates, the most impressive nce yet of what the Met een up to behind the s while raising its ever r public profile. The lace Wing has been ly heralded as New 's fourth great modern um, and indeed it is y of comparison with Museum of Modern Art, Whitney Museum of rican Art, and the Solo- R. Guggenheim Mu- not only in its physical ensions—110,000



Though enormous in range, the Met collection focuses on fascinating affinities. *Above:* Once owned by William Morris, an English lustered earthenware platter by William De Morgan, 1882–88, on Tapestry cotton fabric by Robert Venturi, c. 1983. *Opposite:* Against Violet and Columbine tapestry designed by Morris, 1883, cherrywood music stand by Wharton Esherick, 1962, and armchair of mahogany and split cane by Francis Jourdain, c. 1913.

square feet all told—but also in the high quality of its component collections.

The largest portion of the Met's twentieth-century trove is its design and architecture section, which at last count numbered 3,564 items, over forty percent of the department's total (though that figure is already out of date given an average acquisition rate of 50 to 75 design objects each year, with much larger windfalls on occasion). Custodian of those treasures and one of the most knowledgeable and discriminating experts in the Modern decorative arts is R. Craig Miller, the department's associate curator for design and architecture. He is making a name for himself as an energetic, resourceful, and cunning acquisitor, using the Met's considerable prestige to attract gifts that are the envy of his institutional competitors. Yet his numerous individual conquests are not merely exercises in museum power politics, for they all fit into his grand design for shoring up the collection's weaknesses, expanding its already staggering range, and keeping it current with the most significant new developments.

The forty-year-old Georgia-born Miller (who was educated at North Carolina State, Winterthur, and Columbia before going to the Met in 1978) will include a goodly portion of his own curatorial coups in his presentation for inauguration of the Lila Acheson Wallace Wing. Entitled "Exhibit One: Decorative and Industrial Design, 1900–1986," the opening survey will feature highlights from the collection selected and installed to juxtapose what Miller sees as the two dominant (and equally important) strains in the decorative arts of this century.

Visitors will enter a bifurcated gallery, on one side of which will be pieces illustrating the industrial tendency in Modern design and on the other the decorative—the former displayed on platforms set at "rational" 90-degree angles, the latter at more "emotional" 45-degree diagonals. Clusters of works concentrating on specific periods, materials, or formal concepts will combine celebrated pieces by major masters with unfamiliar examples by designers Miller considers worthy of greater attention. For example, at the beginning of the gallery a quartet of wooden chairs illustrating the abstraction of seating in the early Modern period positions two renowned designs by Frank Lloyd Wright and Marcel Breuer with two virtually unknown pieces by Francis Jourdain and Ilonka Karasz. Across the room the decorative portion begins with a grouping from turn-of-the-century Vienna, again with two major names (Josef Hoffmann and Koloman Moser) played off against two less familiar participants in the Wiener Werkstätte (Dagobert Peche and Joseph Urban).

So it goes throughout the installation, the industrial half concentrating on a chronology of innovative materials (tubular steel,

molded plywood, plastics), the decorative half focusing on historical progressions (Art Nouveau, Art Deco, early Modernism, late Modernism, Postmodernism). The objects are arranged to emphasize affinities of form and style, and the effect is didactic in the best sense of the word, helping one realize that the few major themes of Modern design have been developed with a vigor and variety verging on the protean.

Miller's compare-and-contrast method is clear enough for the general public to comprehend, but it is far from condescending, and design professionals will also learn much from it. In fact, one of the few faults one can find with the Met's new design and architecture gallery is that it occupies such a small part of the Wallace Wing's total display space (only 1,500 square feet out of the 40,000-square-foot gallery area). Awareness of that disproportion is even more pronounced in the department's capacious warehouse facilities in the veritable subterranean city beneath the public domain at the Met. There, on deep carpet-covered shelves, rest hundreds of rarely seen pieces—ceramics, glassware, and nonprecious metalwork (silver and gold pieces are locked in nearby vaults). Far larger is the adjacent furniture storage room, but it, too, is a clean well-lighted place, a world apart from the chaotically overcrowded holding areas of many other museums. No less so than the exhibition galleries themselves, these storage rooms convey an air of responsibility, organization, and an even greater comprehensiveness.

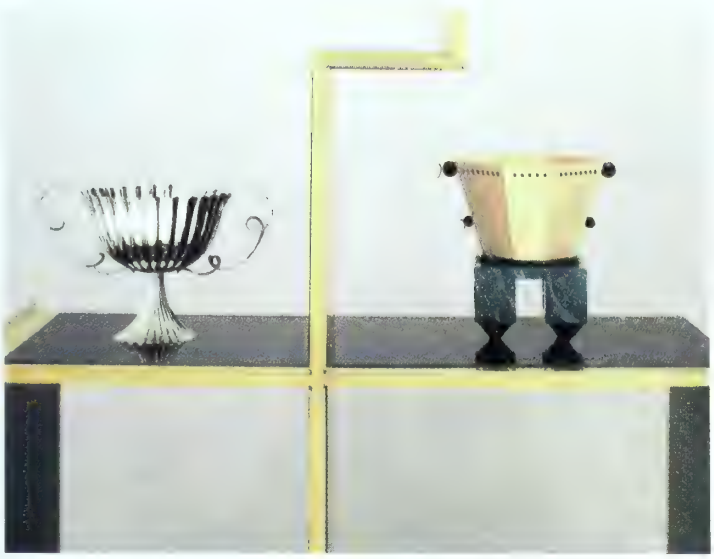


Mastermind of the Met's new preeminence in the Modern decorative arts is R. Craig Miller, who is making a name for himself as an energetic, resourceful, and cunning acquisitor of the kinds of things the Museum of Modern Art once wouldn't have let through its back door

In that last respect no other museum in New York approaches the Met in the decorative arts. The Guggenheim has no design collection at all, and neither does the Whitney (though during the past year it has held two major design shows: a retrospective of twentieth-century American design and another on the Shakers). The Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, has many great works, but they have not been acqui systematically and there huge lacunae along with prising strengths. The seum of Modern Art course, is renowned fo pathbreaking design col tion, but to date MOMA shown little interest in parting from its orthodox terpretation of Modernis

Sometimes the Metro itan has been the direct b eficiary of the Museum Modern Art's strict c structionist approach Modernism. Potential nors of objects diverg from the narrow MO line have in several instan taken their spurned off ings directly to the grat Met. Even works clea within MOMA's purist p view have on occasion b inexplicably allowed to away. One such instan concerned a remarka documentary collection five hundred items relat to fabrics designed by art at the Bauhaus. Includ classroom lecture not sketches, color studies, p totypes, and samples of finished materials, it form one of the most compl records in existence of Bauhaus's crucial link tween design theory a commercial manufactu The fabric designer J Lenor Larsen, eager for t important archive to rem in New York, offered to it and donate it to the M seum of Modern Art, wh it logically belonged. To astonishment, the gift declined. "We can't t care of things like that," was told by Arthur Drex director of MOMA's I partment of Architect and Design, and Lars promptly found a home the collection at the Met.

The Metropolita founding charter inclu as one of its tenets the p



The designs of the Wiener Werkstätte, highly topical today, are well represented in the Met collection. *Above:* A 1929 étagère of bronze and Bakelite over chestnut by the American designer Eugene Schoen holds Josef Hoffmann's loop-handled reeded silver bowl, c. 1920, beside Michael Graves's *GQ* Manstyle Award of bird's-eye maple, ebony, painted wood, and silver, 1982. Background is Suchet silk by Gretchen Bellinger, c. 1984. *Opposite:* Silver-gilt jewel box, 15⅛ inches high, by Dagobert Peche, 1920, against Wiener Werkstätte ombré-striped silk, c. 1910.

The objects are arranged to emphasize affinities of form and style, and the effect is didactic in the best sense of the word, helping one realize that the few major themes of Modern design have been developed with a vigor and variety verging on the protean

Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Oud, and the architects of the Bauhaus, and during his two stints at the design collection (1930–36 and 1946–54) he rigorously shunned anything that smacked of decoration. Accordingly he paved the way for the distorted picture of Modernism as a monolithic movement based solely on the reductivist approach in which applied ornament was forbidden and the purely decorative was disdained. Now he (and we) know better.

Anti-Modernist sentiment in the late sixties and seventies led not only to the rise of Postmodernism but also to a more accurate and inclusive undersanding of what could legitimately be included under the rubric of Modernism. Those long-neglected facets include the Wiener Werkstätte (the Vienna Secession's applied-design outlet); the initial Expressionist phase of the Bauhaus before the machine became its dominant image; the powerful though exquisitely refined furniture of the Frenchmen Francis Jourdain, Jacques Émile Ruhlmann, and Jean Michel Frank; the pared-down Stripped Classicism at which the Scandinavians particularly excelled; and hard-to-classify eccentrics like Carlo Bugatti, forgotten women like Eileen Gray and Ilonka Karasz, and self-defining visionaries like Frederick Kiesler. All are well represented at the Met.

R. Craig Miller is determined to maintain the vibrant diversity of the Met's twentieth-century decorative-arts department. He has lately added six of the best pieces from the wildly uneven production of Memphis, all by that Milan-based group's founder and strongest talent, Ettore Sottsass Jr. Miller's close contacts with manufacturers have led to his securing several unique prototypes, such as Arata Isozaki's ravishing black-and-gold-lacquer place mat for Swid Powell, deemed too costly to put into production but one of that firm's best designs to date. Miller got Michael Graves to execute a special metallic-stenciled leather upholstery that Graves designed for his SunarHauser-

(Text continued on page 170)

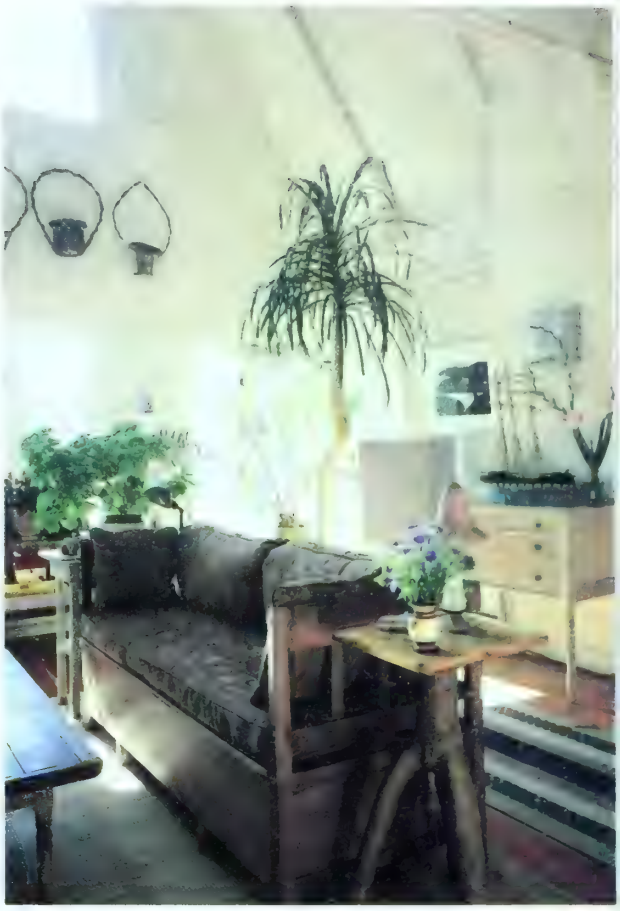


An ebony, ivory, and shagreen table, *above,* by Clément Rousseau, 1924, holds an Art Nouveau Limoges cup and saucer by Georges de Feure, 1900. *Opposite:* Bought by the Met directly from the 1925 Paris exposition, a superb bronze dressing table by Armand Albert Rateau is evidence of an early commitment to Art Deco. Contemporary with it are a Rateau bronze-and-ivory hand mirror and a Lalique circular glass box.









WHERE OPPOSITES ATTRACT

An 1880s steel-framed loft, remodeled by Siris/Coombs, is surprisingly hospitable to folk art

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY HARTY AND PETER DEROSA

In the 22-foot-high living area, *left* and *above,* twig rockers, one from Indiana, the other Southern, can be drawn close to the new fireplace. Coffee table is an old hex-marked Amana barn door; settee, which converts to a bed, is also an Amana piece.



From the living-room end of the dining table, one sees the original arched window openings on the street-side wall. All side windows and skylights have been added, as have stairway and houselike structure at right.



As rhythmic as cathedral vaults, seven major steel bays, each divided into three smaller units, set the scene for folk furnishings that are, like the loft, about a century old. Curtained "front door" leads to main bedroom.



The open U-shaped kitchen faces both living and dining areas, *above* and *opposite*. Beyond the swinging door a laundry and potting sink are located. Long harvest table is a West Virginia piece; grange chairs from Maine bear original paint, with stars on the front of the crest rail, numerals on the back. Over dining table, old Holophane lighting fixtures; over kitchen, new ones from the same maker.

Loft living in the decaying light-industrial zones of Manhattan first began in SoHo about twenty years ago. Tribeca, an adjoining industrial neighborhood previously known as the Lower West Side, reawakened ten years later, and today it is a choice habitat for the stylish and adventurous. A handsome brick warehouse built there for the Hudson River shipping trade in 1870 was extended upward about 1880 with a 22-foot-high gambrel-shaped Dutch-gabled space heavily framed in steel. That addition has become the dramatic yet cozy residence of model/exercise teacher Denise Flamino and her husband, Michael, a film director.

The drama lies in the sympathetically preserved original architecture, the coziness in the American folk art and primitive tables, chairs, and cabinets with which East Hampton antiquarian Morgan Rank furnished the spaces. Architects Peter Coombs and Jane Siris remodeled the onetime egg-and-cheese storehouse, and Coombs recalls their first impression: "We felt right away that we had to keep the simple, direct steel structure intact and visible while we inserted the required domestic elements." Such elements had never existed in the loft. A haphazard developer had brought in meager utilities; after that, she "threw down the keys and ran," according to Denise Flamino. Siris and Coombs demolished the developer's rough partitions and the original catwalk above and began again in a ninety-foot-long shell that reminds visitors of country barns and ships' hulls.

"The steel dictated the plan," Jane Siris says, referring to the seven thirteen-foot structural bays that make up the loft. The dining area, kitchen, stairs, and bedroom are centered directly on *(Text continued on page 163)*





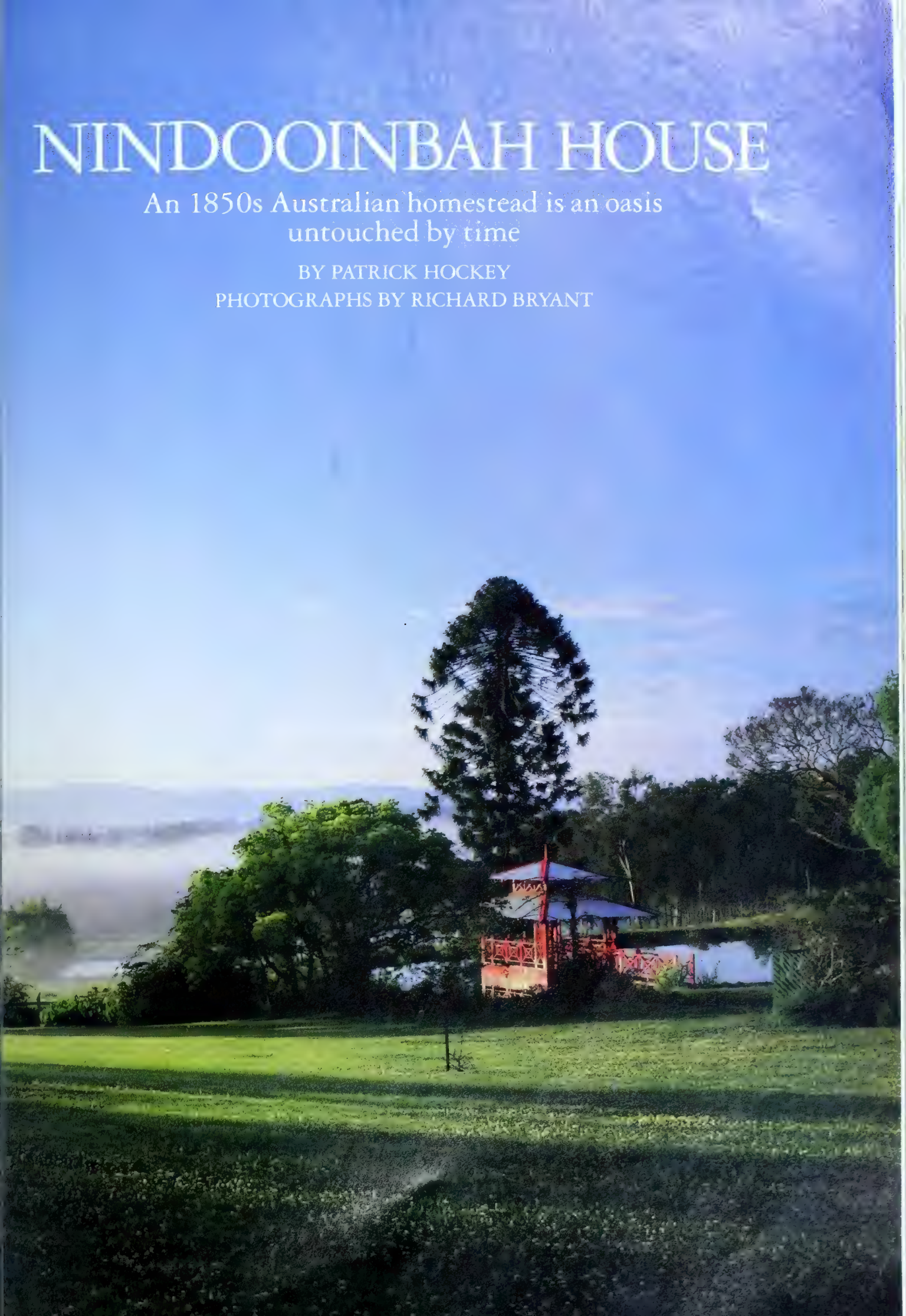
Early morning mist hovers over the Albert River and McPherson Range, making the brightly colored pavilion at Nindooinbah House seem to float on the man-made pond planted with water iris. *Inset:* Nindooinbah, once a refuge in the wilderness, has been recently repainted in its original colors (the interior remains almost untouched).

NINDOOINBAH HOUSE

An 1850s Australian homestead is an oasis untouched by time

BY PATRICK HOCKEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT









The aborigines called it Nindooinbah—"place of the ashes," marked by a clear spring-fed lagoon where for centuries they had built their fires and camped before Europeans ever dreamed of Australia. It took far less time for the fires of Nindooinbah House, built almost 150 years ago, to dwindle, and they were all but extinguished by the time Margaret, my wife, and I came to make the house our home.

Over the years the genteel old house and garden had gradually, imperceptibly faded. In fact, Margaret's mother, Beryl, invariably greeted new visitors with apologies for how rundown it was. She remembered how things were when a staff of seventeen polished and clipped from morning to night, but to visitors the place still seemed grand and wonderful, a link with Australia's short but real past. Margaret and I resolved to rekindle Nindooinbah's fires.

Nindooinbah was settled in 1841, the first year of settlement in this part of what would become the state of Queensland eighteen years later. Then it was a back-breaking and dangerous journey through more than a thousand miles of untamed, uncharted wilderness and fierce, sometimes warlike natives. Provisions for a year or more came in lumbering bullock drays along with sheep to found the flocks that would graze the fertile flats along the Albert River, which wound through the property.

Margaret's great-great-grandparents arrived in 1844 and purchased the adjoining property. Brisbane, nearby, which was to become the state capital of Queensland and tropic Australia, was a British penal colony until 1842. Two years after their arrival Margaret's grandfather, William Collins, was born, the first child of European parents on the Albert River. He and his brothers prospered with the infant nation to carve out a vast pastoral empire that stretched north and west across the whole Australian continent. At William's death, in 1909, his family controlled fourteen million acres of land—a vast area bigger than Texas.

In 1900, William married Gwendoline, a young beauty from the south. After a year of honeymooning in Japan and Europe, they moved to Nindooinbah, which the Collinses had leased for years. The original wing of the house, entirely of cedar, including the drawing room with its fourteen-foot ceilings and French lights, dates to the early 1850s. It was a remarkably sophisticated and civilized construction to have been built just ten years after first settlement, when most pioneers were living in bark-and-slab huts. (Legend has it that Mr. Compigne, who built the house, was declared insolvent because of his lavish expenditure on entertaining.)

In 1906, after Gwendoline had her third child, a son and heir, the Collinses purchased the property and engaged the architect Robin Dods to create a fitting establishment. Dods was immensely sympathetic to the original house; a join in the wall marking the old from the new is almost the only visible evidence of the additions. The distinctive Georgian chinoiserie veranda railing, which almost entirely surrounds the house, was retained around the now E-shaped homestead. A grand baronial dining room was included in the additions. The mellow paneling of Australian silky oak has not one nail in its construction, being completely dovetailed and pegged. The carved inscription on the Arts and Crafts–influenced stone fireplace—"The garden is gay in the month of May, the fire is the flower of the winter's day"—would be great in the Northern Hemisphere but is a point of humor in the antipodes. May is autumn in Australia, with hardly a flower in sight.

The furniture, including the dining table which extends to seat more than thirty, supposedly was designed by Robin Dods for the room. Dods's wife designed the decorative plasterwork on the vaulted ceiling. In the style of the day, the initials of the owner were to be emblazoned in wreaths above the bay window, but William Collins's initials presented a rather indelicate problem for Edwardian gentility, so the date of completion was substituted.

Where Dods planned the main guest bedroom suite, a large and aged bunya pine *(Text continued on page 160)*

Margaret and Patrick Hockey, *above,* with their dalmatians, Belinda and Dick, in the pavilion Patrick designed for the garden. *Opposite:* The large tent-shaped entrance to the house, originally added as a ballroom, is now filled with memorabilia, Patrick's paintings, and aboriginal artifacts.







In the drawing room the 1920s wallpaper with hand-colored floral frieze serves as background for an 18th-century collection of Minton china and Australian and European paintings. Through the doorway is a view of the "telephone room."





The windowless drawing room has four sets of French doors opening on two sides to the verandas. The vases on the mantel were purchased in 1878 by William Collins, Margaret Hockey's grandfather, at the Paris Exposition Universelle. The original chandelier has been converted from gas to electricity.



The dining room, *above,* is paneled with local silky oak. The decorative curved ceiling was designed by architect Robert Dods's wife; the furniture was also designed for the room. *Opposite:* The first rays of the sun filter through the adjustable wooden shutters on the wide veranda, which overlooks the valley. The Hockeys serve breakfast here.



The bathroom, *left,* off the main bedroom has been tiled and refurbished in the original style; white enamel can on sill was used for drinking water. *Right:* The main guest bedroom opens onto the wide veranda. It is furnished with the original fabrics and furniture made from a bunya pine that stood directly on the bedroom site when the additions were built in 1908.





A large entrance porch was removed in 1920 when Granny Collins added a wooden tented entrance ballroom for a dance she planned for the visiting Prince of Wales, later to become the Duke of Windsor

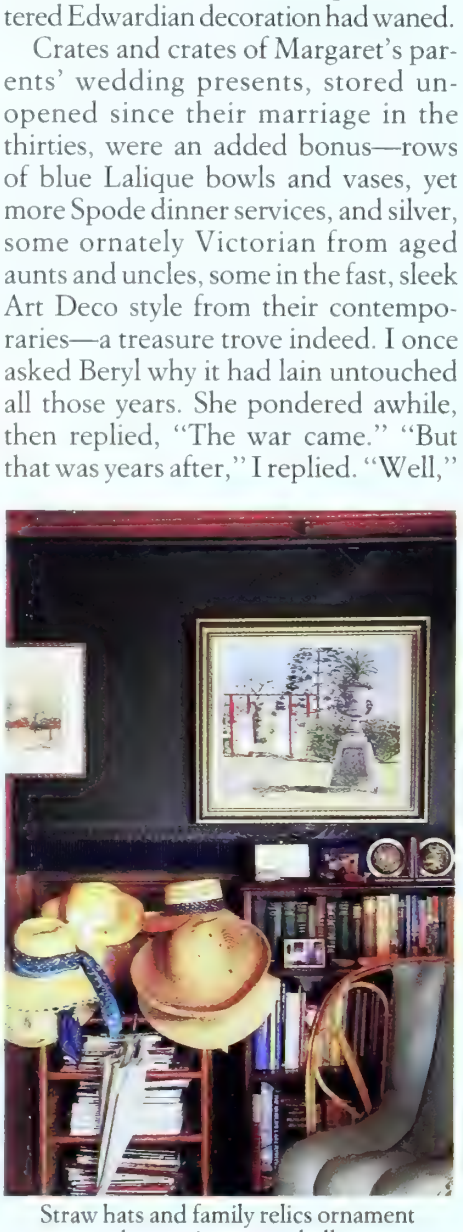
(Continued from page 152) tree stood. Australian bunyas, which resemble Europe's monkey puzzle trees, were planted by the early pioneers as a sign of friendship to the aborigines, who greatly prized the bunya's fruit and came from afar to roast and feast on these huge nuts. William Collins was a great conservationist, a man ahead of his time, and the Collins family eventually gave land to the state to become one of the first national parks. The bunya tree could not be saved, so William had it made into an entire suite of bedroom furniture, which today is placed where the tree stood all those years.

Dods also laid out the formal Edwardian gardens with their sweeping avenues of coco palms, and the original colors of red roof, tan walls, and cream veranda columns—traditional to Australian homesteads—remain unchanged today. The house is actually on wooden stilts about six feet high at their tallest point, but this is concealed by dark green lattice and gardens.

Dods worked in the United States for some time, and plans and photographs of the time show that his large entrance porch had a parapet echoing the veranda railings and recalling the widow's walks of the American South. However, this vanished in 1920 when Granny Collins added a wooden tented entrance ballroom for a dance she planned for the visiting Prince of Wales (later the Duke of Windsor), who, as it happened, canceled on the day of the ball.

To restore Nindooinbah's grandeur, we pored over old photographs of the gardens from the twenties in order to replant almost forgotten beds and borders. We moved the furniture back onto the verandas and found huge old majolica jardinieres that had been brought back from Seville and filled them with aspidistras, ferns, and orchids. To the horror of Margaret's 94-year-old governess, still in residence, we raided all the storerooms and dragged out much of the silver and brass she had so carefully wrapped and put away when it all became too much to clean and the desire for that special cluttered Edwardian decoration had waned.

Crates and crates of Margaret's parents' wedding presents, stored unopened since their marriage in the thirties, were an added bonus—rows of blue Lalique bowls and vases, yet more Spode dinner services, and silver, some ornately Victorian from aged aunts and uncles, some in the fast, sleek Art Deco style from their contemporaries—a treasure trove indeed. I once asked Beryl why it had lain untouched all those years. She pondered awhile, then replied, "The war came." "But that was years after," I replied. "Well,"



Straw hats and family relics ornament the spacious entry hall.

she sighed, gesturing vaguely arou the crowded rooms, "this house filled with things; I didn't need a more." "But weren't you curious? persisted. "No. The list came fr Hardy Brothers, so I knew what th were," and the subject was clos Hardy Brothers is the Australi equivalent of Asprey's or Tiffany's.

The silk paper in the drawing ro was originally hand-blocked for t room, finished, and shipped out fr London. Much of the Oriental fur ture and porcelain was purchased the Collinses' Japanese honeymoo Their fond memories of the Orie must have been the reason for the m sive Dods-designed red-and-cre Japanese happy gates that guard t entrances to the garden, so when I h a yen for a lake complete with Japane iris and red-and-cream lacquer te house in the middle, it was easy to jus fy the folly—in my mind anyway.

The fires of activity burn steadily Nindooinbah now. The estate h shrunk to three thousand acres, but grow wheat, sorghum, and soybea on the rich chocolate river flats th drew the first settlers here, and we f ten Santa Gertrudis cattle bred on o other properties in the north. O grain and beef go to America and J pan, and American tourists come to

In the summer evenings sitting my studio veranda or sipping in t teahouse we are an oasis untouched time. The glow of the aborigina camp is long gone, and tentacles Brisbane's urban sprawl have reach our back boundary, but that is still ov the hill. Here all is still except for t kangaroo hopping in to drink at the l goon at the bottom of the garden a the kookaburras cackling their fa well to another day. □

Editor: Babs Simps

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(Continued from page 114) subdivide them with hedges and trellises. We should, however, learn from the Generalife and pay more attention to the use of views and well-placed openings in our green inner walls.

In March and April the Generalife's flowers are the swags of scented wisteria, beds of purple iris, bunches of yellow mahonia, and occasional clumps of japonica among the ever-present scent of oranges. The high point of the garden is its top terrace, where the plaster busts of Classical figures look across to the soft pink stone of the Alhambra's walls, while beneath them runs a staircase of water balanced by a covered walk of wisteria that is as powerfully scented as any in Granada. In the months that follow, other flowers come and go: honeysuckle, white jasmine, the cool lemon-scented bowls of white blossom on evergreen magnolias whose trunks are as thick as ancient redwoods, and the strong splashes of color from the bush roses and rose arches. Whatever the flowers of the season, the garden is a seat of peace and repose, though never of absolute quiet. Nightingales still sing in the myrtles of the sultans' upper terraces, while the courts below are alive with falling and running water.

The style of the Generalife makes me realize the long continuity in Mediterranean gardening. In mood, if not in architecture, the "noblest garden" bears the stamp of European style. It is bounded by a great curving avenue of cypresses, like tall spears along its approach road, while others have been clipped into buttresses along its lower walls. The style might be Italian were it not for the fanciful plasterwork of the Islamic pavilion and the bright Spanish colors of the flowers along each terrace. Perhaps in a Mediterranean climate all gardeners have tended toward the same direction. From their poems we learn that the Moorish gardeners also liked the shade from climbing plants on trellises, roses, figs, and evergreen hedges among their vines. Despite the passing of six hundred years, much of the planting of the Generalife would still strike a familiar note.

Across the hill the outer courts of the Alhambra are planted in a similar manner, although their style is more firmly controlled. There are no fountains arching into long avenues of water, but there are simple well-proportioned gardens, fitted into the courtyards wherever the buildings permit. They are governed by the architecture: they do not dominate it. Proportion and a harmony with the surrounding site are the supreme lessons of good landscaping. They have nothing in common with decoration, and I can think of no better place to see them in practice than in the courtyards of the San Francisco *parador* within the Alhambra's walls. It is constructed from the old palace buildings and looks onto a geometric pattern of myrtle hedging, swathes of yellow jasmine, and a subtle surfacing of black and white cobbles in mosaic designs. The shapes and patterns could be scaled to any enclosed yard or court.

The garden is a seat of peace and repose, though never of absolute quiet

The Alhambra is a string of gardens within a garden, as if these elegant outer courtyards were not enough. By a watch tower runs the narrow Jardín de los Poetas, shaded at its far end by freely rambling roses, not the heavy orange and red varieties but romantic varieties with small white flowers. From the Torre de las Damas the eye is led by a large rectangular pool up flights of brick steps to variations on the garden's classic elements: the box hedging, orange trees, and the purple-flowered Judas, which formal gardens too often neglect.

The most famous of the Alhambra's gardens are the two inner courts of the Sultan's Palace, now known as the Casa Real. They are a test of garden designers' taste. Of the two, the Patio de los Leones is the more elaborate. Twelve stone lions, perhaps as old as the eleventh century, spout water from their mouths into its artful canal of water. They are the court's centerpiece, while off either side run the fairy-tale halls of audience—set with spectacular tiling beneath ceilings inlaid with the seven precious woods of paradise—which are a decorator's dream. The courtyard's effect is like a forest, pl ed with thin pillars. There are 12 all, projecting and receding into garden's formal plan. It has grace too much grandeur and exerts an chitectural dominance over the rounds.

Adjoining the Patio de los Leone only a passage stands the simpler P de los Arrayanes. Down its length a simple canal of water, which is fl to the level of its marble surrour Two low basins bubble over at eit end, while the sides of the canal flanked with a mature hedge of gr myrtle. The walls of the court screened with jasmine between sim pairs of windows with their light de ration of arabesques. At one end a h balcony, which stands on slight Mo ish pillars, is screened by a trelli dark pierced wood. At the other two doors meet like fine book bindi and lead into a throne room of st ning nobility. The walls, which h lost their former tiling, are now a p fawn color, but the plasterwork is in place below the ceilings of r woods and the silver stars on which moving water of the garden pla Round them run handsome Arabic scriptions on themes of victory a kingship: the art of fine inscripti has died in modern landscape desig

In Irving's day the Patio de los rayanes was hedged with roses. It not given its myrtles until the late ni teenth century, but myrtles, as we h learned from recently found Ara poems, were favorite shrubs in the riod when the court was designed. T Patio de los Leones has an air of fant about it, never heavy but somehow a gardener's dream: art historians lieve that it was designed around imagery of King Solomon, no gard ing hero but a popular figure in the abs' legends and imagination. T Patio de los Arrayanes is the true g den, a perfect unity of space and arc tecture, fine wood and decoration, off by climbing yellow jasmine a hedges of living green. "Granad wrote the finest Arabic poet in t city's golden age, "is a bride wh crown is the Alhambra, whose jew and crowns are flowers, whose thro is the Generalife, whose mirror is t surface of its pools and whose earri are the drops of frost." After five c turies that picture is still true. □

WHERE OPPOSITES ATTRACT

(*tinued from page 148)* the bays. architects placed the couple's and living/entertaining areas in pen interflowing space on three of a "house within a house." This nal house abuts the loft's fourth and contains on the lower floor an tor, service room, powder room, stairs, pantry, and laundry. At op of the floating stairway, the use" consists of a balcony, two ooms, a dressing room, and two s. There are interior windows in 'house" and a front door to the er suite with four-light glazing and curtains behind—an unmistak- symbol of home.

With almost all the surfaces of the itecture pure white, the color was me, literally and poetically, from art and primitive furnishings. The le asked Morgan Rank, who had iously sold them a few antiques, ther he would undertake the fur- ing of the entire loft. Rank found untouched storehouse exciting, he agreed on condition that they lose patience—most of what they led would have to be sought out. the next year and a half he shopped the loft during his weekly trips nd rural America knocking on house doors and attending barn ions.

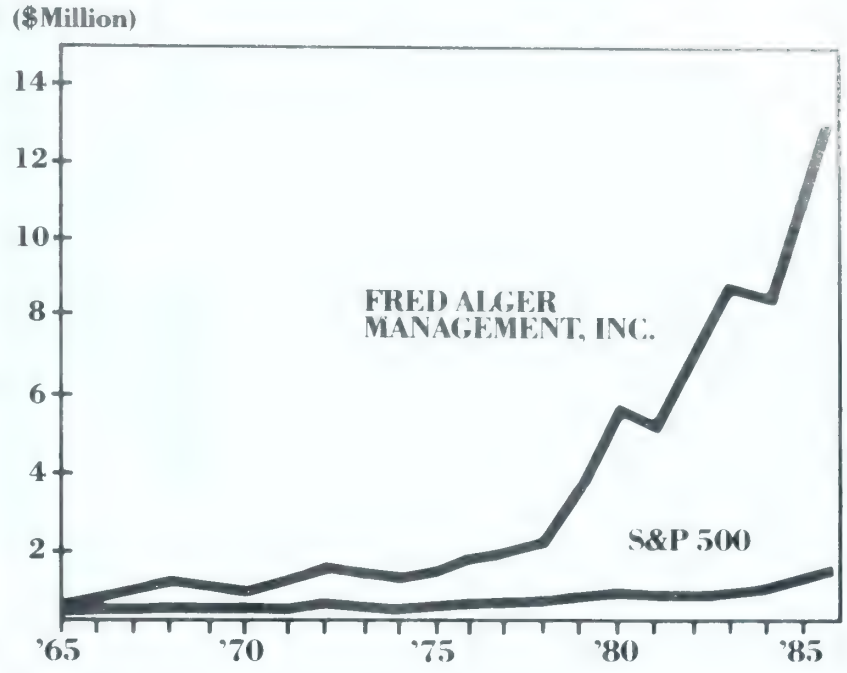
he furnishing is now complete, and the satisfaction of its owners. Den- lamino says, "Our life is not what ple think of as New York living, crowds and night life and discos. hael and I are really quiet, daylight ple. Up here on the sixth floor with wind blowing off the river and the ight streaming in and not a sound n anybody else, I feel we have the iest possible urban life." □

Editor: Babs Simpson

CORRECTIONS

correct title of Tim Street-Porter's book is *Freestyles: The New Archi- ure and Interior Design from Los eles* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang). It mentioned in Choice, page 116 of November issue.

Due to a printer's error, the name of photographer of Glenveagh castle page 215 of December House & den was omitted. The photograph taken by Michael George.



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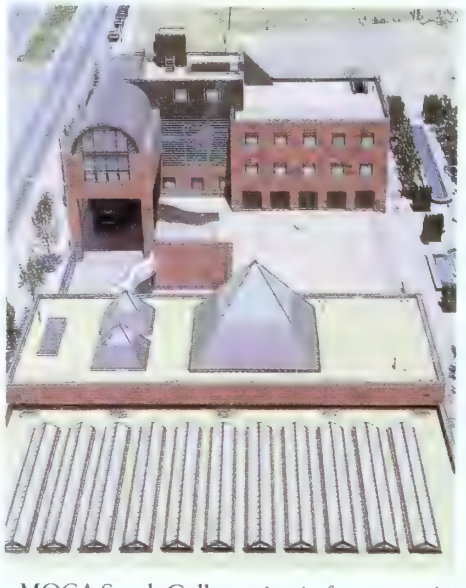
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(Continued from page 88) new Second City.

An inseparable part of this auspicious occasion is MOCA's new building itself, the first major design completed in this country (or anywhere outside Japan) by Arata Isozaki & Associates. The Tokyo-based architect was chosen for this prestigious commission not only because of his previous museum designs but also because of the MOCA trustees' desire to place their institution in an international context. Their decision drew strong criticism when it was announced in 1981, for in ignoring some considerable local talent—notably the eminently qualified Frank Gehry—they seemed to be reinforcing the inferiority complex that has been such a curious part of the L.A. self-image. But the real troubles began after Isozaki presented his first proposal. As a result of serious conflicts on the MOCA board, as well as three changes of site imposed by the project's real-estate developer, Isozaki had to produce no fewer than 36 successive design solutions (six variants each of six different conceptions). It was one of the least edifying chapters in recent architectural history, and in light of what happened it is nothing short of miraculous that the finished building has turned out so superlatively.

Some theorists of the creative process maintain that inspiration finds its purest form in instantaneous expression; even without holding to the supremacy of intuition, one would expect a serious diminution of artistic quality if revision after revision were forced upon an architect. Although Arata Isozaki was chosen to design MOCA for completely different reasons, it is now apparent that not the least of his gifts has been his ability to ride out adversity and produce in the end a museum of consummate quality. Another crucial factor that made Isozaki more suitable than the trustees might have known was his skill in combating, or at least ignoring, contemporary urban chaos. All present-day Japanese architects must deal with the amorphous free-for-all of their country's cityscape, and Isozaki's acumen in accommodating such conditions provided the ideal training for his first big American job.

The $23-million Museum of Contemporary Art is the relatively small architectural centerpiece of California Plaza, a $1.2 billion mixed-use redevelopment complex on an eleven-acre parcel on Bunker Hill in downtown Los Angeles. Though not nearly so bad as some of the ghastly urban moonscapes Isozaki has had to contend with in Japan, this setting is no beauty. Surrounded by high-rise towers clad in tinted reflective glass, the site is devoid of any saving grace, and it fell to Isozaki to establish some sense of environmental amenity under those extremely dispiriting conditions.



MOCA South Gallery wing in foreground has sawtoothed factory-style skylights.

Isozaki's museums in Japan are alike only in their formal boldness, claiming their locales through sheer geometric strength. That was the architect's tactic at MOCA, and again it has worked brilliantly. Unable to compete with the overwhelming office blocks in the immediate vicinity of MOCA, Isozaki had the option of creating a submissive structure that would whisper beneath the surrounding roar. Instead he chose to offer an object lesson in the difference between size and scale, creating a monumental building whose power stems from something deeper than its dimensions.

Pure geometry has always been a basic component of Isozaki's designs, accounting for their essential legibility even when he has manipulated those forms in his characteristically playful manner. With MOCA he presents a veritable summary of the not-so-plain geometries of his career to date. Surmounting the entry to the museum's office and library wing is another o Palladian barrel vaults that have b his most familiar recurring m Square windows, a ubiquitous ma high-style architecture in the eigh give further geometric emphasis to cleanly defined elevations. Atop pair of low-rise gallery wings flanl the four-story administrative sec and the sunken entry plaza are pyra dal skylights similar to a roof of a s museum Isozaki recently complete Japan. The largest of the glass-a copper pyramids at MOCA cro Gallery A, a sixty-foot-high inte volume that is among the most exci Isozaki has built. Frank Gehry has rectly characterized it as "worth cost of the whole thing by itself."

Prior Isozaki buildings might h made use of similar forms, but MO seems far weightier than its forer ners because of the cladding the ar tect has used there. Once enamore slick, high-tech surfacing material reflective aluminum, stainless steel tanium-glazed tile, and porcel enamel paneling—Isozaki has la become more interested in mason reestablishing a link with such ea buildings as his Fukuoka Mutual Ba of 1968–71 in Japan, sheathed in same red Indian sandstone he selec for MOCA. That material was a ris specification in terms of the laid-ba context of L.A., but it works wond fully. Isozaki specified an interesti rough-cleft texture that not only avoi the possible pomposity of overdress stone but also cleverly hides imp fections in installation, no small co sideration given the lack of rece experience the craft trades have had working with fine masonry veneers.

But as is true with every other ma rial and detail at MOCA, the level execution is phenomenally high. V sitors to Isozaki's buildings in Jap are invariably impressed by how m ticulously put-together they are, a that is no less true of his latest buil ing. Whether that can be attribute primarily to the care of the princip designer, the attentiveness of his s pervisory associates during Isozaki worldwide peregrinations, or the u common dedication of constructio personnel is uncertain, but the finishe product speaks eloquently of comple conviction at every step in the proces

Inside the galleries themselves on

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L. A. ELEVATION

is not so aware of the modest size of the building. (There are only 24,500 square feet of exhibition space, about forty percent less than the new Lila Acheson Wallace Wing at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.) Again this stems from Isozaki's adroit deployment of powerful geometric spaces. Maple floors in the galleries and granite ones in the public circulation areas underscore the air of quiet gravity. Although the spatial sequence at MOCA does not have the inexorable sense of direction one experiences in the traditional enfilade arrangement of James Stirling and Michael Wilford's Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart, neither does it have the disorienting randomness of the polygonal rooms in I. M. Pei's East Building at the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

The display areas at MOCA are well provided with natural illumination, although it remains to be seen whether adjustments will be necessary to correct for the flat, unremitting harshness of L.A. light. Perhaps the best-equipped is the South Gallery, a large rectangular space roofed with ranks of sawtoothed factory-style skylights. These are screened from the interior below by rows of baffles interspersed with indirect artificial lighting, a sophisticated system directly inspired by one devised by Jørgen Bo and Vilhelm Wohlert for their recent addition to the Louisiana Museum in Denmark.

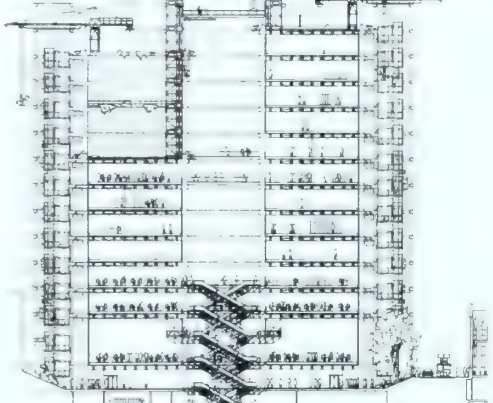
Depending on one's point of view, Los Angeles's new modern-art museum can be seen as monumentally modest or modestly monumental. In either case, its reticence is its most attractive and, given its locale, one of its mo expected attributes. This buildir mature work of its designer maturing work for its city, bespe a confidence that did not require travagant gesture to make itself great many of L.A.'s most disti architectural experiences are able in direct proportion to strangeness, but they ultimately rather poignant because they desperately to establish a cen sense of place (even though many places are constantly being evo With MOCA, Isozaki bestows o Angeles a landmark that refers to cal conventions and defers to no intrusions. In one confident stro points the way to a new Los An one that at last can build with ma cent simplicity, discretion, and ta

LONDON ASSURANCE

(Continued from page 91) Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851, and has continued in our own time with the plug-in fantasies of Peter Cook and the Archigram group during the swinging sixties and the early work of James Stirling in his Constructivist phase.

Rogers, best known for his design with Renzo Piano for the Centre Pompidou of 1972–77 in Paris, has avowed his desire to make an "architecture without irony," a pointed reference to one of the dominant themes of the Postmodern movement he opposes. But the $233-million Lloyd's of London is a building with certain ironies nonetheless, the most obvious being that the conservative institution hired such an avant-garde architect in the first place. Having made that remarkable leap of faith, however, the client could not relinquish several cherished anachronisms that only serve to underscore the astonishing architectural goings-on around those totems of the past. Perhaps the greatest irony of all is that the new Lloyd's is a far more extreme example of flamboyant Modernist showmanship than any of the London projects that lately have been blocked. (Lloyd's officials privately concede that they were lucky to have won approval for the design before the defeat of Mansion House Square.)

The British have a particular gift for siting structures to their maximum advantage in relation to the larger urban texture, and in that respect the new Lloyd's of London is a conspicuous success. It occupies an exceptionally irregular block (created by narrow, meandering streets dating back to the Middle Ages) in the City of London, the ancient municipality that is now the financial center of the metropolis. To make the most of its oddly shaped site and create a vast, unobstructed central volume—known as the Room, which serves as the trading floor—Rogers and his team decided on a variant of



Cross section diagram of Lloyd's shows the Room, a barrel-vaulted atrium. Atop towers are permanent service cranes.

the strategy he used at the Centre pidou: the rigorous separati "served" and "servant" spaces.

In that conception such mun functions as plumbing, heating, lation, air conditioning, and ve circulation are segregated in ord free interiors of cumbersome ne ties that take up an appreciable po of the innards of all conventi buildings. Louis Kahn made a fet that idea in the United States years ago (though he did not open pose the service elements in the Rogers does) and it was soon take with alacrity by a younger gener of architects tiring of the smo bland skins of late International boxes and searching for a more ex sive mode of surface articulatio effect, it was an attempt to turn a tecture inside out, but with that d notion came a host of problems, cially for structures in cold clim Buried within a central service the xylem and phloem of a buildi not need unusual insulation, n those systems require the kind of ful detailing accorded visible elem Covered equipment need not be p ed or cleaned, and a structure's load-bearing apparatus usually vides sufficient support. All thos tors must be reconsidered w services are pushed onto the exte

Twenty-five years have passed since sci-fi, high-tech kit-of-parts approach was championed in England by ter Cook and his fellow subversives Archigram, and it might be termed idea whose time came, went and has me again. But as one approaches yd's from any direction, it cannot denied that the mechanistic Archim vocabulary still has the power to ck. The building's six service towers are distributed around the perime- of the site, an arrangement Rogers k from the layout of English medil moated castles. The towers' imct on the tight streetscape is rather e the scenographic profiles of Lonn's great Victorian agglomerations, fering picturesque glimpses of a mase bulk that is rarely viewed as a ole and therefore seems less intrue than the monolithic forms of Inter-

> It is easy to think of Lloyd's as an enormous infernal machine for making money

tional Style skyscrapers.

But Lloyd's of London is far from a cessive presence. Its towers, topped bright blue permanent service anes, are armored in stainless steel. or the moment it gleams; time and ather will surely dull its shiny fin-.) One is also aware of motion: atched to the outside of the tower sest to the building's entrance are ur clear-glass "wall climber" elevacubes, which whiz up and down aring pinstripe-suited members of 370 syndicates that make up the yd's organization. Sartorial culture ck increases at the glass canopied nt door, where one is met by a pair red-coated, top-hatted porters who k as sheepish in their Pickwickian tup as the ludicrous pseudo-Beefers at New York's Trump Tower.

One's immediate experience of the erior is unremarkable and remains until one ascends the transparent esator leading to the piano nobile. ere, moving out onto the white Cara marble paved center of the trading





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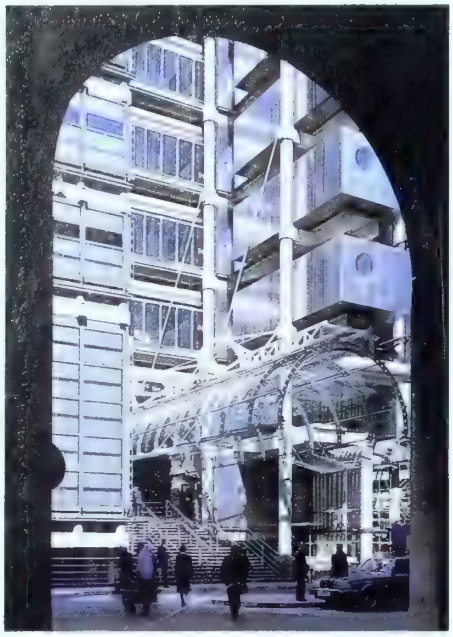
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floor, one is momentarily distracted by the frenetic activity of men racing back and forth, a kinetic condition wittily echoed by the brightly lit yellow cogs of the escalators zigzagging their way upward. The eye follows, and one is finally struck by the sheer magnitude of this great atrium. Soaring to an apex 305 feet above the floor, overarched by a steel-and-glass barrel vault recalling the Crystal Palace (with the incongruous addition of flaring external ventilation ducts like the exhaust manifolds of a hot rod), the Room is absolutely stupendous, one of the most irresistible architectural spaces created in years.

The building's exterior collage—dozens of glazed and metallic elements vying for visual primacy—does not prepare one for the clarity and essential simplicity of the Room. Contributing mightily to the power of the place are the eight colossal poured-in-place concrete columns that flank the atrium in two files of four, so meticulously finished they alone might revive respect for a material that has stood in low repute in England since the dreary, damp-stained reign of New Brutalism during the sixties and early seventies.

It is little wonder that an institution tracing its origins back to 1688 should have wanted a few reassuring reminders of its history, though some are more palatable than others. The focal point of the Room is the Caller's Rostrum, a mahogany baldachino of six Corinthian columns with gilded capitals topped by a four-faced clock finial. There, beneath the famous Lutine Bell (struck once to announce bad news, twice to signal good) sits the scarlet-robed caller, whose present-day means of announcement are far more extensive than those of his predecessors. Scanning a video monitor, he intones the names of absent underwriters over a paging system augmented by free-standing communications terminals strategically placed throughout the Room to relay computerized messages. This melding of old and new has a functional authenticity that the Dickensian doormen do not.

At the fifth level the escalators give way to elevators for access to the office floors above, which are rented out to member firms of the Lloyd's organization. On the eleventh and uppermost story the Lloyd's directorship has decreed something far more startling



Glass canopy over main entrance to Lloyd's echoes barrel vault surmounting atrium.

than anything Rogers has prepared us for. High atop the miles of undulating pipes and ducts, the acres of metal paneling and glass, the megatons of concrete and steel wrought in networks of incredible complexity and ingenuity is the Committee Room, where the patrons of this marvel of modern technology meet to make their most important decisions. The double doors are swung open and—hey presto!—it is 1763 and we are in a majestic Neoclassical room designed by Robert Adam for Bowood House in Wiltshire.

The Committee Room's most distinguished feature is its superb medallioned stucco ceiling (regrettably repainted in neutral colors rather than Adam's bright originals) and the air of grandeur is heightened by green taffeta balloon curtains and a trio of crystal chandeliers. But to arrive at this illogical shrine, whatever its historical interest, after moving through such an amazing display of mechanical bravado is profoundly unsettling. It puts one in mind of the enigmatic climax of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey,* in which the inner sanctum of the universe turns out to be a room decorated like a hotel with eighteenth-century reproductions.

This building is the second biggest thing to happen in the City of London in 1986: the first being the so-called Big Bang on October 27, the day the British system of stock trading was officially deregulated, allowing new practices that have altered the low-key, noncompetitive way of doing business traditionally carried on there. Lloyd's, though not so directly affected as securities institutions, now presents itself to the world with an assurance appropriate to its basic function. Standing in the Room, it is easy to think of this overwhelming structure as a kind of enormous infernal machine for making money, and as such it is far less hypocritical than the discreet, clublike Georgian interiors in which such activities have customarily taken place.

On the other hand, its dramatization of men in motion and its monumentalization of the marketplace are telling images, too. Strictly speaking, there was no need for a new Lloyd's of London building at all. The organization's operations are now so dependent on computer electronics that almost all transactions could have been made without gathering five thousand people in the same place. But the directors of Lloyd's believed that the intangible and intuitive factors of face-to-face contact were an integral part of their work ethic, and so they embarked on this brave commission.

On the terms he set out for himself, Richard Rogers has realized his technocentric vision thoroughly, despite the several nostalgic regressions imposed by Lloyd's. The resulting inconsistencies are stylistically reminiscent of Terry Gilliam's 1985 futuristic black comedy *Brazil.* That film has as one of its recurrent motifs labyrinthine ducts much like those enveloping Lloyd's. The omnipresence of those snakelike protuberances in *Brazil* is a metaphor for post-technological man as modern Laocoon. But has Gilliam's frightening mixture of architectural surrealism and behavioral atavism found a coincidental counterpart at Lloyd's of London? The enemies—and there are many—of the Rogers style of perpetual futurism will find analogies to *Brazil*'s bitter indictment of a system that expresses itself with such convoluted structures. But they will also miss the point of what architect and client have achieved here: this prodigy of Action Architecture has moved Britain's static architectural scene as no recent project has, and in so doing encourages the lively reinvestigation of the shapes of things to come. □

By Martin Filler


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(Continued from page 141) man lounge chair, and a friend of fiber artist Sheila Hicks donated the nine-by-twelve-foot wool maquette for the even larger Aubusson Palm Tree tapestry woven for King Saud University in Riyadh.

But Miller's eagerness to stay apace of the newest of the new has not diminished his attentiveness to filling in troublesome gaps in the historical portions of the collection. He is concerned with improving the Met's holdings in industrial design (never as extensive as those of MOMA), crafts (especially textiles, ably overseen by curatorial assistant Amelia Peck), and post–World War II design (as the great flowering of the Milan School from 1965 onward rapidly enters the realm of distant history, he is trying to obtain some of its choicest, difficult-to-find artifacts).

Miller is in constant touch with a vast (and highly confidential) network of dealers, collectors, and benefactors of the museum, evaluating tips, tracing down leads, raising funds, and offering counsel if thereby a coveted piece might enter the Met collection. Auction catalogues are scoured, antiques shows are visited (incognito if can be carried off), endless unsolicited offers to the department are patiently screened and evaluated on the off chance that one of them might yield something worth accepting.

Over-the-transom inquiries are bound to increase as the Metropolitan reestablishes itself as a force in the definition of the Modern decorative arts, resuming a long-term role that had fallen into obscurity beside some of the museum's showier initiatives. The general public, hungry for the sort of design exhibitions that used to be a standard offering of our great museums, will find at the Met a much different museological voice from the ones they grew up with. Here there is no overt attempt to dictate philosophy or pass judgment on matters of taste. What they will find is a carefully considered encyclopedic approach that R. Craig Miller feels is correctly suited both to the temper of our pluralistic times and to the museum's widest educational role. "We want to open the whole thinking about the Modern movement," he says. "We want people to see it with a fresh eye. In fact, we'd like to be a little controversial so people will have something to talk about and to think about, whether they agree with us or not." It is fair to predict that the Metropolitan Museum of Art's vast public will find quite a bit in the Lila Acheson Wallace Wing to concur with, and even more to mull over. □

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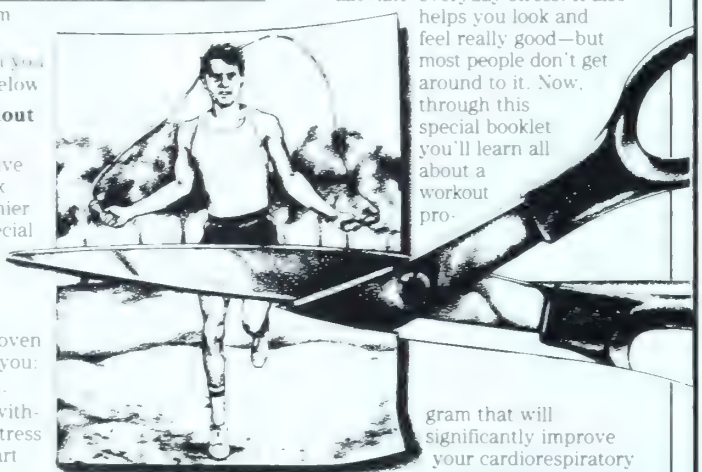
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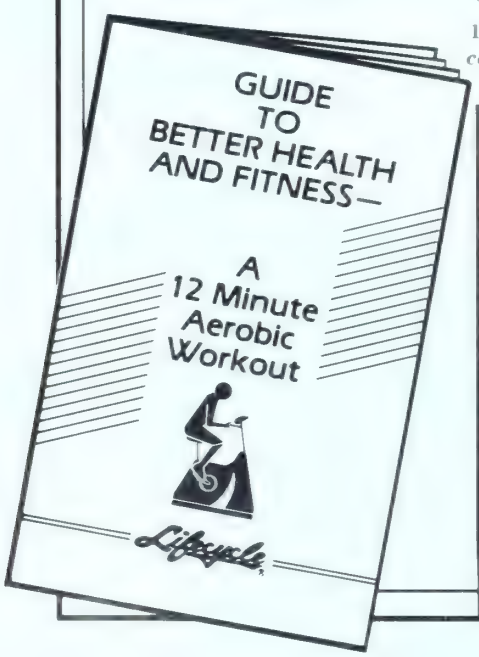
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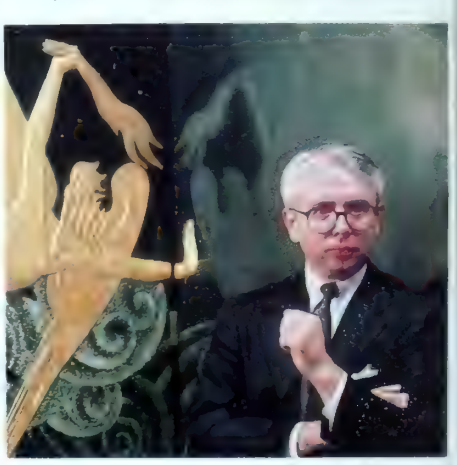
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R. Craig Miller with *Battle of the Angels: Fortissimo,* a three-panel screen designed by Seraphin Soudbinin and lacquered by Jean Dunand, 1925–26.

(Continued from page 78)

Grisha Rezzori, by temperament and upbringing, is a "mover": it would be impossible for any biographer to trace his zigzagging course through Europe and America. The Rezzoris were Sicilian noblemen who Austrianized themselves and ended up in the Bukovina, the farthest-flung province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, now swallowed into the Soviet Union.

A marginal man, cast adrift as a civilian in wartime Germany, he fastened his ironic stare on the fall of the Nazis and its aftermath, and with his prodigious gift for storytelling settled down (more or less!) at Donnini and wove these stories into his monumental novel *The Death of My Brother Abel.*

In summer he would work in a converted hay barn: in winter in a cavernous and book-stacked library where, among his rescued souvenirs, there is a faded sepia photo of the rambling manor, now presumably a collective farm, which was once his family house. Yet to watch Il Barone (as his Tuscan neighbors call him) reemerging from a snowstorm in a greatcoat after a night walk alone in the woods or to see him strolling through the olive groves with his dogs (or the two tame wild boars, Inky and Pinkie) was to realize that he had recovered, or reinvented, the "lost domain" of his boyhood.

I associate visits to Donnini with hoots of belly laughter. The Rezzoris have a knack of attracting farcical situations. Their immediate neighbors are a well-known German film director and his wife. This couple had friends among the European Far Left. Their guests included Daniel Cohn-Bendit, better known as Danny le Rouge; and somehow the Italian *carabinieri* got it into its collective head that they might be harboring *Brigate Rosse.* They also got the wrong house and with helicopters and Jeeps staged an "attack" on the Rezzoris, calling them with loudhailers to come out, unarmed, with their hands up.

The Tower stands a short way from the house on a spur of land overlooking the Arno Valley. When I first went to Donnini, it was lived in by a peasant family and still belonged to the Guiccardini family, whose forebear was the patron of Dante's friend, the poet Guido Cavalcanti. And although Beatrice used to say, with a slightly predatory glint, "I have a fantasy to buy that Tower," I confess to having had designs on it myself.

As a boy, on a walking tour of Périgord, I had spent hours in Montaigne's famous tower, with the Greek and Lat-



Grisha Rezzori on the path from the tower to main house, in the distance

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A TOWER IN TUSCANY

stronger than mine. Besides, I have noticed in her a flair for putting fantasies into action. The tenants left the Tower. She bought it and began the work of restoration. Her friend, the Milanese architect Marco Zanuso, designed the outside staircase that leads to the upper room. Inside, it became a "turquerie"; for the Tower of her particular fantasy was another "lost domain," lying somewhere on the shores of the Bosporus.

This part of the story goes back to the mid twenties when Beatrice's father, an aristocrat and expert in heraldry with a great knowledge of history and the fine arts, went to Rome for the winter season and married a fragile Armenian girl who, since the massacres, had been living in Italy.

She died seven years later. Yet the memory of her, of a person unbelievably beautiful and exotic, gave Beatrice an idea to which she has clung all her life: that glamour—real glamour, not the fake Western substitute—is a product of the Ottoman world.

Once the rooms of the Tower were plastered, she employed a fresco-painter, an old rogue called Barbacci, the last of the locals who could paint a trompe-l'oeil cornice or an angel on the ceiling of a church. But when he came to paint the pink "Ottoman" stripes of the room I write in, he was forever peering from the window at the baronessa in the swimming pool, and some of the stripes have gone awry.

I have never known Beatrice to buy anything but a bargain: even if she has to travel halfway across the world to get it. She bought dhurrie carpets in the Kabul carpet bazaar. Nearer to home, she bought chairs from the Castello di Sammezzano, a fake Moorish palace on a nearby hill. She had, in addition, an assortment of strange objects, of the kind that refugees pack in their trunks: a gilded incense burner, engravings of odalisques; or a portrait of her grandfather, the pasha, who was once Christian governor of Lebanon—objects which needed a home and which, with a bit of imagination, could conjure echoes of lazy summer afternoons in summerhouses by the water.

I have to say, for the record, that the photos in this article, of neat arrangements and exquisite flowers, only approximate my memories of the Tower. Whenever I have been in residence, the place becomes a sea of books and papers and unmade beds and clothes thrown this way and that. But the Tower is a place where I have always worked, clearheadedly and well, in winter and summer, by day or night—and the places you work well in are the places you love the most. □

REFLECTIONS OF MY MANY LIVES

(Continued from page 69) something red in a room, be it merely a cushion, a bit of lacquer, or the whole room. And always something living—a dog, a cat, or flowers—as well as a burning fire or lighted candles.

The furniture and objects in these rooms have been with me many, many years and in many places. Most have crossed the ocean at least twice. Years ago I began to collect needlework animals. I am not sure why, except that I like animals in any form, preferably alive, if not stitched, drawn, painted, or sculpted. I always have a kind of zoo around me. As I write these words, there is a dog in my lap and I am looking across my drawing room at a terra-cotta camel, a lovely Chinese grave piece given to me many years ago by Claudette Colbert. There are needlework tigers, leopards, elephants, dogs, and especially a rabbit, which was stitched in England by one Lady Cooke in 1741. It was a Christmas present from a very special friend.

I have done a lot of houses and learned along the way. The first house I did was in California. I was in my mid twenties, newly married to Howard Hawks, and knew nothing. He had made a film called *Bringing Up Baby*. In it was an enchanting set that was supposed to be Katharine Hepburn's living room. "That's what I want," I told him. So he got the plans from the studio. As you no doubt know, a film or stage set has only three walls. So he hired an architect to supply the fourth wall and added on what was required for our needs. We already had a marvelous piece of land at the end of Moraga Drive in Bel-Air. We built the house from the ground up, landscaping and all. It was just about the most fun I have ever had. There weren't many houses in Southern California that I admired—the one I liked the best belonged to Jean (Howard) and Charlie Feldman. It was a small house on a small piece of land. In some magic way they made a delectable little palace out of what must have been a very ordinary bungalow on a much-traveled main thoroughfare. Mrs. Feldman still lives there and I think of it often.

When I left California and came to New York to marry Leland Hayward, I brought nothing of the California house with me. Leland and I bought a house in Manhasset from Eddie Duchin's widow. It was next door to Kiluna Farm, the house of Barbara and Bill Paley, and down the road from Greentree, the estate of Jock and Betsey Whitney. There are a lot of things in this apartment that began their life with me in the Manhasset house.

When I married Kenneth Keith and went to live in England, I sold the house and took almost everything with me. It was readily absorbed by my husband's flat in Eaton Square and his country house in Norfolk. He wanted both places "done up," and so they were. When I first saw the house in Norfolk, I asked him quite innocently how long he had rented it. "It isn't rented. I own it, and I was born in it," he replied. It had seemed so impersonal to me, with no books, no photos, no objects, just bits of expensive bare surfaces, but I was delighted with the challenge. Sir Kenneth, knighted by now, was very sensible in one way: he left me alone to do what I felt was needed. Tom Parr of Colefax & Fowler guided me with kindness and wisdom and wit through the building of a matching wing at one end of the house, the turning of the central staircase in the main hall, the addition of guest rooms and a staff wing, and any number of improvements. We learned a great deal from each other—I about relaxed rooms and he about American practicality. If anything has marked my taste, it is the English years.

There I had the ultimate pleasure of

making a garden: there was already a walled kitchen garden with a few radishes and carrots growing in it. I moved those horrid tubers out of sight and planted a real garden with a rose tunnel that went from one end to the other. It was ravishing and I miss it still.

The house in Norfolk was called the Wicken, a word whose origin or meaning has never been revealed. Even his lordship doesn't know what it means and, by the way, if you are puzzled by the number of changes in his name, I am just keeping up with his steady slow crawl up the ranks to a fairly recently bestowed peerage.

At the Wicken one was able to live as though at a brilliantly run hotel. The utilitarian part of the house, which I had added, enabled the staff to provide excellent service without too much practical effort. There was a dumbwaiter to carry the trays up and down, a place by the stairs to press dresses, and linen was stored in the rooms in which it belonged. The house ran as well as a house can run, due in no small part to the skill and professionalism of the butler and cook, Mr. and Mrs. Mordecai, who were and still are one of the real treasures of my life.

In England no matter how grand the house there is always a traumatic moment at the end of the evening when the butler passes quietly among the guests and asks discreetly for their orders for the morning. "When do you wish to be called and do you want a cooked breakfast?" I finally figured out that a cooked breakfast meant anything other than a pot of black tea and cold toast and marmalade. In the Wicken when you awakened you just rolled over, pressed the button on the phone that said KITCHEN—cold orange juice, hot coffee, and buttered toast or anything else you desired arrived promptly. It was quite a breakthrough.

Mr. Parr worked with me on the flat in Eaton Square. It had marvelously proportioned rooms with high ceilings and a Queen Anne red-lacquer bureau bookcase that was glorious. As it was already there when I arrived, we did the room around it. We also made a pink drawing room with two colors of red curtains.

When I left England, I returned to New York to an established apartment in the Pierre Hotel which I had owned during my time in London. Both of us used it as did my daughter, who was finishing her education at Smith College. What I missed was a garden and some form of country life. I eventually bought a small house in New Milford, Connecticut, with a great garden by Mrs. Fredric March, who had owned the house and who certainly could have been a landscape architect if she had not decided to be an actress. After about nine years I sold the little brown house. By that time I was living in this building.

Great good luck fell upon me when the apartment I am in now came onto the market. I snapped it up like a hungry trout. It is full of sunlight, has a pleasant view, and through its 87 years has been treated with respect and care. I feel I have finally arrived home after searching around for the better part of a lifetime for the right nest. I am in it with comfort and serenity surrounded by the treasures and pleasures of my life, with no plans to go anywhere. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

HOUSE FOR SALE

(Continued from page 135) of that scumbag who had sold me the house. Then we'd play the tape of him promising to fix the foundation. We'd play it full blast at five in the morning, over and over again, for him and all the neighbors to hear. But again I was too exhausted to get up that early and it all reminded me of some petty, niggling story I'd once heard about a suburban father of a friend of mine, of German heritage, I believe, who was so bothered by his neighbor's burning rubbish that he would stand out on the lawn with a stopwatch and time how long he had to breathe their fumes. Then he'd light a big pile of oily rags soaked in sulfur. And when the wind was in the right direction, with stopwatch in hand, he'd burn his rags for *exactly* the same amount of time they burned their rubbish.

It struck me that to do the soundtruck idea would bring myself down to that hairball's level and thus enter into his karmic realm. But at the same time I

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could not clear my head of those vengeance fantasies. "How sweet it is," Renée would say, over and over. "How sweet it is. How sweet it is to take revenge." But I was brought up as a Christian and I was still into turning the other cheek. Although that was wearing a little thin because by now both my cheeks were black and blue. On some level I felt deeply sorry for the previous owner. He lived alone and had a weak heart (at least that was what he had told me). And I felt that maybe it was my karma, my place in this whole kind of weird Earth-puzzle, to help him out in some strange way—to lift the burden of that horrible house from his shoulders. But whenever I discussed this theory with Renée, she began to rave her new litany, "Charity begins at home! Charity begins at home!" So at last one night, after a performance of "Terrors of Pleasure," I was invited to a small dinner party where I met Lloyd Ziff, the design director of House & Garden. And we began talking about doing this crazy photo shoot of the infamous house.

Brigitte Lacombe was to do the photographs, and Renée and I drove up a day early to open up the house. We wanted to drive all the little wild creatures out before anyone arrived. By now I had this idea of my house as something of a giant birdhouse or a mini-game preserve where all the squirrels, mice, and raccoons could come to take shelter from the Catskill winter. "Be sure to put the big stone over the chimney," one of the locals had said. "Or something wild will get down it and then try to eat its way out." Well, I had forgotten to do this and expected to find the worst—our Ethan Allen furniture gnawed to a nub. Renée and I had not been up since the previous summer, when we discovered some suicidal animal had leaped into the well during the February doldrums and polluted it completely. This sent us packing and we thought we would never return again. So this time we both came back hoping that the water would have been somehow miraculously sweetened. But when we turned on the faucet, it still reeked and tasted of death. Also something new, a fine white moss was growing on my precious log ceiling beams. And the whole house was beginning to look like a giant penicillin farm. Again we were forced to flee. And wanting this time to treat ourselves to something transcendentally beautiful, we went at last to the Mohonk Mountain House, which is situated right in the heart of the Shawangunk Mountains just outside New Paltz, New York.

For me the most exciting thing about this place, except for the fact that I'd never stayed there before, was the lake—this incredible crater lake. It was a clear, peaceful lake with no motorboats. As I swam across the lake for the first time, I realized that that was what I had really wanted. I had wanted to buy a house on a lake. And that for some reason I had compromised myself and bought a house by a stream. And finally that, my friends, is the lesson I want to impart to you. If you want to buy a house on a lake, do it. Find that house. Find that lake. No matter how long it takes.

But all is not lost. Just recently the story of the house took a new turn. I recently got a call from the editor of *Ulster Magazine* in upstate New York. He had heard about the house and my performances at Lincoln Center and suggested I give guided "failure tours." That's what he called them. He said, "Give tours that would be labeled 'How Not to Be a Sucker: Everything That Could Go Wrong with a Country Home—and Did.'" In a way I was rejuvenated by this idea. I could see it all clearly. I would take these busloads of city slickers up from New York and guide them over my property with pointer and bullhorn, starting with the sinking outdoor barbeque and ending with offering them a glass of reeking death water from my polluted well. Yes, just leave the house as it is and never fix it up. Turn it into a museum of disaster. And I had an epiphany (of course). Why had it taken me so long to come to this? It was the perfect balance. It would satisfy all my missionary fantasies by helping people avoid disaster and at the same time making a little extra spending money on the side to put toward a perfect lake house in the Berkshires.

By the way, speaking of lake houses in the Berkshires, are there any honest readers out there who can guide me to one before it is too late? Please write: Spalding Gray, c/o The Wooster Group, Box 654 Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013. □

Editor: Lloyd Ziff

(Continued from page 102) you dry after four or five hours of rain. I finally burrowed under some branches. Then I found some dry needles. I actually got a campfire going and cooked a meal in the pouring rain. I was so proud of myself. I was literally *surviving*."

A month later the architect had finished the design for her house. The means to build it did not become available for some time. But one wonders whether Marlys Hann would have built the house sooner if the funds had appeared. Every weekend she drove the three hours from her office to her mountaintop and camped out. After her first soggy sleepover she borrowed a pup tent, then a cabin tent. Soon she bought a platform tent, which she decorated with rugs and quilts and stocked with pots and pans and foodstuffs. Her days were spent clearing land with two chainsaws (she still has ample firewood). She moved "what must have been a ton of rock" to define the shape of a pond on the east edge of the site of the house. She wheelbarrowed up topsoil to plant a vegetable garden (the animals devoured it) and cooked complicated meals on a Coleman stove. Utterly unwilling to accept the arrival of that first autumn, she was forced to decamp by a fourteen-degree freeze, which naturally had covered her tent with ice. In the third year, when a late snowstorm demolished the tent she had too eagerly put up on April 1, she packed all her stuff, returned to New York, and came back the next weekend with an old-fashioned aluminum camper trailer.

Three long seasons of this binding relationship to her land only reinforced her faith in the design of her house—architecture influenced, she says, by Mario Botta's meticulously crafted work in the Ticino, Switzerland; by the skillful way James Stirling employs glass; and by the sensitive accomplishments of Louis Kahn, master of silence and light.

Hann's design is "upwardly moving" with a steeply pitched roof for an air of mountain castle; a cruciform plan to give a major window to each view; a solarium-bath built into the earth and warmed by an equilateral triangular glass roof; floor-to-lintel glazing all around for the gentlest transition between outside and in; and laid-up stone walls for their energy and life ("some of them even have lichen"). The glass combines with the stone to give a feeling of "both cave and treehouse"—associations she thinks every house should foster.

"I had all kinds of plans to do the stonework myself," she says of the time when construction was imminent. "I even started collecting stones—every Sunday when I'd go to get *The New York Times,* I would also load up my Jeep with stones from an abandoned quarry." Many more stones came from farmers in the area who had built walls as they cleared their land.

The foundation was done during Marlys Hann's third summer on the land, the stone walls and roof framing the fourth, the glass and interior work the fifth. "I couldn't get a general contractor, but that was just as well because I didn't have very much money and I needed to go one step at a time. So I subcontracted each step. The excavation contractor and the mason I hired were well known in the area—like Mutt and Jeff, a real team—and the mason was the key to everything. He recommended the electrician and the carpenter. Everyone did really good work, the best they could do. And I had a wonderful time. I can't tell you what this



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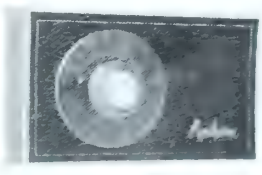
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LITTLE HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

experience has meant to me."

For five years Adirondack chairs near the edge of Marlys Hann's cliff have beckoned from the best view of Pepacton Reservoir, and her philosophy of no seams between outdoors and indoors—as well as a joy in combining practicality and aesthetic pleasure—suggested that she use the same chairs, painted black, inside the new house. Other furniture includes—in total—a bed, two futons, a bluestone dining table, and four metal chairs. Each lighting fixture is the same updated traditional cased-glass lamp, and plumbing fixtures are also uniform. A woodstove heats the house without much effort—helpful after her hikes up to the house on Friday nights in winter, when her Jeep can't make the road—and a cookstove is set into the island alongside the sink.

It is all as open, spare, and simple as can be and yet sheltering in the most reassuring and fundamental way. A visitor may puzzle over the harmony in this apparent contradiction, but Marlys Hann accepts the mystery: her house belongs to nature. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

MEMOIR THROUGH OBJECTS

(Continued from page 121) a double figure of interlocked dancers. Cut in 1917, it is one of a series drawn from Manhattan high life, recalling *thé dansants* at the old Ritz-Carlton and the popularity of Vernon and Irene Castle. First greeted as amiable caricatures, this and its companions—in a style drawn from cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, and folk toys—became icons of their epoch. Across the room is Nadelman's 1911 portrait of Romain Coolus, a Parisian boulevard-dramatist, sporting a massive top hat. This was the type of innovative imagery that served a young Polish émigré as a passport to many Fifth and Park Avenue portrait commissions in the decade before the 1929 stock-market crash.

Two other bronze portraits represent me at several stages. Earliest is by Isamu Noguchi, done in Cambridge, 1927; the other by Gaston Lachaise, New York, 1933. Paintings are by Pavel Tchelitchew, 1937; Lucian Freud, 1950; James Wyeth, 1969; Michael Leonard, 1983; and David Langfitt, 1984.

These were undertaken as instruction in the manipulation of pigment for my benefit, dependent on extended periods of posing. The Lachaise head cost 64 hours; the Wyeth, wiped out time and again, over 80. These representations may almost be counted as collaborations since verisimilitude, of whatever approximation, relied on my patience and confidence rather than complaints. Corporate executives, retiring chief justices, and college presidents can hardly be expected to pass time on so narcissistic an exercise, but, should one be magnetized by a visual analysis of moral character rather than honorific icons, the process is infinitely rewarding.

As for other pictures, the oldest is by Jean Léon Gérôme, the academic master of Thomas Eakins. Done in 1889, it is a single extant contemporary scene, unique in Gérôme's roster of Oriental and historical subjects. Painted as a labor of love, it was done for a friend in return for shared weekends, hunting in the forest of Meudon. Minuscule in scale, its overall view is panoramic, detailing against a tapestry of oaks and beeches full-length portraits of Baron Salomon de Rothschild, his guests, and, among hunt servants and beaters, the painter himself. Layers of gun smoke drift in treetops; in a corner is a jewellike still life of the day's quarry. Eakins's sporting pieces were well known to Gérôme; it could be that American precedent inspired his old teacher.

Hung against naked brick, set on floor or tables, are some fifty masks, fetish figures and furniture from many African peoples, carved or cast in the past half century, obtained from dealer Bruce Burt's African Trader. These share tribal likeness in firmness and finesse. While one is always in awe of stupendous brutal magic of large statuary with more aggressive statements of power, such would have been uncomfortable in restricted space. However, in their extravagant diversity of materials, facture, structure, and mystery, these range from apparent portraiture to extreme abstraction in the merging of elements from warthog, crocodile, leopard, rabbit, and hornbill. All embody elegance infrequently found in contemporary sculpture from industrial communities. Fashioned in preindustrial societies, their quality is hardly "primitive," for sophistication and expertise are also distinguished by exceptional thinness and accuracy in metal casting and delicacy in detail. Many were made as much for touristic souvenirs as ritual necessities, but the governing types from which all descend are so strong that each testifies to some numinous impulse. A small Dan mother and son was found in 1926 at the dispersal of John Quinn's epoch-making auction. It had come from Paul Guillaume's pioneering in African art, which so moved early Fauves and Cubists.

A word about furniture: a pair of console tables, veneered in bird's-eye maple and in the style of Thomas Hope, holds congeries of coins, crystals, plaques, and bindings together with a gilt bronze by Lachaise. Chairs and sofa are covered with Moroccan textiles; rugs are North African. Stained-glass door and window surrounds are by Hope Hawthorne Maiorano, who also designed and executed a square of clear colored glass of Gurdjieff's enneagram in sky and fire. Marble tabletops look well with the wood, stone, and bronze and resist alcohol. A pair of chairs with the Aurora Workshop pyrographic brand are by Gustav Stickley from Vance Jordan.

This assortment and its arrangement expresses personal opinions about the vitality of traditions of manual dexterity and the universal excellence of diverse and frequently anonymous provenance (in which idiosyncrasy is submerged in the splendor and perfection of their making). Immediate accessibility to uncased objects and their related propinquity often trigger an intensity of response more vivid than viewings at one remove in great museums and sometimes lead to a closer observation, a further key to those galleries that house infinitely more splendid treasure. □

The White House, 1918. A tradition takes shape.

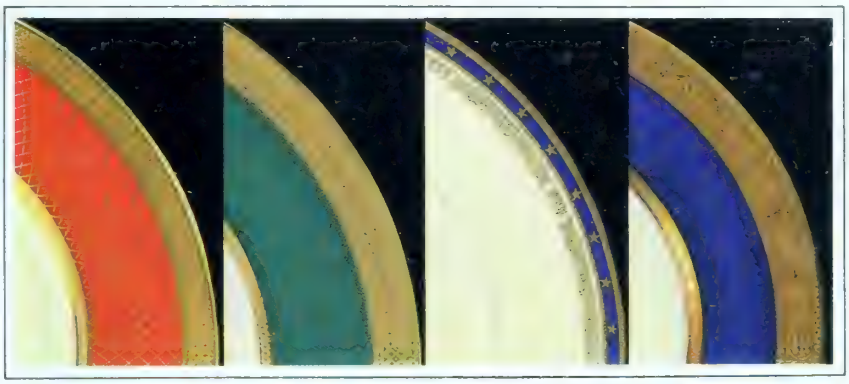


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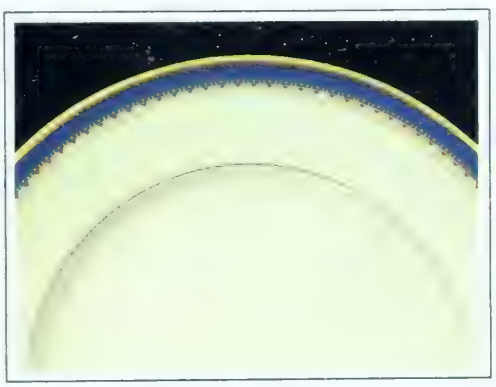
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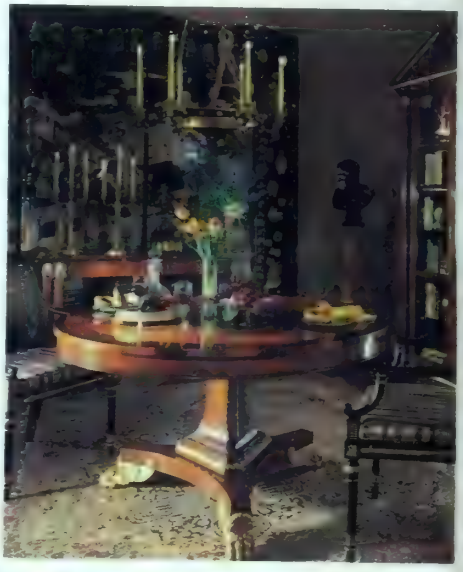
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THE MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 159, Number 2

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DALE C. SONES, 1750 Montgomery St., San Francisco CA 94111
Florida DAVID RUBIN, 454 Alamanda Drive, Hallandale FL 33009
England ROBERT E. YOST, 19 South Audley St., London W1Y5DN
France JOHN H. LIESVELD, JR., 284 boulevard St.-Germain, Paris 75007
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan

Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

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CLOCK: Fine George I tallcase clock with original painted decoration, by Wm. Stephens, circa 1730.

PAINTING: English School painting of fighting cocks in a landscape, circa 1840.

CHAIR: George III "Rustik" elm and oak armchair, circa 1780.

LION: One from a pair of Italian Eighteenth Century marble lions on plinths, circa 1780.





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CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

A. ALVAREZ's most recent book is *Offshore: A North Sea Journey*. He is currently working on a book about the Australian rain forest.

STEVEN M. L. ARONSON is the author of *Hype* and coauthor of *Savage Grace*.

OLIVIER BERNIER is the author of *Lafayette: Man of Two Worlds, Louis the Beloved: The Life of Louis XV,* and most recently *Secrets of Marie Antoinette*.

MICHAEL BOODRO lives in New York and is working on his first novel.

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

ANTHONY DERHAM is director of the Japan House Gallery. He published, with Sir Francis Watson and Gillian Wilson, *Mounted Oriental Porcelain in the J. Paul Getty Museum*.

MICHAEL ENNIS is an art critic and contributing editor to *Texas Monthly*.

WILLIAM HAMILTON is a cartoonist for *The New Yorker*. His latest novel is *The Charlatan*, and his most recent book of cartoons is *The Men Will Fear You and the Women Will Adore You*.

HÉLÈNE LIPSTADT is the author of *In the Cause of Criticism: Montgomery Schuyler and the Architectural Aberrations*, to be published in the spring by Rizzoli.

JOHN W. S. PLATT is a retired businessman who lives in Portland, Oregon.

JOHN RUSSELL is chief art critic for *The New York Times*. His books include *The Meanings of Modern Art* and *Paris*.

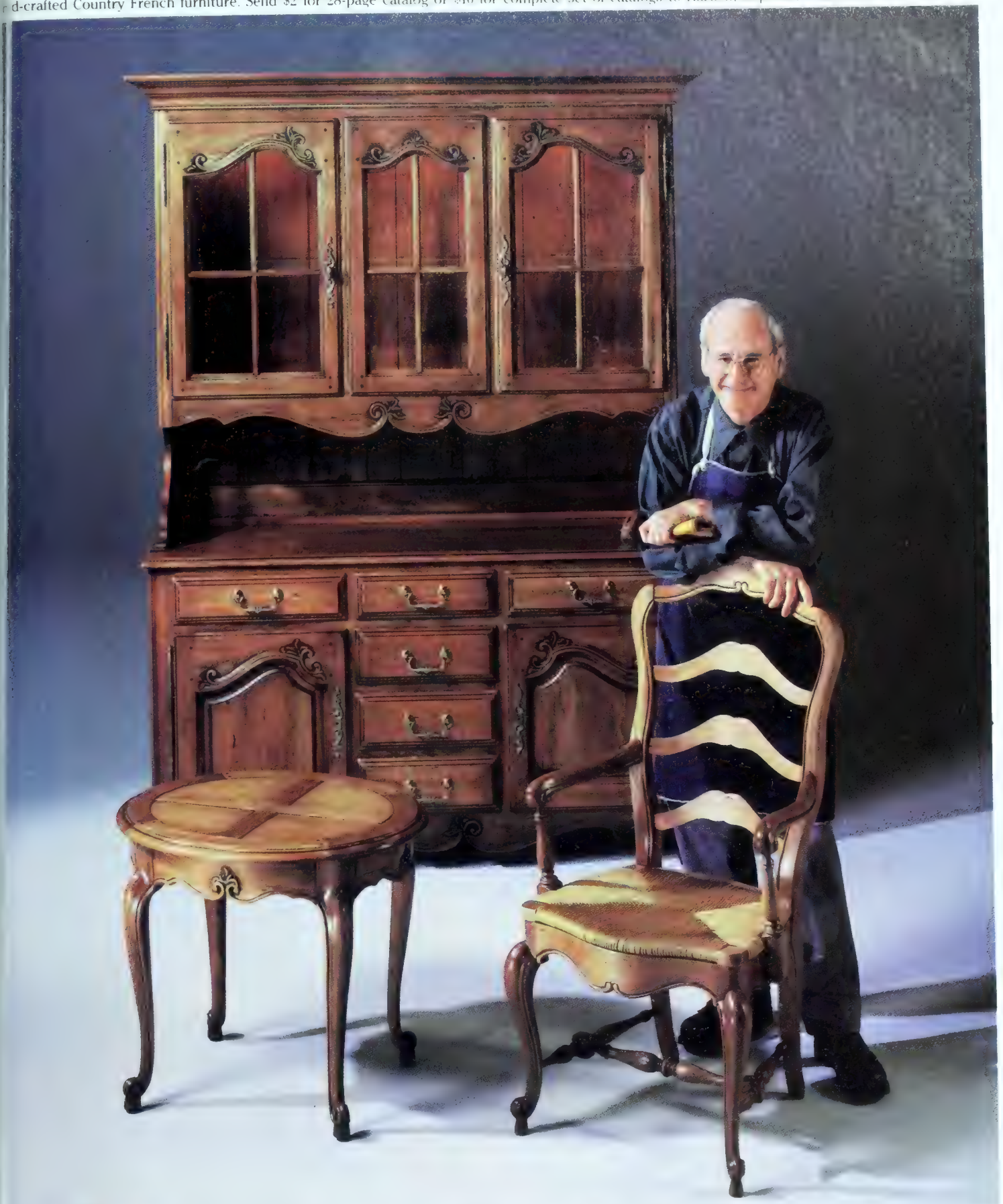
SUZANNE STEPHENS recently wrote and narrated the film *Richard Meier* by Michael Blackwood Productions.

WILLIAM WEAVER is the author of *Duse: A Biography*.

NICHOLAS FOX WEBER is the director of the Josef Albers Foundation and author of *The Drawings of Josef Albers* and a book on Leland Bell.

TOD WILLIAMS is an architect practicing in New York City and an adjunct professor at Cooper Union.

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I've always liked color and often felt a bit cheated that society long ago decided that I was to wear black tie when Jane and I are invited to a gala, or a dark navy suit, when she was free to choose any color in the rainbow, or, if she felt like it, the rainbow itself. So you can appreciate my delight when Alexander Julian's color schemes struck menswear about five years ago.

Having been a Julian watcher for a while now, I was eager to see how he would approach color in his own house. Not surprisingly, although the colors are all pure Alexander Julian, the total palette is a bit more subtle—even though you will see hyacinth walls with mint green trim, and painted aubergine moldings dry-brushed with turquoise. The picture on this page will egg you on with its stenciled floor, polychromed woodwork, and brilliantly striped draperies (which in the Julian household function not unlike one of his ties on a carefully colored shirt). To see more, turn to page 122.



A hallway in Alexander Julian's Connecticut country house

If I had fun looking at the photographs of the Alexander Julian house, Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron and Oberto Gili had even more fun taking the pictures for our architecture story this month, page 150. Photographing the Italian villa Il Girasole was a unique, even funny experience for these two professionals. In the words of our senior architecture editor, "For the first time we were able to make the subject move for us." No small task when your subject is a house.

The series of photographs, page 154, that illustrate how this house can rotate to change its view were taken from across a vineyard where Oberto, his assistant Michael Mundy, and Elizabeth stood with the camera. From there they signaled to the owner, on the terrace, when to rotate the house, shouting and motioning, "A little more to the left! No, too far! Back to the right!"

We're grateful to architect Tod Williams for discovering Il Girasole for us. His text describes this little-known modern house, which perhaps more than any other is the ultimate machine for living.

As the editor of a magazine devoted to creative living, I'm always intrigued by people who leave the world a different place. A fascinating example is Scofield Thayer, who, as John Richardson tells it, played an important behind-the-scenes role in our perceptions of twentieth-century art. Thayer was an early collector of modern art, not only personally but as editor and owner of *The Dial,* and his collection is one of the major enrichments of the inaugural exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the museum opens its new twentieth-century wing this month, page 158.

Met director Philippe de Montebello told me another story recently of how an individual can affect the fortunes of an institution and, by extension, the public it serves. A few years ago, fearing that the museum, for lack of funds, would have to forego its tradition of being open on Tuesday nights, he went to call on a lady in Connecticut who he had been told might help. "You mean to tell me that I can allow two to three thousand people into the museum each week by simply writing you a check for $250,000?" she said, getting up and walking directly into another room to write that check.

"When I got back to my office late that afternoon, I asked my secretary to remind me to write her a thank you note in the morning," the Met director said, "but before I could do so, the morning mail had brought a note from *her* thanking me." Ruth Lapham Lloyd continued to cover the annual expense of keeping the museum open Tuesday nights until her death, at which time she left a $3 million fund to continue the tradition.

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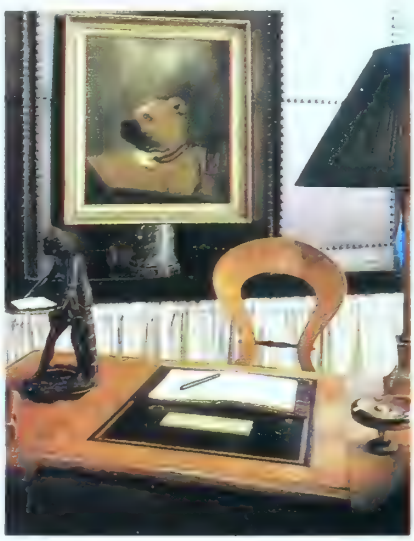
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GEMÜTLICH GRANDEUR

A passion for Biedermeier moved Angus Wilkie from Wall Street to Grand Street

By Michael Boodro



Above left: A lamp designed by Angus Wilkie. *Above right:* A pair of Biedermeier walnut chests and an Anglo-Indian armoire, c. 1850. *Left:* A German mastiff portrait behind Wilkie's desk. *Below:* Owner Angus Wilkie.



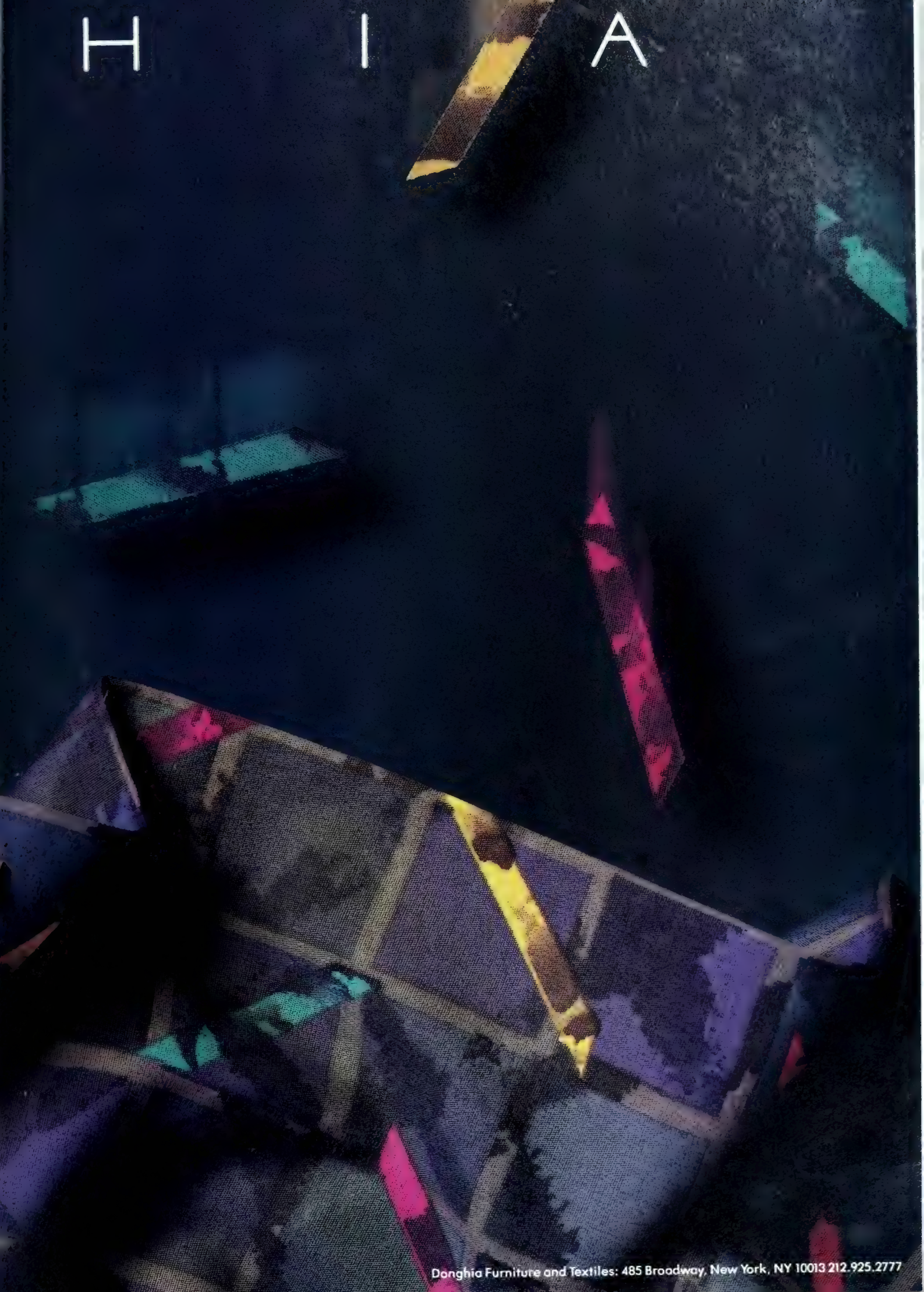
In the southeast corner of New York's SoHo, blocks from the main thoroughfare of the art world and the gesticulating mannequins of trendy boutiques, on a cobblestone street close by a parking lot and surrounded by the din of garbage trucks is a small shop that re-creates the nineteenth-century *haute bourgeoisie*. Inside is an austere Neoclassical world of gray walls, wainscoting, white cornices and moldings, high Doric columns, and foursquare furniture of rich woods and elaborate veneers. It's a small replica of a bygone world totally lacking in the doubts that engendered Modernism when the integrity of the picture plane had not yet ruthlessly asserted itself, before fashion grew raucous, and when furniture was intended to be elegant and comfortable and need not make a joke or take an ironic stance toward history.

This is the Grand Street domain of Angus Wilkie. He is shy, quiet, and quite proper, as befits his surroundings, but he eventually warms to his topic and tells how in the space of a mere five years he went from Yale to a major investment firm, through a brief teaching career, and finally to his own newly created empire of Regency, Empire, and Biedermeier furniture.

After graduating in 1980 with a degree in literature, Wilkie worked for three years at Salomon Brothers as an analyst and "numbers cruncher" but became disillusioned with the eighty-hour work weeks and lack of human contact that the job entailed. "I left Salomon with the specific intention of writing a book on Biedermeier. I'd always been interested in architecture and furniture, and I guess I'd always had the idea that someday I'd open an antiques store. I just never thought it would be so *(Continued on page 24)*


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soon," he says, smiling at his own good fortune. "It was only five years ago that I bought my first piece of Biedermeier. It's a style that I'd always responded to immediately. It's so architectural, so honest. Biedermeier is almost chaste in design, but at the same time it's elegant and easy to live with."

Because of the burgeoning popularity the style has enjoyed in the past few years and because there is no definitive book on Biedermeier available, Wilkie was able to get a contract for his book from Abbeville Press, which plans to publish it in September. "I got a job teaching English, math, and French at St. Bernard's School," says Wilkie. "The idea was that I would write while I taught. But that turned out to be much harder than I expected." The gallery, which he opened late last year, has allowed him more time for research and writing. Now Wilkie devotes himself pretty much full time to Biedermeier, his first love.

"The book will give an overview of the whole period," he explains, "the decorative arts, porcelain, and glass as well as furniture. I want to present a sociopolitical history: an examination of the domestic life of the period and the way the interiors worked. One of the things I'm excited about is showing contemporary interiors that use Biedermeier, all kinds of rooms, ones that use just touches to interiors that are entirely Biedermeier. To me, that's one of the greatest strengths about the design, that it works so well with so many other styles. In conception," he continues, "I like to think of it as the precursor to Josef Hoffmann. One of the things I'd love to see is an apartment that combines Biedermeier with Hoffmann."

Ironically, Wilkie finds the current popularity of the style more of a handicap than a boon. "Interest is peaking right now, but who knows? It might die out soon. But I wouldn't mind. It's actually harder to sell something when it's fashionable. People tend to resist, think Biedermeier's just a fad, even though this furniture works so well with what they already have."

After signing his book contract two and a half years ago, Wilkie immediately departed for ten weeks of research in Europe. His itinerary included Hamburg, Lübeck, Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Gratz, and even Prague. "I went to look, to go to the museums, to the libraries, to meet wit the dealers. In the Eastern countrie you could only look, but you could bu in the others. And that's what I did. kept buying more and more. Prett soon I had quite a bit. So I shipped back and thought about opening store." The speed was possible due t the serendipity of stumbling across th space when he was downtown lookin at a set of ten chairs at a friend's lof nearby. But that luck was followed b eight weeks of eighteen-hour day transforming the raw space into its pre sent elegant setting. "I wanted custom ers to feel at home, in a sense," Wilkie explains. "I think you can understand the concept of this furniture better in a home environment."

"But I had no idea how difficult it was being a dealer," he continues amused at his own surprise. "The fur niture doesn't arrive in your hands looking like this, and it's certainly not all found in one place. I guess I had this idealized concept of what a dealer does. But being a dealer is all about shipping, bartering down, getting the proper permits. Did you know you have to have a bedding license to sell upholstered furniture? And then there's customs. A piece may arrive locked and you have no way to open it, or you might get a set of chairs and discover one is half an inch higher than the others."

Although he's had a good response to his shop from "neighborhood people and lots of architects" as well as collectors, Wilkie finds himself combating some common misperceptions about his favorite style. "Biedermeier is not just a return to Neoclassicism," he states with some impatience. "It's much more than that. You have to remember that the Napoleonic wars took place almost totally on German soil. A lot of the country was leveled and they had to start from scratch. They needed furniture that was solid, functional. The style grew out of French Empire but without all that ormolu. The pure period was from about 1815 to 1830, but it continued for quite a while after that. By the end you can see the influence of Gothic Revival and the English style. By the 1830s there was a much-expanded literature, many more trade journals. Design ideas and woodworking knowledge became more widespread. *(Continued on page 28)*

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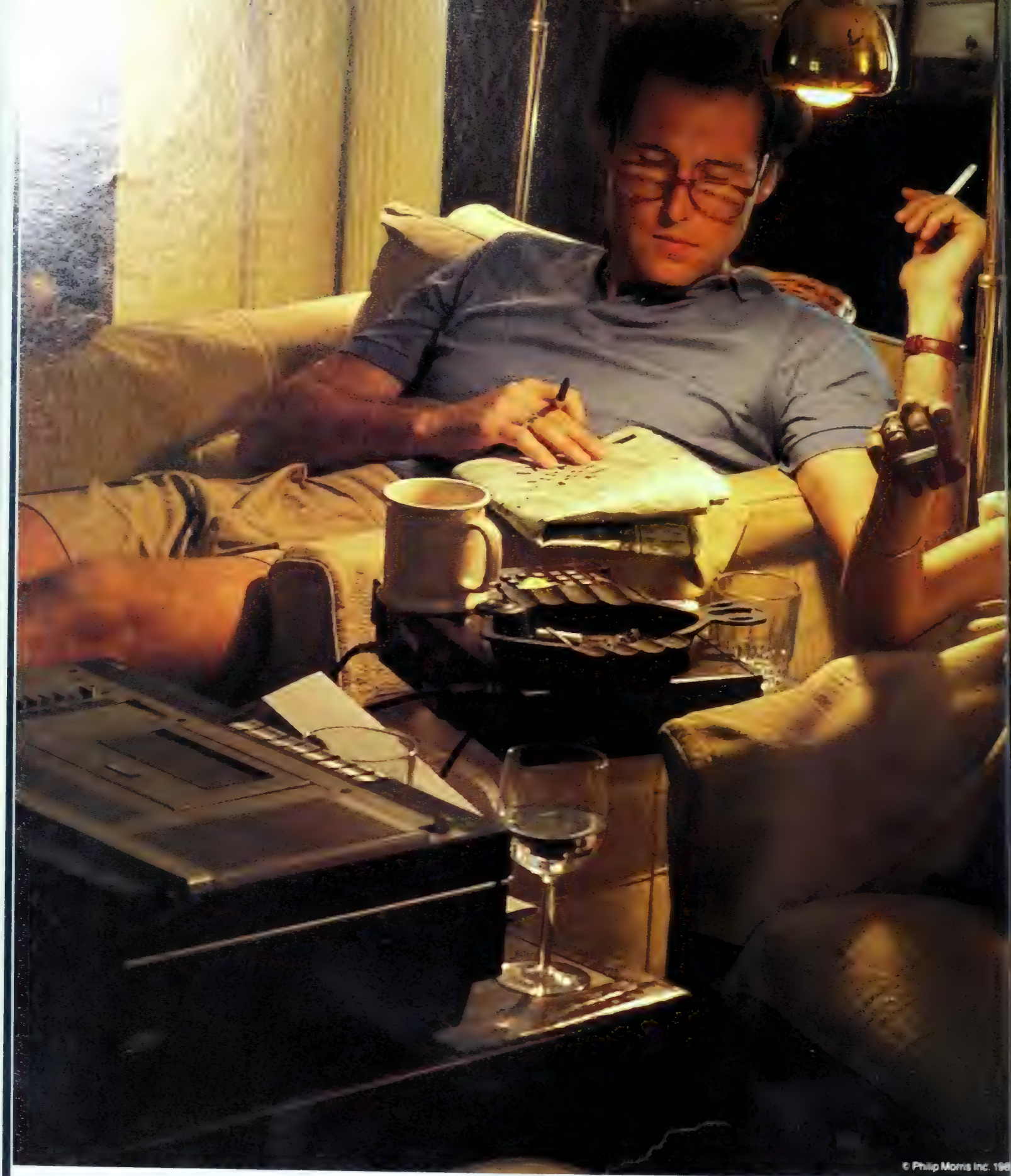
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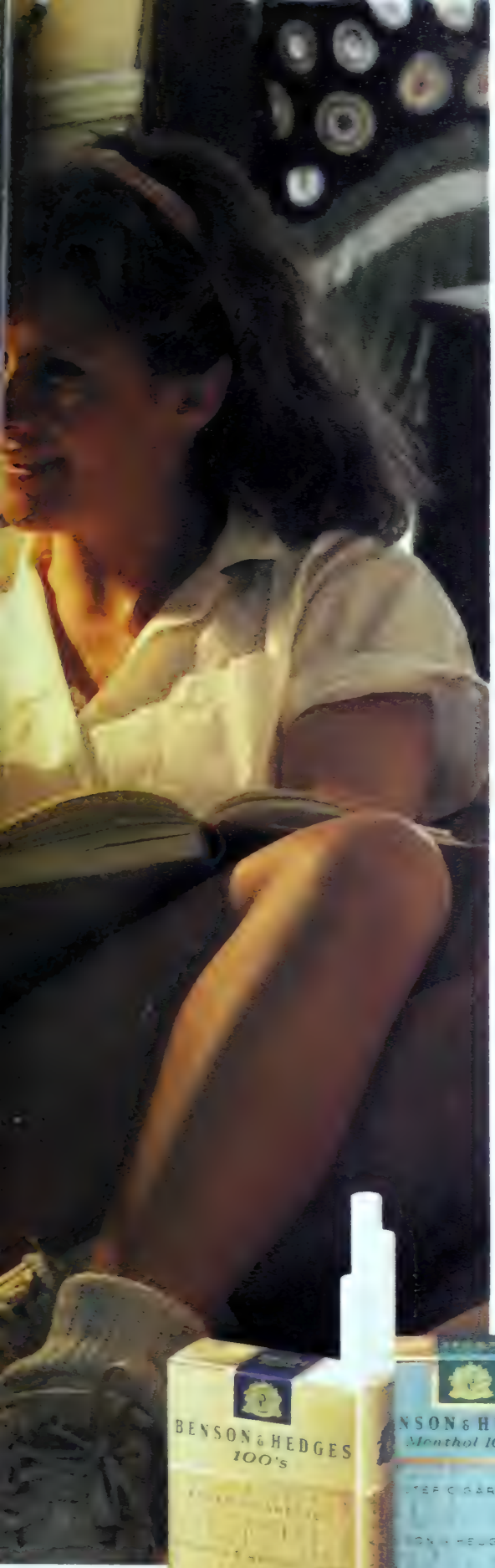
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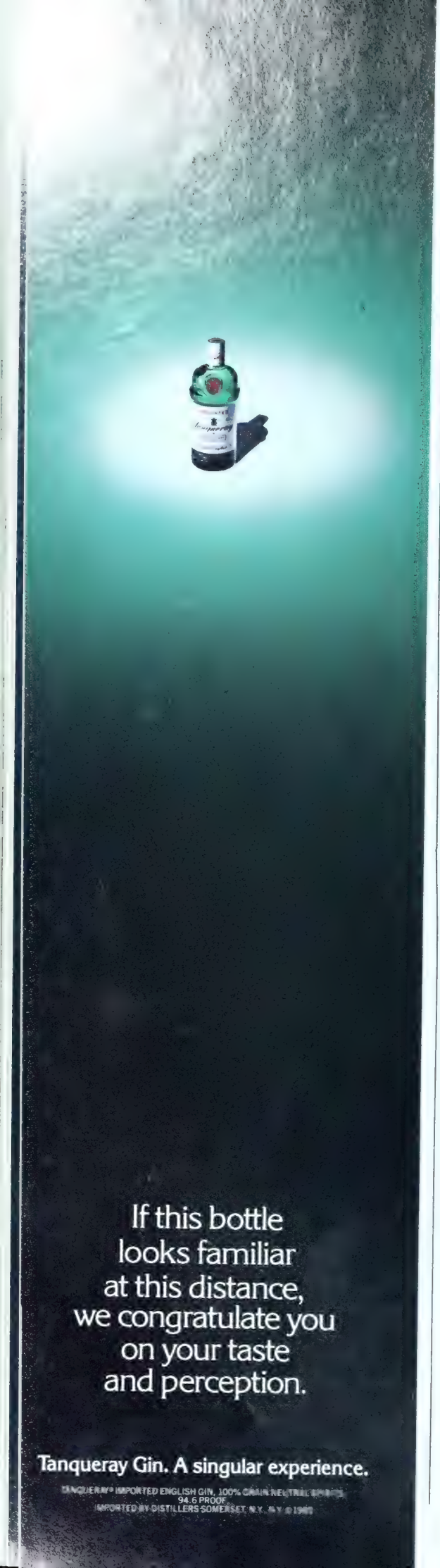
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"They had also developed far better cutting tools, which enabled the creation of furniture with more complex veneering, with more curves in its design. This led to much more experimentation, which is why there are so many variations within Biedermeier and why it's so beautifully made.

"Most people don't realize that Biedermeier was very much an imperial style—it was not purely a bourgeois style. Not only was it patronized by the court, the furniture was published in catalogues and people from all different strata would order it. In fact, Princess Sophia went to the Danhausser factory and ordered a lot made, which was destroyed in the war."

Wilkie's stock is not limited to Biedermeier. The largest of his room settings features an enormous armoire of coromandel wood with figuring so intense it appears almost like some kind of animal skin, and beside that a stark wood-and-cane daybed and two planters chairs, all Anglo-Indian Raj furniture from the mid nineteenth century. "I like the way they look," says Wilkie with a shrug. Flanking them are a pair of narrow, pedimented English Regency bookcases of burlwood, and an English Regency upholstered chair that shows the Etruscan influence sits nearby. "When Schinkel designed his furniture," Wilkie says, "he copied an English chair like this." He singles out a Biedermeier secretary of solid mahogany with cherry veneer, its interior precisely fitted out with secret drawers and compartments in the shape of a temple, with a half-moon pediment and ebonized pilasters. "See how the grain of the wood is used as a decorative element," he says pointing. "Biedermeier is all about the wood." He continues on to a pair of round corner cabinets, from Lübeck, with curved and curlicued pediments.

Although he has two elegant curved examples prominently placed, Wilkie says that "Biedermeier armchairs are relatively rare. Most of the houses had only sofas and side chairs. A set of three was typical, which can make it a little hard when a customer is looking for a matched set of four. But Biedermeier furniture was made to be flexible, to be moved around. Most of the houses were small, usually with no dining rooms, no dining tables. Instead they had work tables that were then used for tea or meals. The chairs were ke lined up against the wall and then, needed, they were pulled up to the t ble." It's that flexibility and its sca that makes so much of this furnitu appropriate for small urban apar ments.

Wilkie points out a German circul mahogany table of 1815 whose suppo consists of three elaborately carve dolphins. "This mahogany and gilde table, with its dolphins, shows the tra sition from Empire," he notes. Nea the entrance to the store is a bookcas whose glass doors feature pointe Gothic arches, as well as a stark mas sive Empire armoire with just a touc of gold detailing near the base. "I don like a lot of ormolu," says Wilkie, "bu sometimes a little is nice. I had a mor elaborate Napoleon III suite, but i sold immediately.

"Initially I thought I would handl only Biedermeier," he continues, "bu I didn't want to be that limited. I don' know what direction the shop migh take in the future, but I do know that will always have Biedermeier. Othe than that, I can't predict."

Much depends on what Wilkie's restless eye discovers. Although his shop is sprinkled with architectural drawings, a granite column stand, a few pieces of small iron furniture, and some massive nineteenth-century wood urns, Wilkie admits that he has fewer small-scale decorative objects than he should. "I've concentrated on furniture. But they'll come in time. I like to choose objects individually, not buy things in lots. I like pieces that are interesting in themselves, that have a strong design. Besides, I don't want too much. I like clean surfaces. I don't like busyness." To replenish his stock, he plans to travel to Europe two or three times a year, as well as to London and even Chicago and Minnesota: "There are lots of German immigrants there, and now people are starting to pull things out of their attics."

In addition to his energy, knowledge, and refined eye, Wilkie has one additional advantage sure to keep his store well stocked with treasures. "I can bargain in German," he says smiling broadly. "I know my numbers well. We had a German housekeeper when I was little and she taught me my German numbers. And I've never forgotten them." □

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WHERE STARS DON'T MATTER

From Normandy to Provence, eating well is the most democratic of pleasures

By A. Alvarez



The entrance to La Regalido, Fontvieille

Every summer we drive through France, en route from London to Tuscany, and every summer there are two special pleasures that remind us where we are and why we have come. In reverse order they are the first cup of Italian espresso, which is not mere coffee but the distilled essence of all coffee, and the first French croissant, that buttery, flaky shell of warm air which is the distilled essence of all pastry.

This summer I ate my first croissant in a château between Calais and Paris. Outside the window where I sat were stately sycamores and limes, a meadow running down to a reedy pond, and a corps de ballet of martins, swooping about seemingly just for the pleasure of it. At the edge of the park a ring of trees hid the bleak village of Élincourt-Sainte-Marguerite. The château de Bellinglise is an elaborate building of old brick, with a tower and courtyard and rambling outbuildings. The rooms in the château itself are high, wide, and handsome, with doors and closets that vanish into the Second Empire wallpaper. But when we arrived the previous evening, they had lost our reservation and parked us in a rabbit hutch in one of the outhouses. I had to complain bitterly until they invented a cancellation and moved us into the château proper.

They could afford to be offhand because northern France is an unattractive area and secluded stopovers are hard to find. So the few that exist have no trouble filling up with sun-starved northerners heading south. But arrogance and condescension are also part of the Gallic attitude to foreigners. The truth is, France is the best country in the world for tourism despite the fact that the French don't much like tourists. Long after their colonies have disappeared, they have preserved an imperial disdain for what Kipling called the "lesser breeds without the law." And in France lesser breeds include everyone who is not French.



A ghostly village near the Daudet mill

Even so, France is a wonderful country to visit for one very simple reason: the French look after themselves better than any other nation on earth. It is as though they had combined the geographical extremes of their large country—northern discipline and reasonableness, Mediterranean sensuality—to produce a balanced and harmonious rationale of pleasure. It applies above all, of course, to food, and on that one subject the French are utterly democratic. In other countries good cooking is a privilege of the relatively wealthy. In France to eat well is assumed to be the unalienable right of every citizen. Outside Paris, if there is a good restaurant in town everyone eats there—the postman and the typists as well as the mayor and the bank manager. All of them tackle the food critically and carefully, tasting, commenting and tasting again, judging each mouthful as if their reputations depended on it.

De Gaulle once asked, "How do you govern a *(Continued on page 32)*

One can eat breakfast under the grape arbor in the herb-filled gardens at La Regalido



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cheeses?" The answer is, you institutionalize the cheeses. France is like a Communist country with a powerful Catholic church—like Poland, for instance. On one side is a government with rules everyone tries to get around; on the other are the stern tablets of the law, the gospels according to Michelin, Gault, and Millau, to which everyone adheres. And because the guide inspectors arrive anonymously and without warning, each chef, no matter how small his establishment, knows he has a chance to be recognized. More important, because food is the national passion, even restaurants that will never exist in any of the guides are attentive and enthusiastic, and the gap between the established and the unestablished is far narrower than in other countries.

For example, our first stop after Calais was the Moulin de Mombreux at Lumbres, to which Michelin gives one star. The place itself is beautiful: a seventeenth-century mill beside the kind of limpid stream Ophelia might have drowned herself in. The floors are flagstone, the dining room is elegant, the waiters are smart and severe. But by two o'clock the kitchen was about to close and we had to stick with the menu of the day. It started prettily with a slice of poached salmon in a deep yellow sauce of cream and dill ornamented Japanese-style with buds of broccoli and courgette stumps stuffed with tomato to make them look like flowers. But the roast chicken was tough, the desserts were leaden, and the bill—thanks to that Michelin star—was disproportionately large. At lunchtime the next day we stopped for a quick snack at a bar called Le Grand Morin in La Ferté-Gaucher, a place so out of the way that even the town itself did not rate a mention in any of the guides. The bar was empty and most of the townspeople seemed to have gathered in the dining room in back. My wife had a piece of fish that was fresh, tender, and crisply fried, and I had *tripes maison au calvados* that I would have driven miles for in England. There was no fuss, no pretense, no vegetables dressed as flowers, just simple food properly cooked and cheerfully served. A three-course meal for two—including wine, coffee, and service—was 140 francs.



A local café in Fontvieille

There are probably thousands of little establishments like Le Grand Morin scattered across France, but few of them are near the main roads. For that reason and because our summer vacations are always dictated by the school holidays when everyone else is on the move, we have developed a system for driving through France on the side roads. By side roads I mean neither the A nor the N routes but the departmental roads that are marked yellow or white on the largest-scale maps. The D roads are like the French canals, a network of secret arteries threading the deep countryside, and, like the canals, they are well maintained, surprisingly direct, and almost entirely empty. To drive them, all you need is a little spare time and a companion who knows how to read a map. This year, for instance, we arrived in Calais on Friday, July 31, and were traveling throughout the weekend of the Great Exodus, France's annual national trauma when whole cities empty out for the summer holidays. For three days the newspapers carried little except items about the forty-kilometer tailbacks on the autoroutes and the devastating accidents that had caused them. On the D roads we saw more girls on Mopeds than automobiles, and the only things that slowed us down—the roads are mostly straight and very fast—were occasional tractors lumbering along in front of tottering mountains of hay, for this was high summer and they were bringing the harvest in. For this reason, the beautiful little villages we passed through, most of them built of stone the color of the late afternoon sun, seemed more than usually asleep. At midday there would be tractors or even a combine harvester parked outside the bars, but mostly there was no one at all. It was like driving through someone else's rural dream: cornfields, forests, little wooded valleys, silence. While carloads of families were being *carbonisé* in blazing automobile disasters on the main roads, the only violence we witnessed was a drunk being pitched headfirst into a taxi by the patron of a bar in a village called Venizy.

The loveliest of the secret arteries we followed was a road in Burgundy that runs from Chablis along the valley of the aptly named River Serein through Noyer, a perfectly preserved little medieval town with arched gates at either end, to the village of Isle de Serein. To know that the dreadful Autoroute du Sud was only a few miles west added to the pleasure of the drive. But it was late by the time we left the valley, so we swallowed our pride and joined the motorway for twenty sweating, irritable miles, forty minutes bumper to bumper until we could turn off for Saulieu.

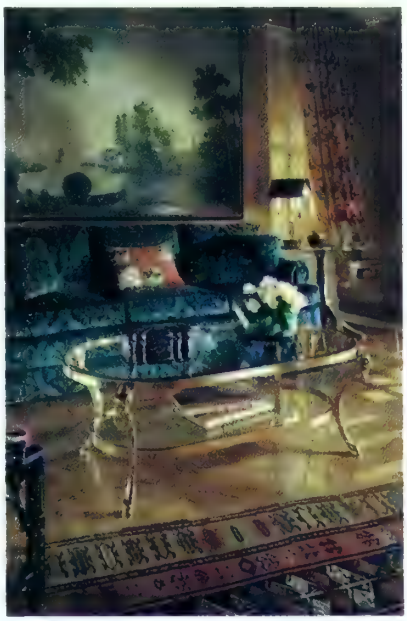
La Côte d'Or at Saulieu is a long low building beside the crowded N6. But it has a large garden behind it, and recently the proprietors, Bernard Loiseau and his wife, have built on an annex of splendid apartments, some of them duplex, all of them luxuriously decorated with great taste and elegance to enable the guests to spend what Loiseau calls "un weekend de rêve." Loiseau is 35 years old, commanding, energetic, and intense, with the serious but slightly fanatical eyes of an artist. (He looks, in fact, like a bigger, darker version of Joseph Brodsky.) Like all artists, he is much obsessed with injustice—specifically by the fact that Michelin in its inscrutable way has awarded him only two stars, although Gault Millau chose him as one of the four chefs of the year in 1986 and in Gault's list of the fifty best chefs in France Loiseau is currently third. But, as he dourly remarked, the best place to eat is at a two-star restaurant that is looking for its third star, and his *menu de dégustation* *(Continued on page 40)*

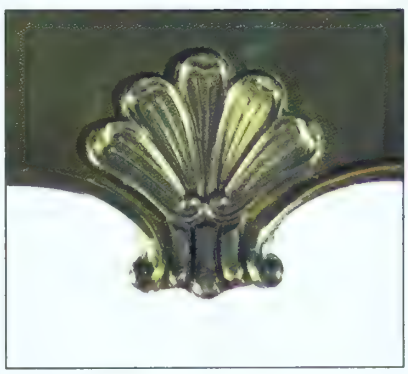

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That evening we ate in the garden by candlelight. There was steamed sea bass served on vegetables in olive oil, and *aïgo sau,* a more delicate version of bouillabaisse

was a triumphant demonstration of his talent. There were nine courses, each of them designed to show that, at its highest level, cooking—like the other arts—is concerned with perfection and imagination. Loiseau's particular artistry is to combine lightness and strength. All the courses were exceptional, but those that stick particularly in my mind are a circle of frogs' legs around a pool of deep green parsley sauce, with a white bull's-eye of pureed garlic at the center; a slice of John Dory in a red-wine sauce, like a gold blade in a pool of blood; pigeon wrapped in lettuce leaves; and simplest yet most astonishing of all, a sorbet of green apples that tasted precisely of its ingredients—young, unripe, fragrant, slightly tart—in other words, it tasted green. M. Loiseau remarked to me that nouvelle cuisine looks pretty but tastes of very little. His own cooking looks ravishing yet sacrifices nothing of the strong Burgundian tradition he was brought up in. It was, quite simply, the best meal I have ever eaten, the rarest kind that leaves the appetite sharpened and refreshed instead of blunted. The service, too, was appropriate to high art. The waiters were watchful, priestly, but not at all obsequious; when they moved, their hands flowed behind them, like Edward Gorey's deft Victorians.

The mystery of Loiseau's missing star deepened the following evening at Le Beau Rivage at Condrieu, on the edge of the gray hurrying Rhône. A though it also has two Michelin star the food was uninspired, and the se vice on that crowded Sunday evenir was seriously dreadful. It was an exan ple of something that in theory shoul not exist: assembly-line haute cu sine—perfectly good but only whe they remembered you were there. Pe haps because Le Beau Rivage has ha its two stars for so long it no longer ha ambitions for anything more nor an trouble in finding customers. The pro prietors have taken their cue from th big-city expense-account hotels: it wa correct, impersonal, and brutally com mercial. (The bill included a 65-fran fee for changing a dollar deposi check.) The concept of cooking as fine art and an inducer of happines seemed simply not their business.

I had fond memories of Le Beau Ri vage from fifteen years before, but now I began to wonder if Bernard Loiseau wasn't an exception and even beautiful, meticulous France wasn't on its way down the commercial drain along with the rest of Europe. That depression lasted only until two o'clock the following day when we drove through the shimmering Provençal heat, with the cicadas making more noise than the car, and arrived at La Regalido in Fontvieille, where Alphonse Daudet lived in a mill and wrote his famous letters. La Regalido, a stone, creeper-covered house behind a high wall, is on a side street. Also enclosed by the wall is a cunningly overgrown garden—roses, geraniums, hollyhocks, a cypress, a pine, a laurel, a feathery larch. It was like the magical garden in *The Romance of the Rose;* only the unicorn was missing. At one end of the garden people were eating under the trees; at the other was a shady pergola of vines with easy chairs and low tables.

It was too late and too hot for lunch, so I asked for a couple of sandwiches. Ham and cheese, I said. Here under the pergola. Five minutes later a smiling waiter appeared with a platter of smoked ham, *(Continued on page 42)*



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a platter of assorted goat cheeses, t rolls, and a dish piled with peaches a grapes. It was the kind of feast Sybi Bedford writes about so lovingly a so hungrily: fresh and delicate, sim and subtle. Inside, the hotel was c and full of shadows. Our room ha high sloping ceiling, pink walls, glo ing bathroom, and a private terra with a view across the baking lan scape to the abbaye de Montmajour.

That evening we ate in the garden candlelight. The *foie gras de canard* w freshly made and came with a chill glass of Baume de Venise, the swe and perfumed Rhône wine that is ma from muscat grapes. There w steamed sea bass served on vegetabl

Outside Paris, if there is a good restaurant in town everyone eats there

in olive oil, and *aïgo sau,* a more deli cate version of bouillabaisse. It wa cooking at the far upper reaches of Mi chelin's one-star grade, not Loiseau' original creations but perfect in its ow way. And because this was the feast o Saint Pierre and there was a Grand Ba Musette in the town square, the Latin American rhythms of Raymond Etche verria's brassy orchestra floated to us, mercifully diminished, across the roof tops. La Regalido's young proprietor, Jean-Pierre Michel, moved among the tables chatting with the guests and smoothly urging on his notably effi cient staff. Between the foie gras and the *aïgo sau,* as the sun went down, the waitress arrived with a smoking green coil to ward off mosquitoes. Between the *sorbet au marc* and the coffee she removed it, explaining that the evening raid was over. The moon came up and Raymond Etcheverria's orchestra went into a sequence of slow foxtrots. Later, from our private terrace, the landscape beyond the village was a great lake of silver and shadow. This is what happiness is, I thought, and it isn't even *that* expensive. Laurence Sterne began his classic French travel book, *A Sentimental Journey,* with the words, "They order, said I, this matter better in France." Laurence Sterne was right. □

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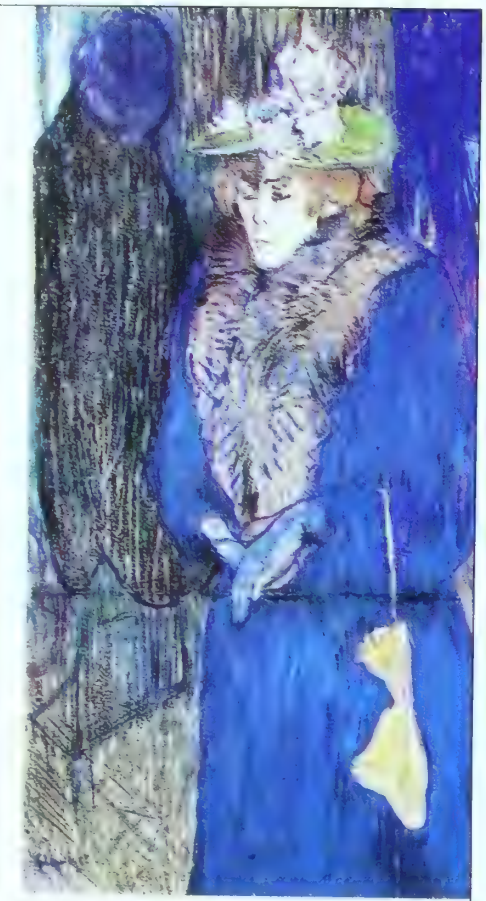
LASTING IMPRESSIONS

Unlike many English collectors who vaunted their antipathy to modern French painting, British textiles industrialist and rayon tycoon Samuel Courtauld (1876–1947) perceived merit in Impressionist and Post-Impressionist art. Admittedly he was well into his fifth decade before he discovered that he could look approvingly on ballet paintings by Degas and respond sympathetically to Manet and Monet. In 1922, making up for lost time, Courtauld embarked on a ten-year buying spree, assembling Britain's finest private collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings.

Currently "Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Masterpieces: The Courtauld Collection"—a spectacular exhibition of 48 pictures, including works by Degas, Monet, Pissarro, Gauguin, Bonnard, as well as impressive concentrations of eight Seurats and nine Cézannes—is making a first-ever group visit to this country. All are on loan from the University of London's Courtauld Institute of Art, Britain's leading center for art-historical studies. The show is now at the Cleveland Museum of Art (through March 8), then travels to New York's Metropolitan Museum, the Kimbell in Fort Worth, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Nelson-Atkins in Kansas City. Among the show's highlights are exemplary images of Paris nightlife: Renoir's radiant *La Loge, left,* which was included in the first Impressionist exhibition; Toulouse-Lautrec's portrait of Jane Avril, *top,* the Moulin Rouge dancer; and Manet's late masterpiece *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère, above,* described as the "crowning glory" of the collection. *David Bourdon*



Renoir's *La Loge,* 1874



Lautrec's portrait of Jane Avril, 1892



Manet's *A Bar at the Folies-Bergère,* 1881–82.

DAY OF THE SON



Detail, Sowden house, Hollywood, 1926

Lloyd Wright (1890–1978), the eldest son of Frank Lloyd Wright, was highly touted by his father for his ability to draw. Ample supporting evidence is on display in the sketches and temperas at the Max Protetch Gallery in New York until January 31. The "anxiety of influence" has often prompted artists to kill off, figuratively speaking, their spiritual fathers, but this cannot be claimed for Lloyd Wright, who could not conceal an indelible architectural birthmark even after time spent in others' offices, including Irving Gill's, and the establishment of his own practice in Los Angeles in 1925.

Suzanne Stephens



Detail, Cascade Club, Palm Springs, 1934, *left;* detail, wrought-iron gate, 1926, *right.*


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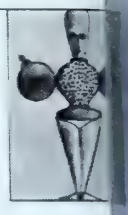
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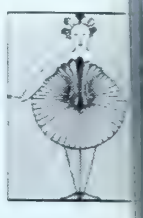
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BACK TO THE BAUHAUS



The Bauhaus school of arts and crafts survived a mere fourteen years (1919–33) in Germany, but the light of its unique constellation of teachers of the arts (Paul Klee, Vasily Kandinsky), crafts (Laszlo Moholy-Nagy), theater (Oskar Schlemmer), graphics (Herbert Bayer), and architecture (Walter Gropius, Hannes Meyer, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe) emanates from their Modernist designs, both in classic inventions and functionalist objects. An exhibition from Germany (at MIT's museum through February 28) unites the revolutionary works of these masters with those of their no





less masterful students in an evocative tribute. Boston is welcoming it with a three-month cultural festival of Bauhaus theater, music, and film.

Hélène Lipstadt



Left, above, and *top:* Oskar Schlemmer's *Triadic Ballet* costumes and, *center,* Bauhaus seal, all 1922.

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NIGHT LIGHTS

Wilson Skewes & Sons are sources of subtle illumination

By Steven M. L. Aronson



Above and *below:* The garden of Mrs. W. Averell Harriman in Virginia as lit by Wilson Skewes.



Love aside, the most evanescent source of energy on earth is light: here now, gone in a millisecond. To channel and refocus it may be the purest craft there is.

One of the ablest artists of illumination, the ample body of his work amounting to a "bright streak in the sky" above the heads of his competitors, is a mannerly, plainspoken 75-year-old Long Island native by the name of Wilson Skewes. He learned his skills direct from the original source, the man who pioneered indirect lighting in America—Rudolf Wendel.

In 1929, Clarence H. Mackay imported Wendel from Europe to illuminate Harbor Hill, his six-hundred-acre estate on the highest point of Long I land. Soon thousands of blue ligh were softly glowing in the double ro of maple trees that lined the mile-lon driveway to the house, and in the ga dens illuminated marble nymphs wer casting reflections on the water tha filled the shapely fountains. Wende went on to light the gardens of othe legendary American estates: the Pay son and Whitney places on Long Is land and the Florida properties o Harold Vanderbilt, Woolworth Dona hue, and Marjorie Merriweather Pos Close Hutton Davies May.

"I eventually did all the Palm Beach work for Mr. Wendel," Skewes say with unselfconscious pride. "I started with him when he first came to Ameri ca. I was seventeen, a young man look ing for a job, and a friend of mine who was teaching the Wendels English said Mr. Wendel needed an apprentice." In 1929 this must have seemed like a long chance on making good. Happily, as things turned out, Skewes remained with Rudolf Wendel Inc. until the firm was dissolved in 1960, five years after Wendel's death. He then established his own firm, Artistic Lighting.

"I thought it was a nice name at the time," he smiles. "I have doubts about it now—maybe it sounds too egotistical. Somehow it had a more humble ring to it then. I just meant that I wanted to do something a little creative." For all Skewes's modesty, Artistic Lighting will, and does, light—with nothing but artistry—anything that needs to be illuminated, from gardens to churches, public libraries, and complete domestic interiors, down to dining tables and individual objects.

Today the company is a family operation. Skewes's wife, Jacqueline, is secretary and treasurer and both their sons are partners—Richard, 36, is based in Lynbrook, Long Island, with his father, while Gary, 40, lives in West Palm *(Continued on page 59)*


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beach and handles all the garden installations in Florida. Ironically, some of the properties that Skewes originally lit, which over the years have been broken up into smaller—but on a contemporary scale still quite impressive—estates, are now being relit by his older son.

Skewes's favorite thing to light is still a garden. "Each garden is a challenge, an individual creation by a landscape architect—or by nature, for that matter," he laughs, "if the grounds haven't been played around with. Our objective is for you to be able to see as interesting a sight at night as in the daytime—to see trees, flowers, and flowerbeds in another mood, bathed in a romantic glow. They have grand specimen trees on a lot of the old estates, but not all the trees are beautiful. Come the evening, the things you don't want to see we leave dark, they fall off into the shadows. What we do is set a stage; the whole estate becomes a fairy kingdom."

Skewes has set the stage in such theaters as Newport, Grosse Pointe, Lake Forest, Pocantico Hills, Middleburg, Barbados, Antigua, and Hobe Sound—"We've done over fifty installations in Hobe Sound alone, and no two are alike; nature is totally unique, lighting should be, too." And for such leading social lights as Rockefellers, Mellons, Dillons, Armours, Fords, and Harrimans.

"Wilson Skewes is the only lighting specialist that I know who makes lighting gentle but significant," says Mrs. W. Averell Harriman. "I first saw his work in Hobe Sound in the early seventies. Since then, I have involved him in lighting our gardens in Washington, Virginia, and Barbados. In each instance he had a completely new approach. He lights everything from the ground—as he describes it, a 'wash.' That's why it's different from the lavish country-club type of lighting that is so harsh. His is much more subtle—it's for people who really understand lighting."

Skewes has also lit gardens and interiors for two prominent families that have recently been in the glare of the courtroom: the J. Seward Johnsons and the Claus von Bülows. "We did the Von Bülow interiors on Fifth Avenue and also the gardens in Newport. I first knew Sunny when she was about ten years old—I did work for her mother, Mrs. Aitken, in, I think, 1944. Sunny was a lovely client to work with. She and her husband both wanted lovely, quiet lighting, soft subtle effects—you know, romantic."

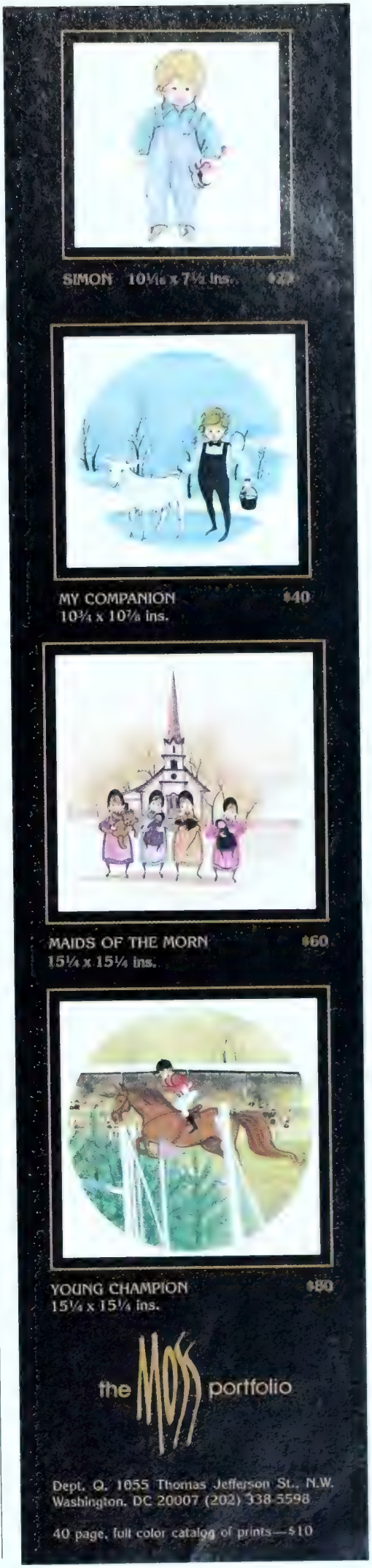
Skewes's prize client is a woman who is a landscaping genius but has always modestly preferred to let her gardens speak for themselves. "We illuminated several terraces and individual garden areas for her, plus vines and plantings on the walk toward her greenhouses—a long, long vista. The work took about a month, and she saw it only after it was all achieved. You see, *we* select what to illuminate. We listen carefully to our clients at the beginning so that we know what they want us to accomplish for them. But they never know what they're going to get exactly, and we always surprise them in the end."

All the fixtures Skewes uses are of his own design and manufacture. "Our installations are permanently solid constructions—aluminum, copper, bronze. If you run into any of them with the lawnmower, you'll probably break the lawnmower—I'm not talking about some little gooseneck lamps put in by local electricians. In a hurricane or with lightning we've never lost a unit yet.

"We do have to repaint the equipment from time to time and otherwise maintain it—for instance, we'll readjust a unit to a shrub so the lights don't burn any new growth coming up. Of course this particular client's operation is complete on all her estates—she has her own painters and electricians on the grounds at all times."

Skewes had promised this client that in winter her gardens, with snow on the naked boughs of the trees, would be just as beautiful illuminated as they had been in their spring and summer verdure. To her delight, they were. She wrote to him praising his achievement and comparing the tracery of the twigs to pen-and-ink drawings.

"I tell my clients, 'We don't do Coney Island lighting; if you want that, then you don't need us.' Overilluminating is the biggest error you can make. Our wattages range from 25 to 200, depending on how many and what type of units: simple reflectors 25 to 60, optical units 100 to 200. The units are constructed on the principle of a 35-millimeter pro- *(Continued on page 60)*



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"No, lighting it bright is easy, that duck soup. Colored lights or mercu vapor lights, for example, throw an e rie green illumination, like some B grade horror film. But there's a fin line between what's garish and what tasteful. We try to bring out the natura beauty of trees and foliage. What w want to create is a moonlit atmospher in your garden."

Skewes's work is remarkable no alone for the virtues it possesses but fo the mistakes that have been avoided As more than one critic has pointe out, in the work of art that succeeds problems the artist may have bee sorely pressed to resolve resist detec tion simply because he has resolve them so well; in the failed work of art the problems, being unresolved, re main highly visible. "If people can tel where the illumination is coming from you've spoiled it," Skewes says. "The source has to remain a mystery." He conceals units behind a wall or bush or often with trees, sets the fixtures on the roof of a nearby building—"never *in* the trees because then you're burning a hole in the foliage and also creating that Coney Island sensation—too many hot spots and no interesting effects."

Skewes is one of the few outdoor lighting specialists not content merely to set their units in the daytime without proper testing and then simply turn them on at night. "We do the manual labor during the day but we test at night, with all the overtime that entails, to arrive at the proper volume and intensity for the object we're illuminating." Indeed, Skewes measures with precision every infinitesimal gradation of light to achieve the best interplay of light and shadow. "Every night we accomplish something, and then comes the night when the lighting effect is a harmonious whole. Here, I'll show you a few things we've done."

Skewes reaches for his scrapbook. "In this Palm *(Continued on page 62)*



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Beach estate, we illuminated the statue by the pool optically from the gumbo-limbo tree. The light is projecting down from the boughs onto the pool and statue. . . .This is the Vanderbilt estate in Lantana. We concealed a special unit in the center of the fountain, illuminating the center spray and the body of water around it—a big rippling pool of moon light. . . .To achieve an unusual effect—this was in Lake Forest—we used a lake like a large mirror to throw light in directly onto this huge weeping willow tree. As the wind blew, it created an interesting effect of lights and shadows with the willow actually dancing in the breeze. . . .Here, in Grosse Pointe, we were asked to create the effect of a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a setting for dancing debutantes to come out in."

Does Skewes have a dream commission? "Disneyland—*they* could use some artistic lighting. There's a dragon there I'd like to light, right by the Magic Kingdom. I'd illuminate him indirectly, so he'd be sculpted by the light. I'd make the lawn look like water—he'd be a dragon out of a moat."

If any subject called upon Skewes's greatest skills, it was the ocean—to light a body of water pulled by the moon. "We modified a commercial fixture to work for us, and now we've got a powerful unit with parabolic mirrors that gets the foam of the breakers as they break on the shore. You take your light on an approximately eleven-degree spread or less, which is extremely narrow, and you skim the very top of the breaker. Our fixtures will carry out a quarter of a mile at least. We fix them on a breakwall or in the sand with a special fixation part that doesn't move. I guess you *could* say that we have illuminated the ocean."

Skewes goes on to recount some of his lighting projects that have had nothing to do with the great outdoors. In the course of his career he has illuminated a collection of guns in a sportsman's trophy room, a showcase of medals in a diplomat's library, porcelains in an English breakfront, and important old masters. "When a painting is illuminated, you should see it as part, an integral part, of a room and not as a bright spot or glare. And never as a source of illumination for a room. In some houses, the paintings have been so bright you don't need any other lighting in the room. This not only makes them look like not very good works of art, it actually causes them to deteriorate."

On the grander indoor scale, Skewes has lit the Taft Museum in Cincinnati and the Wrightsman Galleries and the French eighteenth-century decorative-arts wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, including the Louis XVI Gallery—"The lighting in this gallery is exemplary and should constitute a model for other museums to follow," comments James Parker, curator of European sculpture and decorative arts at the Met. Also St. Mary's Cathedral in Miami, where Skewes illuminated eight panels, all the Stations of the Cross, and the altar—"We were a gift to the church from Mary Lou Maytag, whose house and gardens we'd done in Santa Fe"—and the historic Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, Virginia, whose fine architecture Artistic Lighting brought into relief in a properly dignified manner.

Skewes's most idiosyncratic commission came from a movie star. "She wanted her whole bed illuminated. That's a very unusual request. Ordinarily we just throw light down from the ceiling on the reading area of the bed. But this was Hollywood—they do things differently there." □

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ADRIFT ON THE AMAZON

Learning to love the world's second-longest river

By William Hamilton



Stay here by the fire in cozy Connecticut. Forget the Amazon. That's what I was thinking as I read a contemporary Amazon account. Who wants to wind up on the wrong side of a fish dinner?

"Darling, we must try not to forget to check our bedding for tarantulas," I called out to my fiancée. Then I came to the part about poisonous toads beyond antidote. Was all the wildlife down there designed by Hieronymus Bosch? We were planning to be married and live happily ever after. Why does she want to go down the Amazon? Is this my final premarital test?

"I think it's going to be great fun," she enthused.

"Great fun." I agreeably bluffed.

Her brother, whom she adores, is a solitary wanderer. He's been from one end of the river to the other, all by local canoes and boats. He loves it. I can't appear less courageous. If some little jungle trickster turns my central nervous system into a terminal fire storm, I must remember to clench my jaw and try to smile slightly before the end.

The two most common tourist trips down the Amazon are the Peruvian one from Iquitos to Leticia and the Brazilian one between Manaus and the Atlantic mouth of the river. My fiancée had parleyed with an outfit in New Jersey that sent us a prospectus with maps, upbeat descriptions of their program, and a dim photo of the tour's founding adventurer taken, it appears, before World War II. We signed up for the Peruvian excursion.

The Amazon gathers the watershed of the Andes and builds into the world's second-longest river before it empties into the Atlantic. Iquitos, a hop over the Andes by plane from Lima, is a poor riverfront town. At night, when we arrived, the unsealed, mild-weather shanty housing allowed us peeks at three or four generations of mestizo river families gathered to watch *Dynasty*.

The citizens seemed jolly and happy though, which was a distinct relief from the frightening civic conditions of modern Lima, which is teeming with poverty, guns, and troubles.

We were dropped on a street of thatched houses. Closer inspection revealed they were on stilts, in the river. The lapping black was Amazon. We were led onto a long canoe with a thatched roof. I had recently been on a strikingly similar vessel in Disneyland. The moon was nearly full. We were the only two aboard, headed for a camp that served our tour company as a staging ground for various expeditions. In the bow one crewman worked a spotlight while the *(Continued on page 66)*

WILLIAM HAMILTON



Hear her soothing song.

You'll hear music in the laughter of her children and the splashing of her sapphire waters. It's a melody of sunlight

ISN'T IT?

dancing on white rooftops and the trumpeting of blossoms down her tranquil, winding lanes.

Not everyone was meant to hear it. But for you Bermuda's song will play forever.

...ther steered us from the outboa... motor astern. Gliding through chan... nels in a jungle in the moonlight alone with your fiancée produces serene detachment. "Ukiyo-e," I said, thinking of the floating world of Japanese pictures and poems. There was a brief rain squall. Rain made the thatch sound as if it were applauding.

Unfortunately this idyll lasted only half an hour. Six hours would have been better—as it was, there was moonlight—because we weren't so much traveling as we were floating in an enchantment of balmy air and moonlight on water and trees. The first house we came to was a surprise, appearing semidetached from a small island, on stilts in the middle of the water. As the moon lit its exterior, the embers of a cooking fire made its interior glow in the softest, richest rose. A man was picking at a guitar. Hammocks swayed. A baby cried. There was a pot over the fire. We were drifting by mankind's primordial home.

At the staging camp we lost all the wonder generated on the river under moonlight. Americans who couldn't look more alien to the floating world were spread corpulently about a barroom drinking pisco sours and comparing the cleverness of their currency exchanges. I must confess I am curdled by snobbery when I meet Americans of such dramatically less than Henry ...s abroad. I wanted ... river, away from ... sible.

...om my prejudices ...es. The next night ...at took us back to ... MV *Rio Amazo-* ...er couples, both ...nified solitary

...al layers of iron, ...n a keel laid in ... in its present in- ...any as fifty pas- ...nted white, she ...antic iron wed- ...t. Her master, ...ásquez, ran her ...usband. His or- ...ods, and small ... he easiest and most affectionate command in my nautical experience.

The moon was full as we got under way, making a black-and-white movie of us and the river. Standing on the top deck of the *Rio Amazonas* was like riding a tower through a dream. Above us were stars and clouds. Below was the indefinite sliding river and shaggy blocks of islands.

Our little stateroom was air-conditioned. We had a good old-fashioned porthole, a bath, a chair, and a pair of bunks. Captain Vásquez had married us earlier under that full moon on the top deck.

River travel is different from flying or ocean voyaging because land is always near for reference. It's closer to railroading, but much more comfortable. Waking up on a river trip is a grand surprise, unlike the interruption of landing in a plane or the abstraction of looking out at an endless ocean. We were simultaneously where we'd gone to bed—that is, aboard the *Rio Amazonas*—and in a new place, moored by riverbanks of jungle, among islands. Five or six stilt houses carried plumes of smoke from breakfast fires. These were the typical homes of the river people populating the entire Amazon—



the mestizos, who handle their canoes with the deftness of an appendage.

Theirs is an unmechanized, premonetary, self-sufficient world. Dugout canoes ply river tributaries and streetlike channels. Unusually the paddler works from the bow. The pod of the boat follows behind like an exclamation mark trailing its period. Men, women, and children paddle canoes of appropriate size from one house to another, tying up to the stilts. Babies paddling baby canoes go by. A boy fishing with a spear sits toward the stern of his boat for leverage. When he sees bubbles in the glistening coffee waters, he hurls his gig and paddles after the bobbing hilt. He pulls it up empty and we exchange a grin. As a freelancer myself, I understand rejection.

We were presently introduced to our guide, Beder Chávez, a river-bred mestizo in his twenties. He has taught himself admirable English, botany, and drawing. He tells us the Latin name of any plant or tree we point out. After breakfast, Beder took us out on a skiff to explore the river at closer hand.

Nature has been looted for us so thoroughly photographically we expect crocodiles, tapirs, jaguars, monkeys, and parrots to appear everywhere at once. Having been shown films and photos gleaned from years of expert, patient stalking of fish and fowl and animals at the rarest moments of their lives in perfect focus, we expect instant wildlife spectacles. In the skiff we wonder where they are, the jaguars and monkeys and parrots and orchids. What about some anacondas and sloths and crocodiles? Even with binoculars we see only the convolutions of vegetation and an occasional flicker of birds.

The Amazon has no such panoramas of wildlife as Africa. Butterflies, ants, spiders, and birds are its only accessible inhabitants.

"There is an iguana—two," advises Beder. Finding them is a lesson in seeing.

"There is an orchid that appears for only 24 hours once a year." He directs us to a cluster of closing blooms in a tree. "It must have appeared yesterday." *(Continued on page 70)*

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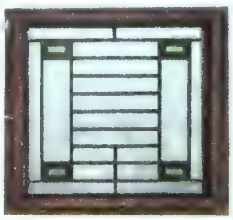






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Schumacher's Frank Lloyd Wright Collection. The prairie genius at home in today's executive suite.



A prairie house leaded glass window designed by Wright.

Starting with his pioneering prairie houses in the early years of this century, Frank Lloyd Wright shook up the design establishment of America and of the whole world. Mies van der Rohe, describing the effect of a Wright exhibition in Berlin in 1910, wrote, "The encounter was...to prove of great significance to the European development. The work...presented an architectural world of unexpected force, clarity of language, and disconcerting richness of form."

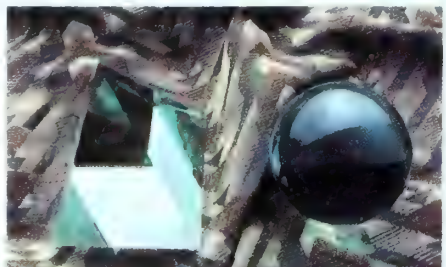
The prairie houses proclaimed not only Wright's architectural genius but also his lifelong involvement in *all* the things that defined a living space. Furniture, lamps, rugs,—even ashtrays. All of these served as grist for his ubiquitous interests and each seemed to offer him rich opportunities for finding unique and original solutions.

Many of Wright's long-lived design ideas and thoroughly Wrightian solutions can be seen in the up-to-the-minute executive suite shown on the facing page. Located in Chicago's sleek new Olympia Centre, the suite, designed by Richard Robb & Associates (designers Richard Robb and Douglas Nickless), highlights designs from the dramatic Frank Lloyd Wright collection assembled by F. Schumacher & Co. with the curatorial cooperation of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation.



The 1955 "*Design 102*" fabric designed by Wright for Schumacher.

Wright's wide-ranging involvement with Schumacher, incidentally, dates to a 1909 order for "goat's hair satin" to be used on furniture in Chicago's historic Robie house. (Robie house was selected by a panel of architects and art historians as one of two outstanding houses built in the United States in this century; the other house, also by Wright, was Fallingwater.) Orders for Schumacher fabrics continued through the years; then in the 1950's, Wright himself designed a line of fabrics and wallpapers *for* Schumacher. A fabric from that cooperation continues to be a popular design and can be seen on the upholstered bench cushion in the lower left photo.



Chevron Repp, a woven based on art glass, D.D. Martin house, Buffalo (1904).

Schumacher's current Frank Lloyd Wright collection includes well over a hundred items and employs themes and motifs that span almost all the years of Wright's prodigious career. In the main photo here, the *Imperial Triangle* rug, the dramatic *Imperial Peacock* print on the lounge chairs and the *Imperial Border* on the wall are each based on Wright's designs (1916–22) for the celebrated Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. The *Geometric* wallpaper and the side chairs' *Liberty Weave* fabric are based on Wright designs for *Liberty* magazine covers (1926–27); the desk chair's upholstery is *Storer House Matelasse* based on Wright's unique concrete "textile" block construction in the famed Hollywood private house (1923); the *Tower Sheer* at the windows is borrowed from a frieze on the unexecuted tower for St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, N.Y. (1929). All in all a compendium of, and an homage to, the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright.



The Wright chair, ca. 1904. Behind it, a cotton print based on art glass, Francis W. Little house (1912–14).

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On first impression the Amazon ... like being shown pages and pages ... Chinese scrolls and being told there a... some beautiful poems in them.

The river is at an exceptional level ... flood. Because it has encroached on ... much normally dry land, the fishing ... very bad. The fish are feeding on th... bounty immersed by flooding. On ... the greediest will take bait. A little ca... fish with a potbelly, white and tigh... and round as a light bulb, has take... Beder's hook as we fish among vine... and roots and trunks in a little tribu... tary.

"So greedy, how could he wan... more?" says one of us.

"Some fish are like that," observe... another.

"It's an agent fish," murmurs m... river wife, who on dry land works i... the literary world.

The temperature is warm and mild... Even on hot days it is cool in the shade.

"Look there," said Beder one day ir... the skiff. Against the clear blue sky... three big blue yellow-headed parrots... flew on a purposeful trajectory. The... sight of them made me realize I had... previously only thought of parrots in... captivity.

That night another skiff expedition... was made. Beder cut the engine so we... could listen to the raucous population... so hard to see. The electric buzz of the... tree frogs, bird cries, bullfrog beeps,... and monkey screeches identified the... Amazon as home to a late-night crowd.

"Tomorrow," Beder informed us back aboard the *Rio Amazonas,* "we visit the tribes of Indians."

In preparation for meeting natives I had bought Frisbees in New York. Visions of Frisbees winging among the parrots and anacondas, of a possible aboriginal Frisbee world champion, perhaps an amazed upstaged witch doctor, and an offer of maidens or a chiefdom had occurred to me. Moreover, Frisbees are easy to pack. The *Rio Amazonas* dropped anchor by a bluff fringed with curious, naked children. I unpacked my Frisbees and we went ashore to visit the tribes.

The village was populated by two tribes who for thousands of years enthusiastically dined on one another but have had to make new arrangements because of the encroachment of civilization. Each tribe used to live in one big house. *(Continued on page 72)*

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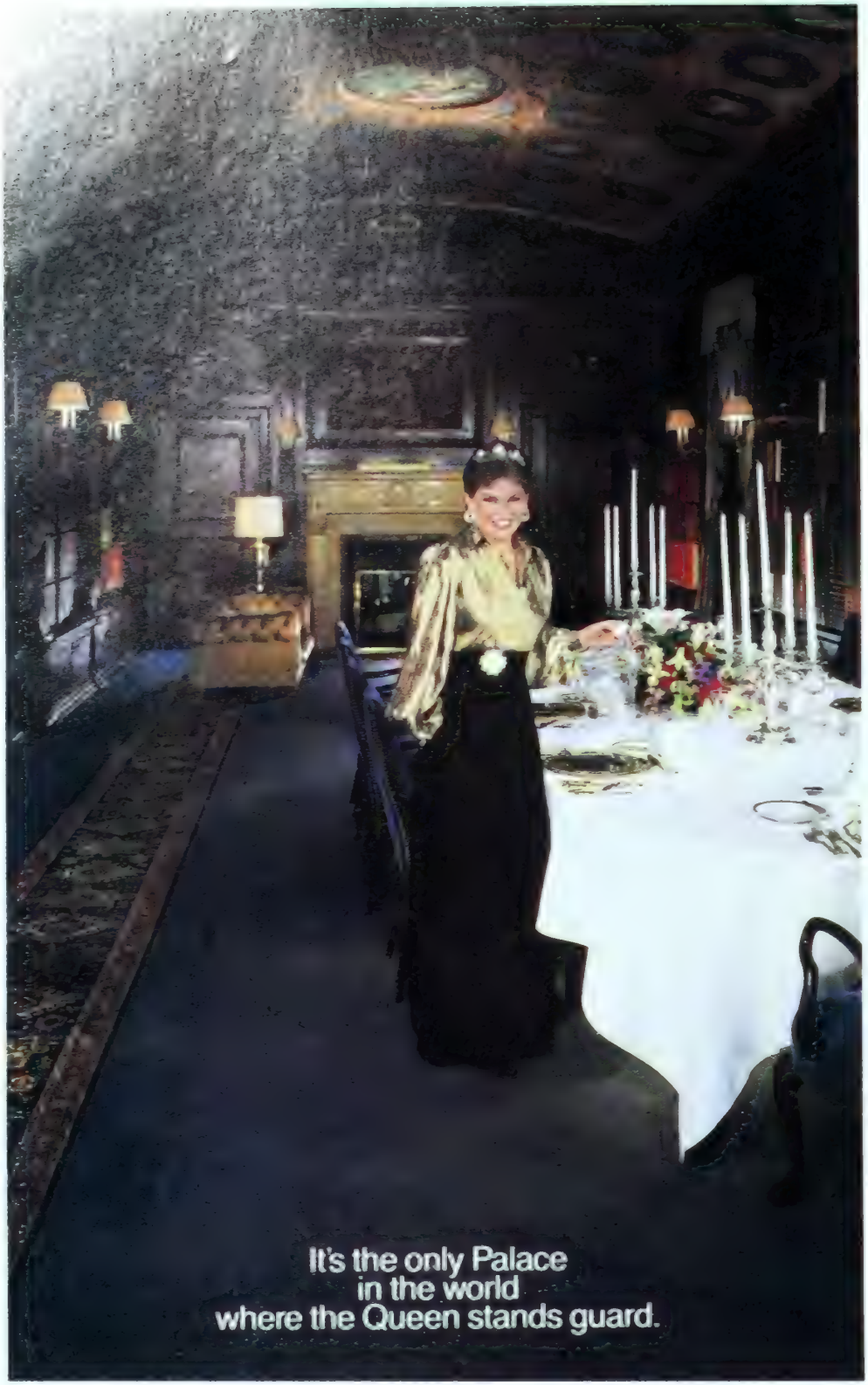
Now they've opted for the same style single-family dwellings favored by t riverbank mestizos. These hous seemed to offer the same open vistas Philip Johnson's Glass House in Co necticut.

In the village we were invited in, up into, such a house. The entire stru ture is made of different kinds of pal tree. The floor has springy slats sp from the trunk of a palm called th floorboard palm. The roof is thatche and movable walls are woven from th spiky leaves of the ubiquitous lea palm. It all hangs on a skeleton of pol from yet another species of this vers tile tree. A woman was squeezing pul from a baby-size lump of yucca ro into a bucket set with a woven pal frond sieve. This liquor, called masat was being prepared for a feast celebra ing the reconstruction of the hous across the street.

Like the ancient temples at Kyot which are demolished and reconstruct ed every eleven years, houses on th Amazon are replaced regularly a weather, time, and termites weake them. The tribeless mestizos on the riv er repair and replace their houses too but without the ceremony that thi tribe, like the priests at Kyoto, instinc tively brings to such an appropriat symbol of renewal. A freshly kille capybara wrapped in leaves lay at hand to be roasted. There would be dancing The masato would be drunk. The woman squeezing yucca root offered me a sip. Masticated yucca root fer mented and emulsified by river water turns out to be absolutely delicious.

At a communal lodge the tour com pany hired a dance by the tribe for our benefit. The tribespeople brought such tradables as skins, jewelry made of beads and bones, and drawings on bark cloth. Because this tribe was big and jolly, the performance didn't seem as pathetic and contrived as the hop performed for us by a disintegrating lit tle tribe of indigenous people back at our first camp.

A pair of manguare—hollowed-out hardwood logs representing the male and female, slit for resonance great enough to carry messages miles into the jungle—provides the percussion. A man beats the sonorous slung-log cou ple with a mallet of rubber right off a rubber tree. Like an auscultating doc tor he finds (Continued on page 74)



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in different parts of bodies.

number, which quickly exposes bossy type, three sound pers, and an extraordinarily beautiful young woman who might lead an unmarried man to considerations of starting his own mestizo family in a stilt house on the river.

The dancers pull Beder into the line. He smiles and rolls his eyes and follows the steps. Watching Beder, a mestizo, dance with them, I wonder how they think of mestizos, of Indians who leave, intermarry, and live on the river. I also wonder how the self-taught and sophisticated Beder feels dancing with his prehistoric half.

Next the dancers break to pull us in for the finale of the anaconda dance. The beautiful girl seems to rush toward me, then continues right on by to pick the solitary American for her partner. In this last regard, the Amazonian cotillion mirrored many of my earlier dance floor disappointments.

After the dancing had finished, I demonstrated the Frisbee. As my wife had predicted when I told her about my Frisbee scheme, the levitation of the spinning plastic disk held no interest at all for the Indians. They clamored for Frisbees because they saw in them excellent plates and boat bailers. I traded my Beverly Hills Hotel sewing kit for a snakeskin for my hatband and left the village glad that I'd seen it.

We began our brief jungle walk at the stilt house of an unusual figure on the river, a man with two wives. Beder informed us that one wife was forty-four and the other twenty and that they were so jealous of each other he had to take them both on any hunting trips that lasted more than one night. At the house we found only his mother at home. Don Juan himself was out on a three-day hunt, so both wives were with him. I looked at his house for clues to the life of a man living in the middle of nowhere with his mother and two wives.

He had a beautiful old blowgun. These amazing hardwood devices are weighted so that the six feet or so of length can be held easily just in front of the chin. Held up for a squint, the bore appeared straight as a rifle's. A kapok wad around a dart dipped in poison pops out at a puff to drop a monkey thirty feet away. The missing lord of this manor also had the most wonderful pet bird, called a trumpeter. The trumpeter had a vivid sense of territorial imperative.

This chicken-size bird was furious at the incursion of a pair of adolescent pigs into her domain under the stilts holding up the house. She raised all her beautiful blue-and-gray plumage, bowling out her wings and screaming imprecations as she charged the pigs. They hesitated before the fierce feather, spectacle, and in disproof of the expression "chickening out," it was the pigs who ran away from the bird.

Feathers out, she looked as big as a turkey. Feathers down, she wasn't much bigger than a football. She was the house's watchdog. Perhaps it was a cock, but I took the bird for a hen, since every other member of the missing hunter/lover's menage was female.

Beautiful heliconas and orchids appeared rarely and strikingly in the forest. Termite nests, spider webs, and ant populations clung to the infinite-seeming vegetation. It was like walking through a three-dimensional Persian carpet. Tobacco brown streams slashed through the jungle on their way to becoming the Amazon. It felt safe and ancient. Despite the dangers I'd read about, I felt none. It's in fact refreshing to be in nature so grand humans seem as mere insects.

I'm sure life on the Amazon looked sweeter to me than it might to, say, a forty-four-year-old wife watching her twenty-year-old competitor on a three-day hunting expedition with their mutual husband. Obviously the self-sufficient life of the river people in the palm houses would quickly look like poverty if wealth arrived to build next door. But it all struck me as quite idyllic. Slow and balmy, flecked with poison-bright colors, this endlessness of green leaf and brown current beneath monumental, phantasmagoric cloud formations building and changing over it all day made me feel anciently at peace and prehistorically at home. □

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By Nicholas Fox Weber



Glassblower Simon Pearce is a ghostly presence behind the water goblet taking shape

WILLIAM WALDRON

Bertrand Russell, in his autobiography, describes a dinner visit from Prime Minister Gladstone. Russell was seventeen years old and lived with his grandmother in a vast house in Richmond Park which had been given to her and her husband by Queen Victoria. "As I was the only male in the household, he and I were left alone together at the dinner table after the ladies retired. He made only one remark: 'This is a very good port they have given me, but why have they given it me in a claret glass?' I did not know the answer, and wished the earth would swallow me up. Since then I have never felt the full agony of terror."

Decorum in that Victorian dining room had as grand a role as that of its cousin decoration. Both prevailed in the world of glassware as they do in many households a century later. But for those fortunate enough to have the work of Simon Pearce on the table today, not only might the burgundy be in a water goblet or the ale in a champagne flute, but the cut surfaces and fragile stems suggestive of a terrifying formality have been replaced by shapes and textures that proffer only comfort and tranquillity.

In his undecorated goblets one feels the very forces that give them their life: their history from molten sand to the pontil iron. The pontil mark that remains on the bottom of each piece of glass refers to the processes that are glorified rather than disguised in his work. Pearce makes handmade blown glass for everyday use. His clear uncut goblets and other vessels are, with the exception of certain pieces by Steuben, an innovation in our time, restoring to functional glassware the character it had before the eras of ornament and industrialization. As such, he is like Bernard Leach and other modern potters who restored to dinner service the unadorned *(Continued on page 80)*



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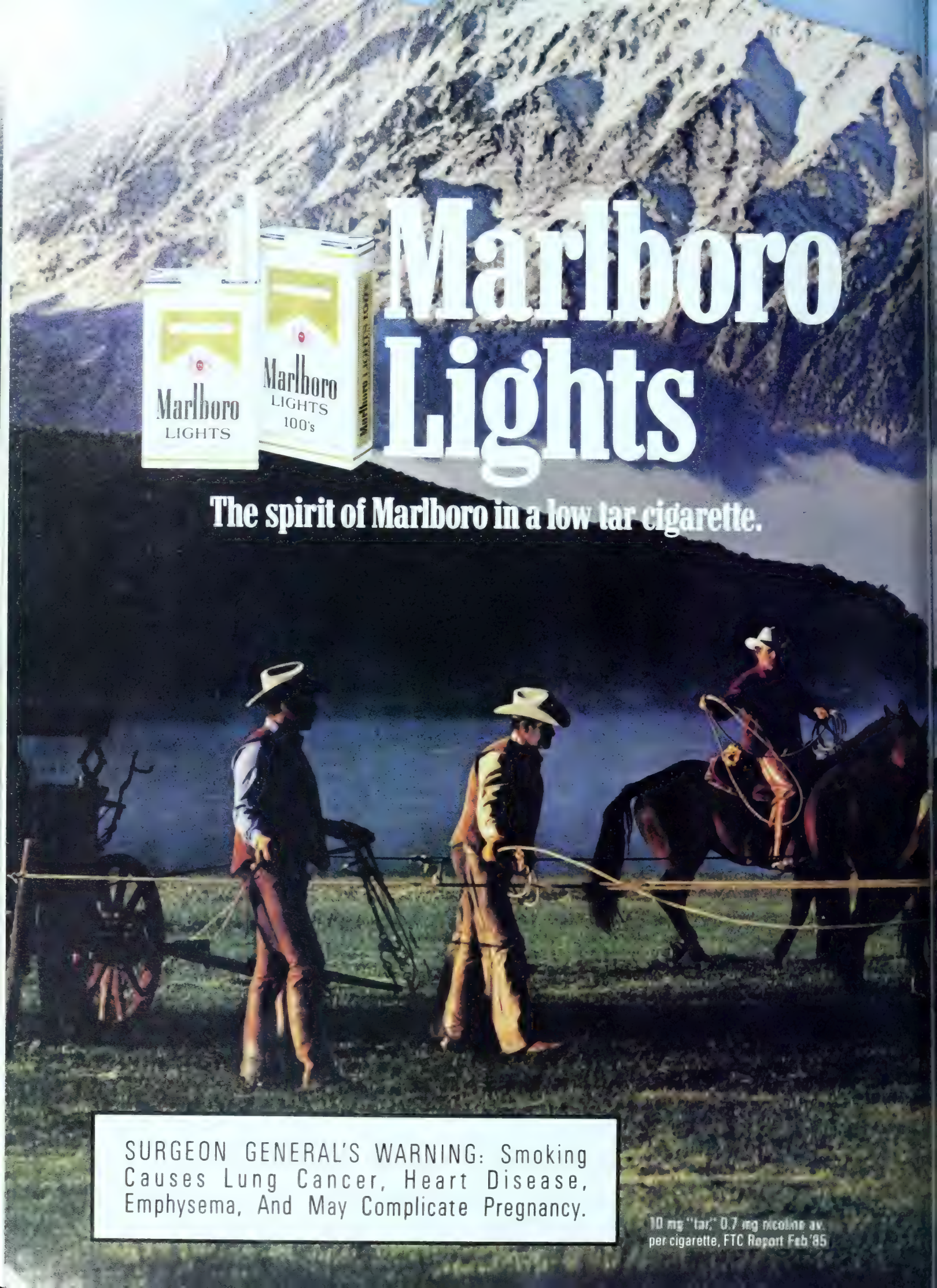
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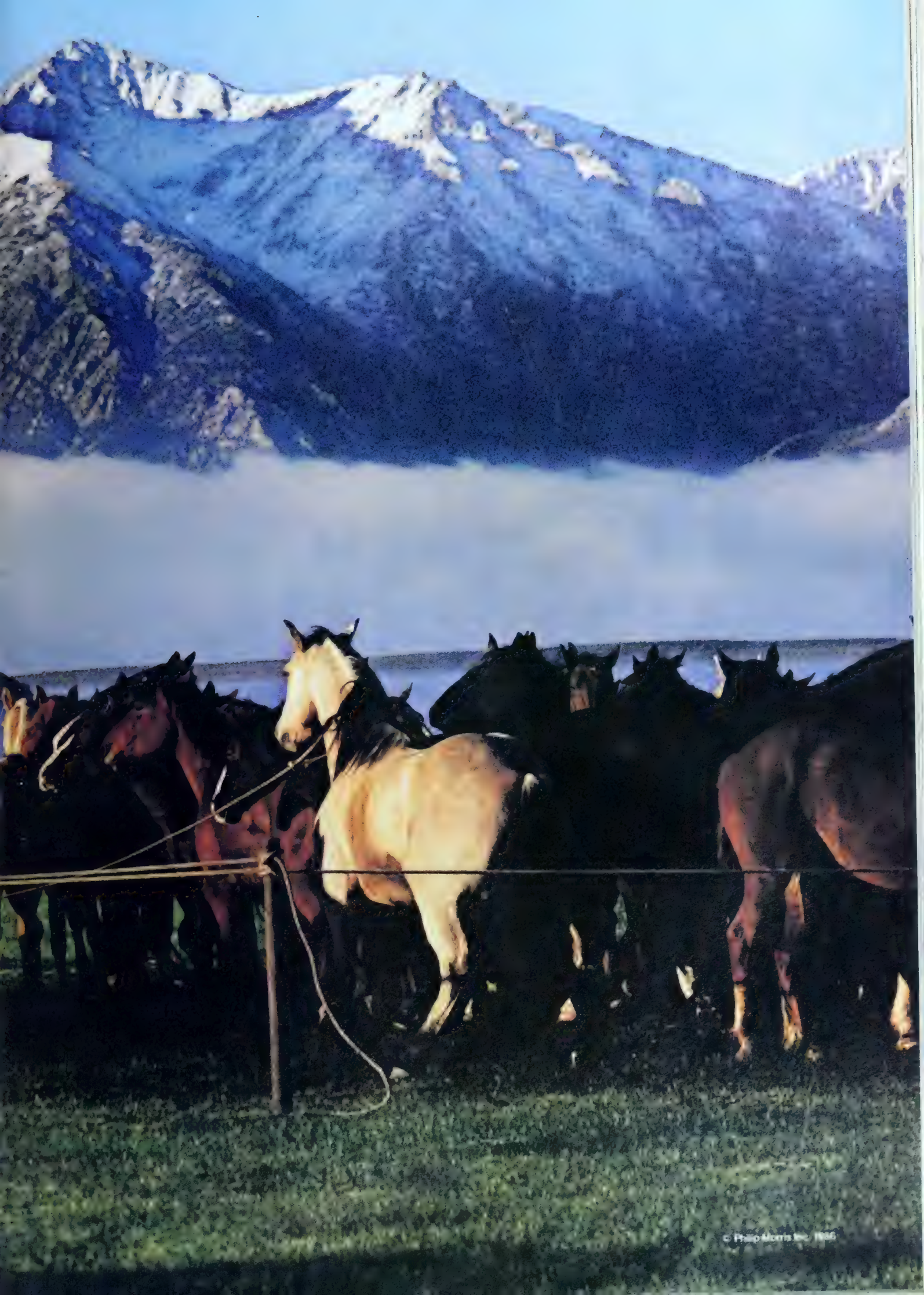
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essence of the raw materials out of which they were made.

Simon Pearce, who for the past five years has been working in Quechee, Vermont, arrived naturally at his craft. Philip Pearce, his father, started a pottery in the small seaside town of Shanagarry in County Cork, Ireland, when Simon was ten. This former bookseller-farmer was reviving a tradition of country earthenware that had died out almost a century earlier twenty miles away in the town of Youghal, where his clay came from. His work has the same rugged elegance as his son's glassware.

Daily living was cherished in the Pearce home. Simon recalls the special seasoning that went into the food—largely thanks to Simon's mother, Lucy Pearce, who was a friend of Elizabeth David's and had some of the same know-how as the great food writer. Every household object was carefully chosen. "No matter how inexpensive or menial its purpose—even if it was the brush to sweep the floor—it was always beautiful to look at." Lucy Pearce was also remarkable for instilling in her children the sense that they could do whatever they wanted. Simon feels that the reason he learned to build machinery and a factory, to weld and do electrical work, as well as make glass ar run a business, is that when he w growing up, she encouraged him to fi ish everything he started or trie "Generally when a child's bicyc breaks down, his parents take it to th shop and get it mended. The child in mediately decides, 'I can't mend bic cles; that's up to the experts.' In th case of my brother Stephen and m our mother would watch us fiddle wit a bike, and when we got fed up an said we couldn't fix it, she would loo at it with us. If it needed a new link, w would take the chain off, get on the bu alone to the large town ten miles awa and buy a new one. If we couldn't put back on by ourselves, someone woul do it *with* us, but never *for* us." Eve before they were teenagers, materia and instruction were always availabl for making their own wheelbarrow and wagons or even building a slat roof. The result was that, unlike Ber trand Russell, the Pearces grew up wit no terror whatsoever. As for decorum the Pearce boys used to run across th dining-room *(Continued on page 82*



A one-of-a-kind large-stemmed bowl, *above,* signed and dated in Pearce's 1803 Vermont mill, *below,* on the Ottauquechee River.





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while guests were dining there. [illegible] parents were friends of A. S. Neill, the founder of Summerhill, and championed some radical approaches to child rearing.)

When Simon first had the idea of making handmade functional glass a piece at a time, he needed every bit of the self-confidence his mother had encouraged. Dropping out of school at age fifteen to travel and become a potter, he went at age seventeen for two years to New Zealand to study with the British potter who had trained his father, and then spent a year in the Orient with Stephen, by then also a potter. On his return he decided to work in glass rather than clay. It was 1968, and he was 22 years old. For a year he wrote to the governments of glass-producing countries, to factory owners and experts on the subject. "Everyone said it was impossible. One of the great glass experts in England wrote me, 'You're absolutely out of your mind. Don't even attempt it. It can never be done; it's not like throwing a lump of mud on a wheel.' " He decided to attend the Royal College of Art in London, but grew dissatisfied after a few months and switched to the Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam. He soon became convinced that rather than study he should go directly to a factory. He was prepared to do nothing but sweep floors if necessary; in fact at the Vennini factory near Venice all he did was make and serve a mixture of white wine and Coca-Cola to the glassmakers. Other stints in factories were with Leerdam in Holland; Kastrup Holmegaard in Denmark; and Boda, Orrefors, and Sandvick in Sweden. A breakthrough occurred in Scandinavia. The glassmakers "were open, frank, and giving." Not only did Pearce get a lot of practical training, he was also given the freedom to experiment a bit.

In 1971 he set up a glass workshop in Ireland, in Kilkenny northeast of Shanagarry. He used some of what he had learned abroad, particularly at Orrefors, but without the insistence on uniformity. He sought some of the quality he loved in pub glasses of the type he had started to collect at age fifteen. There would be "no hand polishing, no engineers with micrometers." The designs were based neither on historical precedent nor on a desire for originality—only on an instinct for balance and proportion and what felt right overall. "The key is to get the right weight of collar, the right length of stem. Even if the dimensions are correct, if you put on a thin mean foot, it will be ugly and just won't work." There had to be a reason for each nuance of shape. "The base of a wineglass is wide so that it stands up properly. The shoulder of a pitcher needs a certain curve so that it will work. Otherwise one must resist. Swirls and dents put in just for their own sake are worthless." People have pointed to the influence of early Georgian forms, but Simon says that the designs are quite different, even though the feeling is similar. He does admit to a kinship, however, with the combination of sophistication and primitiveness—"the gentleness and softness, that trying not to be hard or rigid"—of traditional Irish design as it is manifest in early silver and the plasterwork of Dublin.

An audience emerged shortly after the Kilkenny workshop was established. Simon Pearce's work was soon exhibited, written about, and sold in Ireland, England, and America. In 1981 he moved with his American wife to Quechee, which is five miles from Woodstock. He bought a mill on the Ottauquechee River; it generates all of the electricity for the unique dual-chamber glass-melting furnace that he designed with the help of engineers from Corning. In the melting chamber he puts his formula of 70 percent pure silica sand from North Carolina, 15 percent lead, and nine other ingredients of which the mix is crucial. Because the lead content is 15 percent rather than 30, the product is technically half crystal. It is lead that brings down the melting temperature of sand and then holds the heat so that the material can be worked. In Pearce's glass there is no need for the same lead content as for full crystal, where an increased softness is necessary for cutting and polishing.

The method is based entirely on effectiveness, without reverence for tradition or the *(Continued on page 84)*

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[illegible]k except as they are [illegible]o attain certain qualities. [illegible]ew furnace improves the material [illegible] the movement between the two chambers helps eliminate bubbles. The four-foot-long pipe with which Pearce, or the people he has trained, remove the glass from the second chamber is made of stainless steel because a traditional iron pipe might scale off into the furnace and turn everything green. After the centering—"one of the hardest things in glassmaking, which is getting the weight in the right place"—most of the glass is blown into beechwood or graphite molds, which Simon considers indispensable to many forms even if "at the Royal College of Art, a mold was a dirty word." After it is blown, the object is transferred to the pontil iron for the finishing processes. Five people making high-quality commercial crystal can finish 120 stem glasses in an hour, whereas five workers for Simon Pearce complete 20, or with luck 22, per hour. Appealing as mechanically produced glass may look in a shop window, Simon Pearce feels that once it is at home it has a cold, lifeless feeling, which he would no sooner settle for than his mother would have served canned vegetables.

At Pearce's two shops—in Quechee and on Bleecker Street in New York—

> In 1981 Pearce moved to Quechee, Vermont, five miles from Woodstock, and bought a mill on the Ottauquechee River

one sees the perfectly balanced, sparkling results. In stock there are three styles of wineglasses, round water goblets, sherry glasses, tankards, highball and whiskey glasses, carafes, jug bowls, pitchers, lamps, candlesticks various sizes, and several designs vases and other miscellaneous objec Simon will not take commissions, b periodically introduces new items aft he has tried them out for a while home. Last fall the rather Orienta looking, uterine-shaped vases di played in the New York shop we particularly remarkable.

The boy who used to run on the t ble has now joined the world of cat logue sales and specialty stores. H wares can also be ordered by mail fro Quechee or seen at such retail outle as Henri Bendel, numerous jewel and gift shops, and many branches Pierre Deux, as well as in the two shop that bear the Pearce name. The potte of Simon's father and brother is o view as well. Stephen Pearce's wor combines the allure of Korean ston ware with the high spirits and inver tiveness of Picasso's ceramics.

In Quechee, Simon also has a restau rant where the objects of all three ar used and where he supervises the foo preparation. In the mill viewers can ac tually watch the glass get blown by th ten or so glassblowers Simon ha trained. In addition, one often encoun ters the designer himself. His appear ance combines classic features an irregularity much as his work does; h has the sort of rugged good looks tha could have done no harm to his self assurance.

In his house nearby Simon Pearc makes beauty as inevitable in the live of his three sons, all under the age o six, as it was in his childhood. The have used his glassware ever since the could pick it up. "People come in an say how awful it is that the children us expensive glasses. In fact, they've bro ken only one glass. That investment ir my children's education is pretty cheap compared with what people are spend ing on education down the road at ar college." If the common sense and ad venturousness that Simon and Pia Pearce embody is carried on by thei children, their education is off to a good start. The lucky devils can drink their milk from a brandy snifter, thei juice from one of the new tulip wine glasses. One can only guess what Mr. Gladstone would have to say. □



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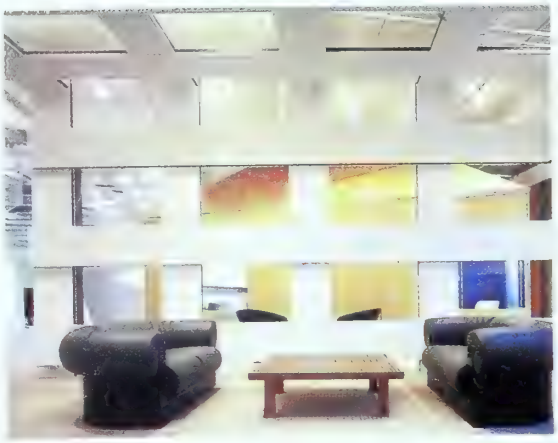
JOURNAL

On the arts scene



EMINENT VICTORIANA

Victoria became queen of England 150 years ago, and choice ephemera (from a Campotosto portrait, *above,* to a pair of royal knickers) will be on view at New York's 33rd Winter Antiques Show from January 23 to February 1. *Margaret Morse*





HIGH TEX

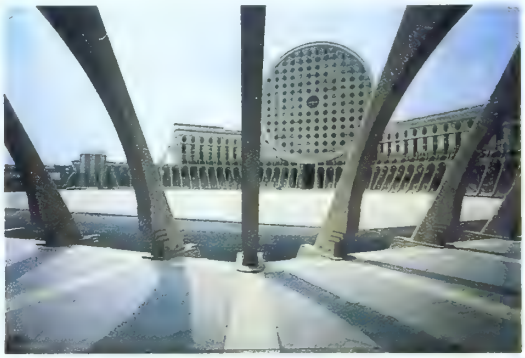
SunarHauserman, the office furniture and wall systems company that pioneered the architect-designed showroom by hiring Michael Graves in 1979, strikes off in a new direction with its refreshing space by Frank Gehry in Dallas's Innova center, *left* and *above,* evidence of a continuing commitment to first-rate architecture. *Martin Filler*

STARS IN OUR EYES

Michael Herr's much-admired *Dispatches* dealt with Vietnam, and in his new book, *The Big Room* (Summit, $24.95), he brings his tender, bleak, and thrilling imagination to the battleground of American celebrityhood. The big room is metaphor and locale, ultimate public testing ground and Las Vegas casino. Herr's poetic prose demands close attention and may sometimes be inaccessible to those who do not know the biographies, yet these impressions of the stars of show business, stadium, organized crime, and Oval Office vivify and illuminate the subjects. Among the best: Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Richard Nixon, *right,* JFK, Marilyn Monroe. The velvety, sleazy portraits are by Guy Peellaert. *Elaine Greene*

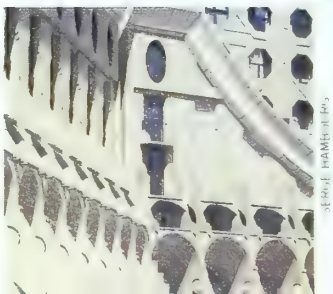


Steps, 1986





Architect Nuñez and his Arênes de Picasso near Paris.





WHEELS OF MISFORTUNE

The strangest new housing in Europe is concentrated in the Marne-la-Vallée suburb of Paris, already famous for its enormous classically inspired complexes by the Spanish architect Ricardo Bofill. But even more bizarre are Les Arênes de Picasso, *left,* recently completed by Bofill's former colleague Manolo Nuñez. Symmetrical wings enclose a vast, empty octagonal plaza and flank a mirror-image pair of wheel-shaped eighteen-story apartment structures that have earned the local sobriquet of Les Camemberts. *Quels fromages!* *M.F.*



CUBIST KITCHEN

Three months in the lives of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas inspired Jill Godmilow and Mark Magill's fictive film *On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* In the scene, *above,* Linda Hunt, on left as Toklas, faces Bernadette Lafont, who plays Picasso's mistress. Linda Bassett portrays Stein. *M.M.*

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JOURNAL

On the arts scene

TWO ON THE TILE

In the kitchen of their 1890s house near New York, artists Richard Haas and his wife, Katherine Sokolnikoff, have cooked up a fine collaboration. Above the sink, *right* and *far right,* are tiles by Haas with views of nearby houses. Across from them, *below,* Sokolnikoff painted a Hudson River panorama, with buildings added by her husband. *M.F.*

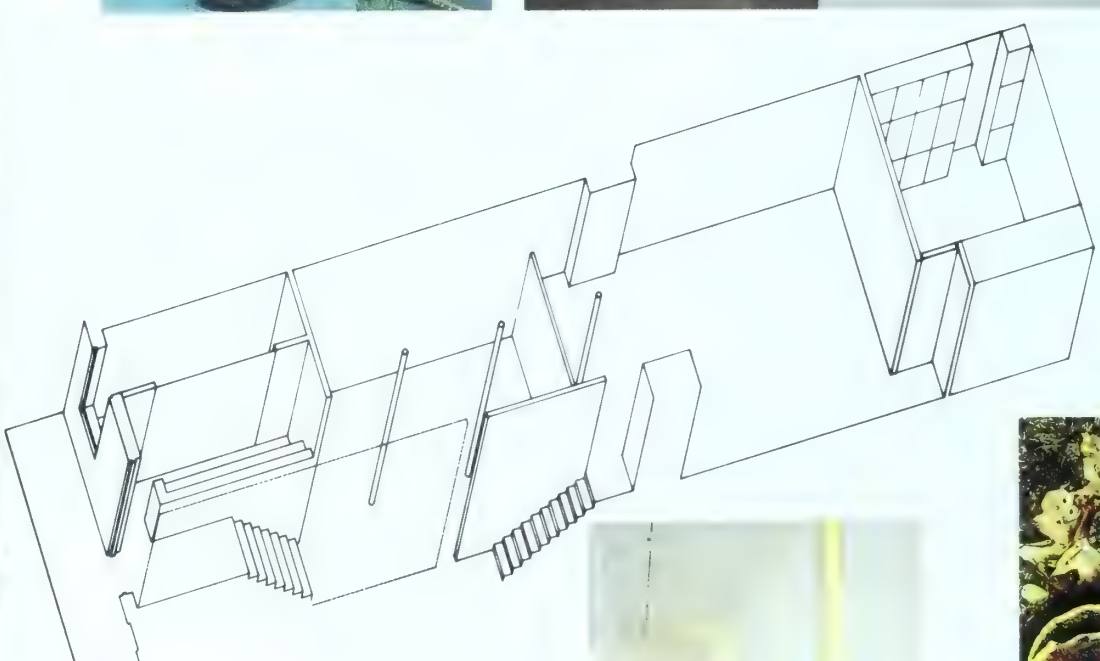








PETER MAUSS/ESTO



P.P.O.W. POWER

Although some critics have already heralded the demise of New York's East Village art scene, several dealers have recently indicated otherwise by making big investments in new galleries. The best of them is P.P.O.W., at 337 East 8th Street, by the London firm Pawson Silvestrin. Architect John Pawson's full-bodied brand of Minimalism makes the space both receptive and strong, and his skillful manipulation of interior volume, *diagram above,* sets it apart from the usual one-level lofts and storefronts in the area. A narrow slot in one wall, *above right,* leads to a stairway and the upper level, *far right,* and a view back out to the mean street. *M.F.*





MICHAEL MUNDY

MAINE STREAMS

Thoreau's "tonic of wildness" is as close as *Maine,* photographer Eliot Porter's new book (Little, Brown, $49.95). From minutely observed fungi, *below,* to buoys as ruddy as boiled lobsters, Porter, a bacteriologist and physician by training, coaxes sublime colors and textures out of overcast days—coastal Maine's element, and his. *M.M.*





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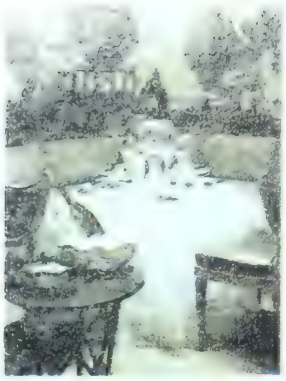
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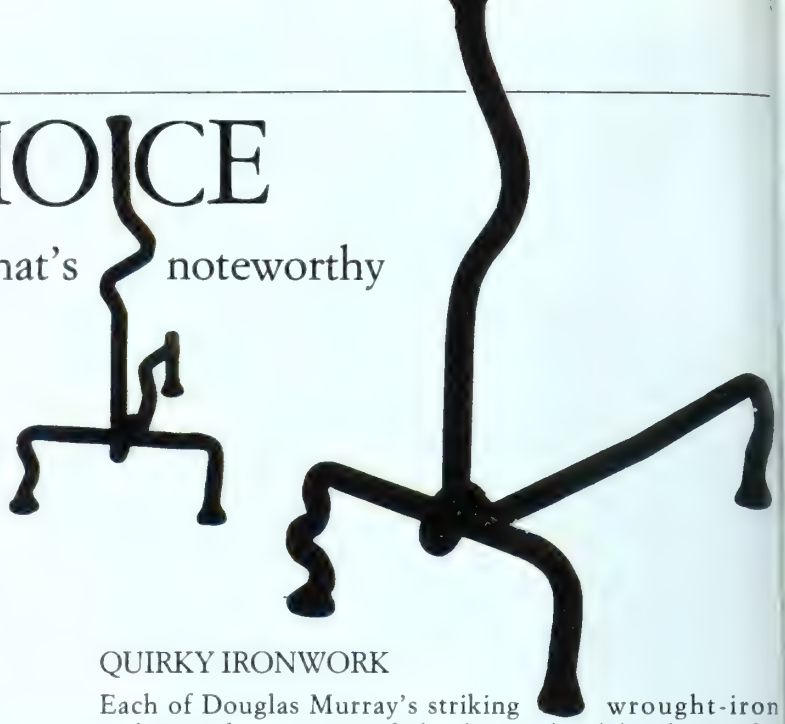
CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy



TIFFANY'S NEW BOOK

For a late champagne supper J. F. Daigre skirts a glass table with plastic bubble wrap, *left,* and lights it from within—one of the sparkling table settings from *Tiffany Taste* by Tiffany design director John Loring (Doubleday, $50).



QUIRKY IRONWORK

Each of Douglas Murray's striking wrought-iron andirons, *above,* is a one of a kind, signed and dated ($800 for an unidentical pair). They can be seen along with wrought-iron lamps, candlesticks, fireplace tools, and table bases with granite tops at Mimi London in Los Angeles; (213) 855-2567.



MOUNTAIN GROWN

Seeds for any garden, *above,* elevated or not, come from High Altitude Gardens, a firm based at 6,000 feet in Ketchum, Idaho. Ranging from vegetables and herbs to wildflowers, seeds are developed for cold sites, but their short growing season can produce multiple crops in warmer climes. High Altitude Gardens, (208) 726-3221.

ENGLISH GOODS

Osborne & Little, the London-based fabric house, now has a New York showroom. *Right:* Two of their new fabrics are Stippleglaze and Shagreen, both subtle patterns on glazed cotton. Available through designers.



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CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy



GLEAMIN' LIZARDS

The amiable horned lizard of the American Southwest, above, has been re-created in fine and sterling silver by William Ford. The 2½-inch-long pins ($130) are available at The Hand and the Spirit Gallery, Scottsdale, Arizona; (602) 949-1262.



SOMETHING AFOOT

Small footstools in pretty fabrics, *left,* are made to order by Christian Schlumberger. They cost $150 each and measure 14 by 10 by 5½ inches. Most of the materials are French or Italian. A retail and wholesale firm, Christian Schlumberger sells fabric, does upholstery, and consults on decorating. The shop is located at 1270 Third Avenue in New York; (212) 879-5530.





NEW CHAIRS FROM OLD MASTERS

The design world's lingering backward glance continues to bring forth some of the most distinctive seating on the market. New York's Global Furniture offers Marcel Breuer's 1928–30 cane-and-chrome chaise longue on wheels ($1,860), *above,* by the German firm Tecta, which also reproduces Karl Friedrich Schinkel's c.-1837 cast-iron garden chair, *right,* made for his Schloss Charlottenhof at Potsdam ($790). Also in the spirit of the past is London decorator David Mlinaric's new Balcony chair, *far right,* £213 at Chatsworth Carpenters in Baslow, England; tel. (24) 688-2242.





HISTORIC REPRODUCTIONS AND ADAPTATIONS are an increasingly popular way to honor the past. Over sixty new objects from six of the house museums of the National Trust for Historic Preservation are now in stores around the country, including furniture by Kindel, wallpapers and rugs by Schumacher, lamps by Paul Hanson, Mottahedeh china, and more.

A TOMB FOR THE TELLY

Media criticism perhaps, Christopher Maier's witty architectural TV and stereo cabinets are shapes inspired by New Orleans cemetery vaults. *Above from left:* Classic (74 inches tall), Gothic (90 inches), Crude (78 inches) from $3,800 to $4,800 at the New Orleans design shop Leitmotif, 3814 Magazine St.; (504) 891-7777.



RUSSIAN LIGHT

The opulent 2-foot candelabra, *left,* is Russian, c. 1860. One of a pair valued at $18,000, it has a crystal and etched bronze base with crystal feet. The six candle-bearing arms and bobeches are of crystal. They are at the Marvin Alexander antique lighting fixture shop, 315 East 62 Street in New York; (212) 838-2320.

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LAURA ASHLEY

CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy



WINDBLOWN ART

Jonathan Bonner's copper weathervane sculptures, *Comet, above left,* and *Shark 1, above right,* are balanced on ball bearings and turn with the wind. From $2,200 to $4,000, the works are sold at the Pritam & Eames Gallery in East Hampton, N.Y., and the Heller Gallery in Manhattan.

FOLK RUG REBORN

In Colonial Williamsburg's Folk Art Center an 1832 watercolor, *below,* shows a flat carpet. To a group of about twenty other reproductions Thos. K. Woodard has added this Talcott stripe, *right,* in three colorways. For $5 catalogue call (212) 988-2906.









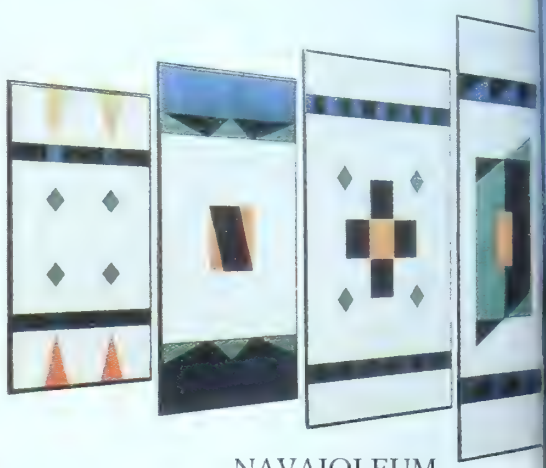
NEW TERRA-COTTAS WITH AN ANCIENT APPEAL

Terra-cotta pieces designed by the late Loup de Viane for Elsa Peretti's Rome apartment (House & Garden, May 1986) are now available through Kuma Enterprises. The Neoclassical pale pink sculptures, rough or waxed, include, *above left to right, Pigna* ($130), column with sphere ($900), and *Nettuno* ($2,400)—2, 6, and 3½ feet high, respectively. For catalogue call (212) 888-4818.



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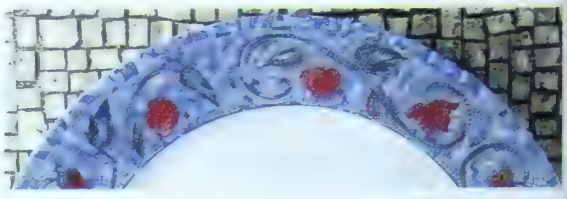
Collagist Mary Delany's first floral art was needlework. Thanks to Brunschwig & Fils, the wreaths she embroidered on her chair covers are now available as a printed cotton—in the original blue, *above,* plus three new colors—and Sybil Connolly has also adapted two chintzes from Mrs. Delany's court dress.



NAVAJOLEUM

Design firm A_2Z gives a modern twist to Native American crafts with its Navajoleum Lino rugs, *above.* Made of vinyl tiles mounted on rigid panels, the rugs may be used over bare floors or inlaid into new vinyl floors. In three color schemes and four sizes from 10 to 24 square feet, $350 to $700. For information call A_2Z at (213) 937-2072.



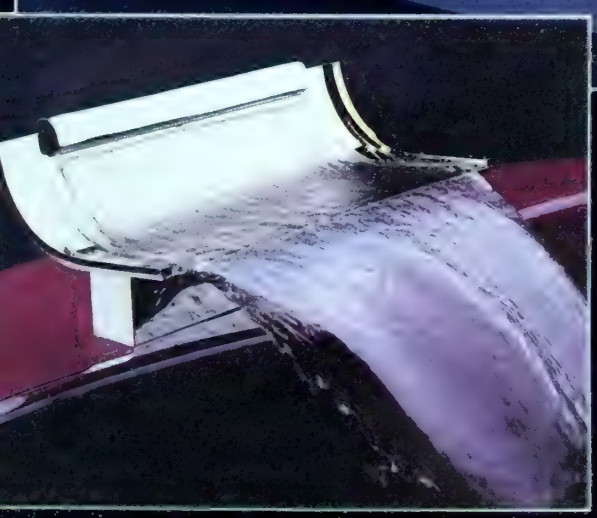


MOSAIC AND FRUIT

Assembling bits of marble, glass, and pottery into mosaics is an ancient art, one that inspired Haviland Limoges's new Mosaic and Fruit pattern, *above.* Set of six luncheon plates $275, service-buffet plate $155, five-piece dinner setting $215. At fine stores.

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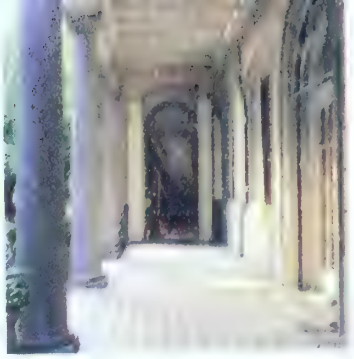


DECORATION FOR A DYNASTY

Paintings of the ships that made up the fleet of Count Diodato Tripcovich hang in the "family room," a little sitting room, of the family villa in Trieste, built in 1830.





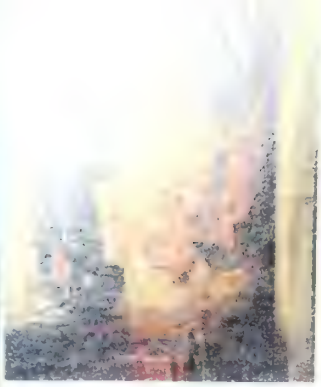


Emilio Carcano sets the scene in the nineteenth-century Tripcovich-Banfield villa in Trieste

BY WILLIAM WEAVER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

A shipowner's house should overlook the sea; and indeed the dramatically beautiful harbor of Trieste is visible—though sometimes through a screen of green foliage—from almost every room of the Villa Tripcovich, which dates from the early nineteenth century and since the 1890s has been the residence of the Tripcovich family. In the course of its existence the family has experienced wars, adventures, changes of nationality, even exile, and all of these vicissitudes are reflected in the villa itself. At present the interior is being redone by Emilio Carcano, but the dis-

Trompe l'oeil trellis panels, *far left,* mix with vases, grand furniture, and rattan in the light-filled *jardin d'hiver*. *Left* Jeffrey, the late Baron de Banfield, World War I aviation ace, surveying the harbor. *Above:* A hint of Austrian Neoclassicism is evident in the glass roof of the portico.



Emilio Carcano created a theatrical setting with references to art and music in the drawing room, *right,* taking inspiration from two Poussin paintings in the Louvre for the *succhi d'erba* wall hangings. A pair of Bohemian candelabras rest on 18th-century Venetian satyrs against the back wall, and a large gouache by a local artist, Aguiari, 1900, is on the right. A Carcano touch is the double couch in the center of the room. *Above:* One of the two Chinese 16th-century painted lamps on either side of the fireplace against a *succhi d'erba* drawn from Le Sueur.





being respected. For that matter, as the present occupant, Baron Raffaello de Banfield, explains, "nearly everything you see now was already in the house. Emilio has for the most part just rearranged furniture and pictures and objects in a more striking way. Then he has created other pieces to fill in gaps or to highlight the old family things."

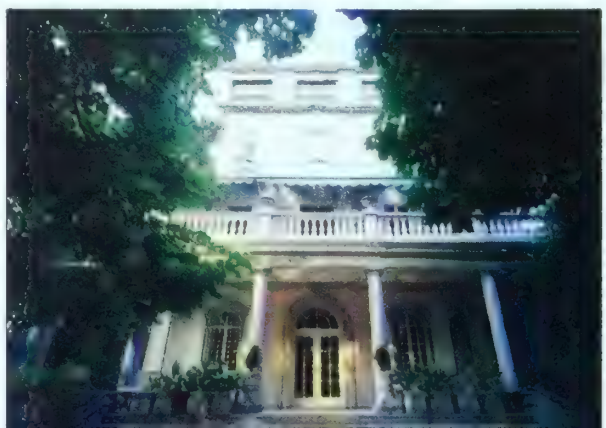
Until the end of World War I, Trieste was the most important port of the Austrian Empire, and it still bears the Hapsburg imprint in its architecture, even in its cuisine. In the second half of the nineteenth century it had been the natural destination of an ambitious young man from the provinces seeking his fortune. And so a certain Diodato Tripcovich, son of a Dalmatian shipowner, after quarreling with his father, fetched up here in Trieste.

The quarrel had been about ships. Young Diodato saw that the future lay with steam-powered vessels; his father wanted to stick to sails. In Trieste the farsighted Diodato scraped some money together and bought his first ship; soon he was

(Text continued on page 205)

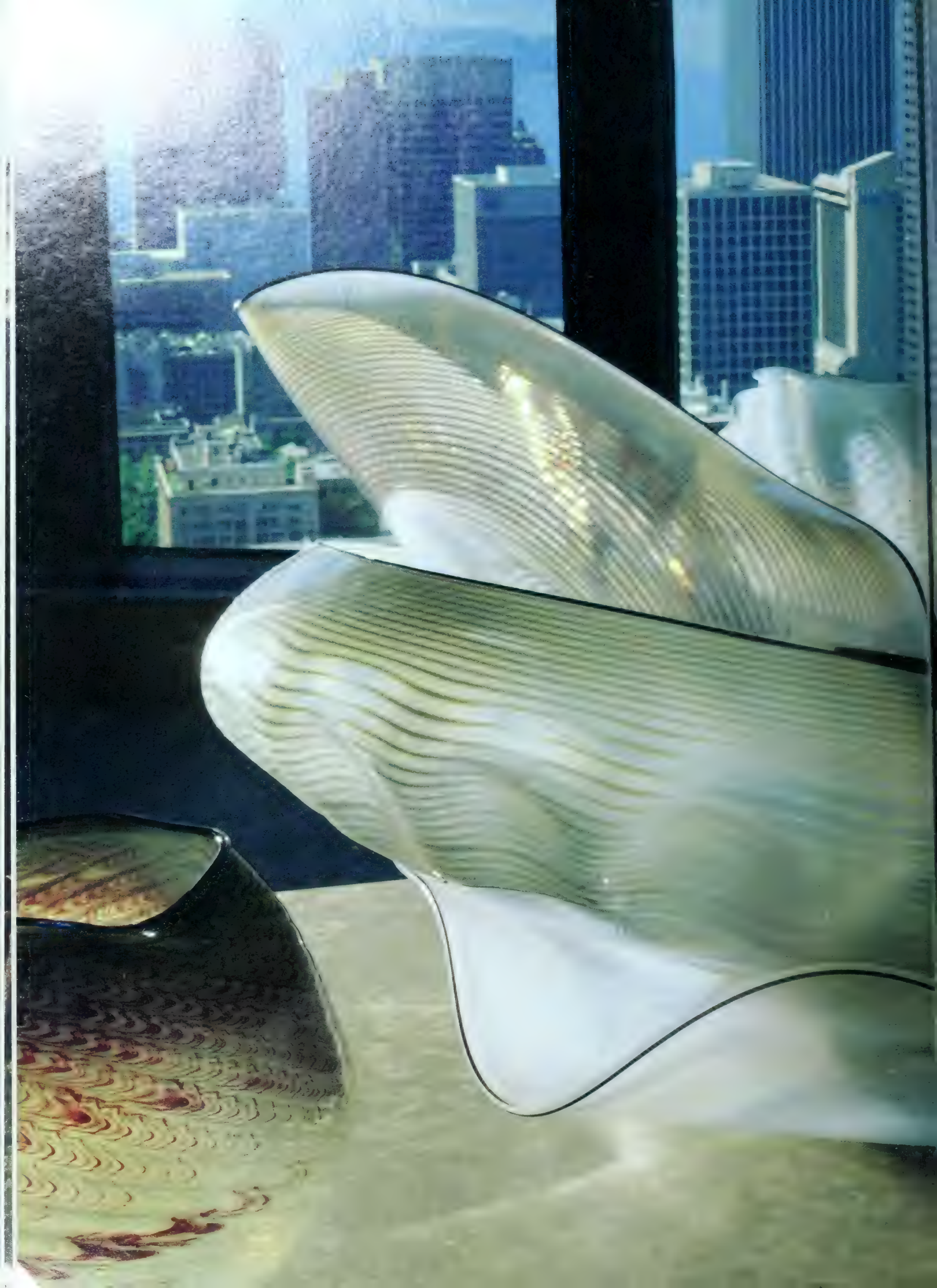
The flower-filled fabric on the walls hung with family portraits and miniatures, *right,* creates a warm and cheerful atmosphere in the little sitting room. *Above:* An antique Flemish tapestry hangs behind the 19th-century bust, copy of a Chinard, in the faux-marble archway of the main hall.

A view, *above,* through painted metal grillwork of the portico into the library. Biedermeier table and chair, bookcases designed by Carcano against a wall fabric copied from an 1835 pattern, and an 1800 Austrian ceramic stove give a period effect. *Opposite:* A Roman bust of Caracalla in the drawing room against the *succhi d'erba* hangings. *Below:* The front of the villa, entered through the garden.





In the light-filled dining room, *right,* Carcano was inspired by a 17th-century Venetian church to stencil a multilayered damasklike pattern on stucco—a fitting setting for the 16th- and 17th-century paintings. Above the doors are 17th-century Flemish paintings and, between them, two naval battles by German painter Josef Heinz. *Above:* A shell motif was added above the two windows in the dining room in the fifties.





IN A GLASS HOUSE

A light-filled hilltop apartment plays bold glass art against the new Seattle skyline

BY MARILYN SCHAFER PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Movable wall panels lacquered with a subtle mix of see-through layers by Kurt Beardslee divide the living spaces. On one side, a Mark Tobey painting and an antique amphora; on the other, an intimate corner from which to watch the sunset. The French Empire chairs are covered in coffee-and-violet wool damask from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Preceding pages:* A nest of shell-like bowls by Dale Chihuly.





The Minnesota limestone floor and textured silk wallcoverings effectively set off the unusual glass collection, including a cast-glass head by Hank Adams. Light streams in from all sides, and an open floor plan emphasizes the oblong sweep of space.



A strong sense of nature and open space dominate the far Northwest. Towering snowcapped mountains surround the city of Seattle, and the sun, when it shines, gives everything a sparkling, scrubbed look—a result of the regular rainwashing. Inspired by the locale, artists have found a special enthusiasm and creativity here, among them John Hauberg, Anne Gould Hauberg, and Dale Chihuly, who in 1971 chose a site fifty miles north of Seattle for the Pilchuck Glass School. Indigenous salmon pinks, tide-flat taupes, and cloud-flecked sky blues splash through the art glass made at the school. It will come as no surprise that the owners of this spectacular glass-enclosed apartment, longtime Seattle residents, are collectors of this jewellike art glass, as well as mystical paintings by Northwest artists.

One fall day this Seattle couple decided to look at an about-to-be-completed hilltop apartment building. Within a 360-degree radius, bays and lakes shimmered below and a dwarfed city seemed almost like a private garden.

Fanatic about preserving the openness, the owners placed architect George Suyama where the living room is now, and told him, "We want to stand here and see water on all three sides. Don't lose the sense of open space." Wholeheartedly Suyama warmed to the idea. "It was as if one pencil line never left the paper," he said. "It just flowed."

The flowing pencil line became a curved enclosed area for storage, kitchen, and baths—while the living and dining areas are divided only by movable wall panels, folding doors, or bands of wood bisecting an expanse of beige limestone floor. Lighting designer David Winfield Wilson added computer-controlled spots, which set moods as varied and dramatic as Broadway theater. And, pulling it all together, interior designer Terry Hunziker wrapped the space in a palette of quiet neutrals, mounted the spectacular art glass, designed much of the furniture, and searched for more from as far away as Paris—with the enthusiastic owners deeply involved every step of the way. □



On twin dining tables topped with shagreen, *above* and *left,* sit a pair of antique Japanese carp as well as bronze flower holders and lily pads by Emmett Day. *Left:* Glowing glass vessels fill shelves on either side of panels painted by Leo Adams. Among the contemporary glass artists represented are Jay Musler, Fritz Dreisbach, Stanislav Libensky, Bertil Vallien, and Toots Zynsky.





In the serene bedroom, *above,* Morris Graves drawings balance sumi ink swirls by George Tsutakawa. The simple grid patterns of the coffered ceiling are repeated in the Fortuny bedspread, Quagliotti sheets, and V'soske carpet. At the foot of the bed, on an aged raw wood tansu, amber beads loop over a seto ware bowl. *Right:* A rare Deco vase by Daum of thick iridescent glass.





A two-part white-and-apricot bowl by Walter Lieberman and orange nesting bowls by Dale Chihuly, *this page,* invite quiet contemplation. *Opposite:* In another calm corner are a prismlike laminate sculpture by Parks Anderson and a Russian Empire chair found in Paris and covered with herringbone cotton from Brunschwig.

A SUBTLE PALETTE

Alexander Julian's gift for color is reflected in the soft serenity of his Connecticut house

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY HARTY AND PETER DEROSA



A winged goddess of bronze presides over a room of gentle contrasts where an ancient plank table from Mexico coexists with a fine marquetry piece and rush matting by Stark anchors a tie silk–covered sofa with dresslike details. Kenneth Noland's *Satin Doll* was painted in 1986.



Color is Alexander Julian's stock-in-trade, his creative engine, his delight. The mens- and [illegible] showrooms are visual feasts of fresh and vivid material, and his firm's moderate-priced womenswear line is, in fact, called Colours.

Julian designs all his fabrics and he initiates a new collection not by pondering silhouettes or lapel widths but by dumping baskets of yarn samples on a big table and working out combinations and weaves. "The fabric comes first," he says. "A friend who jokingly called me a 'man of the cloth' was really being accurate."

When Julian and his wife and business associate, Lynn, bought a 1930s house on nine acres of land in an outlying rural section of a Connecticut suburb, they started with fabric and color there, too. To interior designer Kenneth Brian Walker and his associate John Hughes the Julians presented a brief whose first premise was that all the fabrics would be by the owner. As for the colors of the walls and carpets, Alexander Julian was ready with cut-up sweaters as samples for the designers to match.

Juxtaposition of colors is

(*Text continued on page 196*)



Three sides of the living room open to unobstructed country views. The predominant plaid on the French chairs is an Alexander Julian linen-silk blend originally designed for women's separates; the sofa pillow fabric is an evening-dress satin. The majolica bowl on the pedestal table is from Hubert des Forges. On the coffee table: a glass bowl from Lorin Marsh and ceramic objects by Constance Leslie.





The wall treatment in the entrance hall—blocks and stripes of mottled bookbinding paper pasted down as a collage—is repeated in many other rooms in numerous colors and finishes. As it is here, woodwork throughout is polychromed.



In a sun-room used for cocktails, tea, or Sunday lunch: silk curtains, silver tea paper from Gracie & Sons cut in squares and pasted on the ceiling, antique cane-and-wicker chairs, a French copper lantern.







The main bedroom, *top,* is a tranquil blend of whites and grays, of soft silks and cashmeres, under a ceiling of airbrushed paper. The Art Nouveau wardrobe and steel-and-brass bed were found in Italy. *Left:* The Julians with their daughter, Marissa Claire. *Above:* The 1930s whitewashed brick house. *Opposite:* In one of the third floor's round windows, a reminder of the visit of Halley's comet.







MEXICAN OPEN HOUSE

In peaceful Zihuatanejo, artists, writers, and entertainers seek anonymity and creative rejuvenation

BY MICHAEL ENNIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS

A palm-thatch roof shades he sunken living room of Joe and Patsy LoGiudice's Zihuatanejo house, *opposite,* which they share during winter months with rtist Larry Rivers. *Above:* A late-19th-century hutch, repainted in the vivid hues favored by local artisans.

In Zihuatanejo the locals tell this tale: a recently anointed Hollywood star was reclining on the Playa de Ropas, savoring the view of Zihuatanejo's elliptical bay ringed by an amphitheater of palmy hills, and musing aloud on the respite from celebrity afforded by this almost archetypically sleepy Mexican fishing village. No sooner had the words left his mouth than he looked up to see Mick Jagger and Grace Jones jogging across the sands. "There goes the neighborhood," was the collective groan as the news spread through town, but somehow the press never got word of the Jones-Jagger sneak, and Zihuatanejo won another battle in preserving its underground status as a refuge for writers, artists, and Hollywood types who regularly flee the demands of their coasts for the tropical bliss of Mexico's Pacific coast. Originally settled by deserters from Cortés's army in the sixteenth century, Zihuatanejo has long provided sanctuary for desperadoes, dropouts, or just vacationers who prefer the area's informal lodgings to the high-tech complex of luxury mid-rises a few miles up the coast at Ixtapa. And there's a peculiar seduction to the steamy, slightly run-down, and renegade ambience of Zihuatanejo—one constantly conjures up scenes from *Night of the Iguana*—that



The *mosquitero*-draped sleeping loft looks like a post-Minimalist sculpture. Most insects, however, prefer their own thatch-based ecosystem and aren't a serious problem. The rocker and the *santo* hanging on the post are of local manufacture, as is the large clay waterpot by Dona Santos, a renowned artisan who works without benefit of a potter's wheel.





The original structure on the site of the LoGiudice-Rivers house, a cubicle of raw brick, has been transformed into an enclosed master bedroom, *above*, which provides a measure of privacy in an otherwise open house. *Opposite:* The bedroom walls are covered with a "plaster" of clay, cement, and aniline dyes.

turns more than a few casual getaways into extended sabbaticals.

"We never intended to build a house here," says Joe LoGiudice, who has been in residence for sixteen years. The dramatic do-it-yourself home LoGiudice shares with his wife, Patsy, and, during the winters, with artist Larry Rivers has become a sort of tropical salon at the epicenter of Zihuatanejo's informal artists' colony. LoGiudice, who owns the popular local restaurant Coconuts, is a former architect and vanguard art dealer—he represented sculptors Robert Smithson, John Chamberlain, and Mark DiSuvero—who shut down his SoHo gallery in 1972. "The big money had come in," he recalls, sitting in T-shirt and shorts in his plein-air dining room, "and the business had become very predictable. I was becoming an agent, just a deal maker." LoGiudice saw New York artists increasingly isolated by the apparatus of wealth and fame, so along with his original partners in the house, nonconformists Abby Hoffman and Louisville *Courier-Journal* heiress Eleanor Bingham, he envisioned a palm-shaded version of Black Mountain College that would resuscitate the old bohemian spirit of camaraderie and spontaneous collaboration. "Abby and Eleanor and I conceived of an actual workshop," says LoGiudice, but in typical Zihuatanejo fashion things never got that formal. Still the artists began to appear: Rivers bought into the house six years ago; Julian Schnabel, who now owns his own house in Zihuatanejo, once painted in an improvised studio in the LoGiudices' guest enclave; and regular visitors include David Salle, David Budd, Joseph Glasco, Nathan Joseph, writer Terry Southern, actress Viva, and an assortment of Hollywood heavyweights who prefer to remain anonymous. "It's like dropping out in paradise, practically like Gauguin," says Rivers of the Zihuatanejo romance.

To build the house, LoGiudice had to throw out just about everything he had learned as an architect and simply go native. The original structure was a typical local dwelling, a small raw-brick cubicle divided into four minuscule rooms. LoGiudice knocked out the interior walls, invented his own concoction of clay, cement, and aniline dyes to plaster the exterior, and came up with what now functions as an enclosed master bedroom. But the house proper is really a soaringly parabolic thatched roof, aerodynamically designed to withstand the area's periodic cyclones, that sits like an enormous umbrella above the central cubicle and an encirclement of unenclosed dining room, *(Text continued on page 204)*



IXING

Where Chinese scholars and potters collaborated to produce ceramics of unparalleled simplicity and wit

BY ANTHONY DERHAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TINA FREEMAN



Fooling the eye: a double-hexagon teapot, *right,* seemingly held by ribbon, in tzu-sha, or purple clay, on Emily Fisher Landau's mantel. *This page:* Stoneware nuts, a favorite of the Chinese scholar-patron, from another New York collection, mix with the real thing.





Riches and honors for sale!" *called the itinerant monk arriving at the village of Ixing. Hearing the derisive laughter of his audience, he asked,* "If not honors, how would you like to buy riches?" *and led them into the surrounding hills where they dug and found clays of many different colors as brilliant as brocade.*

Probably the first time I saw a piece of Ixing was twenty years ago in the extraordinary Hong Kong collection of Eddy Chow. Nearly every piece of this vast group—covering the entire gamut of Chinese *artisanat* from archaic ritual bronzes of 1500 B.C. to all but contemporary porcelains—had its own specially made box, and yet as I catalogued them, it was the quietly lovely objects of Ixing pottery that stood out. Among all the many grander, rarer, and more valuable things, Ixing seemed to me to embody, in a tactile way, the famous precept, "There is no excuse for ugliness."

The greatest collection of Ixing ware belongs to magnate K. S. Lo, now held by the Flagstaff Museum of Tea Wares in Hong Kong. New York has the only two known collections in the West. Interior Designer Emily Fisher Landau keeps most of her teapots in her dining-room sideboard—but odd examples are grouped about her apartment. She points out that she has chosen her teapots for form and quality and, unashamedly, color and that she likes their juxtaposition to her collection of modern masters—a difficult and successfully played game. The other pieces are being collected by a famous man whose professional eye one would expect to delight in the sculptural qualities of Ixing, their craftsmanship, and their conceptual values.

The potters of Ixing have always held a special place in the context of Chinese ceramics. They are justly famous for the taste and, for the most part, the restrained inventiveness of their wares. In perhaps the only example of true artistic collaboration between artisan and patron in the history of Chinese ceramics, the *wenren* artist/scholar/amateur patron, having first chosen the color clay that would be used for a particular teapot, often worked right alongside the potter in the pottery. The choice of clay varied from the famous tzu-sha, or purple clay (which fired to a subtle deep purplish brown), to a near black and to many gradations of beige, putty, and ocher. Ixing, however, would not have become the preferred clay of an entire tea-appreciating culture, spanning some thousand years of the tradition of tea drinking, if it were not practical. These pots, with generations of use, gather a patina that enables them to retain the taste and scent as well as the all-important color of fine tea. One should never wash an Ixing teapot—only rinse out the used leaves in fresh water. *(Text continued on page 206)*



Three pots in purple clay, from Emily Fisher Landau's collection, *opposite, from left:* a day-to-day teapot with mottled patina; a chrysanthemum petal design; and a cluster of bamboo, with longer stems making the feet of the pot. *Right:* Fitted boxes, from another New York collection, protect the more whimsical and precious Ixing objects—magnolia flower cup in background and two imitations of woven reed baskets, foreground. *Above:* Classic 17th-century designs seem very contemporary.



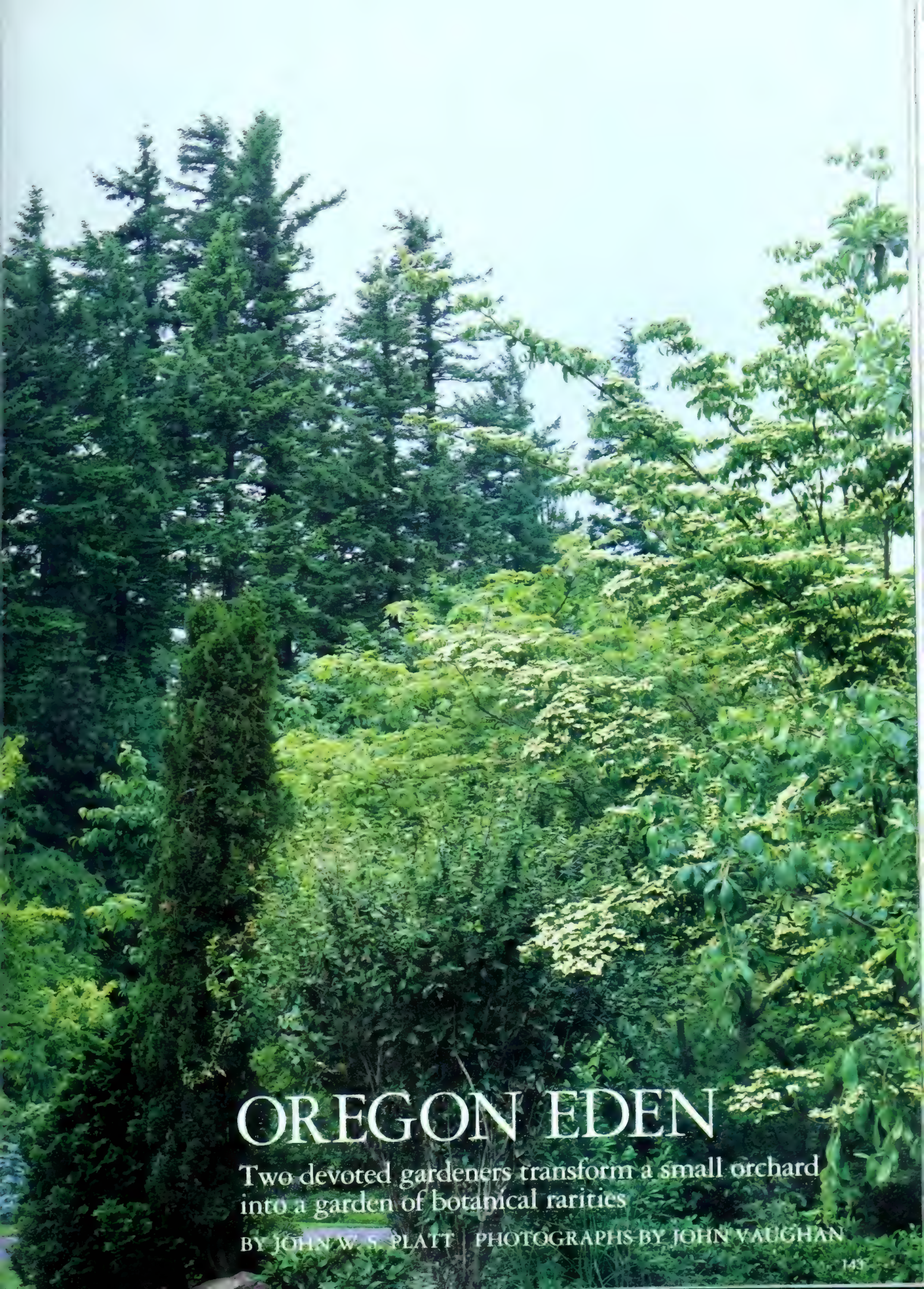




Stone-colored clay pot, *opposite,* modeled as a gnarled prunus trunk. *This page:* Nuts, emblematic of prosperity and fecundity, encrust this ripe organic sphere. Emily Fisher Landau Collection.



Unusual trees set in lawn line the drive to the Platt house in a play of pyramidal forms. Two evergreens, *Thujopsis dolabrata* and *Cryptomeria japonica* 'Spiralis', flank a deciduous Dawn tree (*Metasequoia glyptostroboides*) in front of a stand of native incense cedars (*Calocedrus decurrens*).



OREGON EDEN

Two devoted gardeners transform a small orchard into a garden of botanical rarities

BY JOHN W. S. PLATT | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VAUGHAN



He had been walking and working these acres for almost fifty years and now it was again October—his favorite month but he was never sure just why. A touch of melancholy always seemed near at hand; all one's emotions close to the surface. Above the gravel garden the brilliance of an *Oxydendrum arboreum* with its contrasting cream-colored racemes caught his eye. He stopped to admire it. To the right a *Euonymus alata* blazed. (Moses' burning bush? he mused. Well, it makes a good story for the garden tours. Ah, the garden tours!) He turned now and looked out across the garden at his wife's collection of acers (large and small), stewartias, hamamelis (their yellow orange leaves only hinting of the unique blossoms to brighten darkest January), and magnolias everywhere. Their leaves mostly fallen now as a girl might drop her slip, encircling her feet—but oh, the spring! Those same girls with blossoms in their hair and . . . He thought of what the Garden Club of America had said when presenting his wife with its Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne Medal: "For the establishment of an exquisite garden incorporating rare and difficult botanic material into a design of incredible harmony, beauty, and distinction." No one knew better than he how appropriate had been the award. He walked across the lawn to the *Franklinia alatamaha* in the height of its glory; multicolored foliage framing large camellia-size blossoms—snow white with butter yellow stamens. Letting the amazing beauty of this, his favorite, autumn shrub flow over him, he started to think back about how it all came to pass.

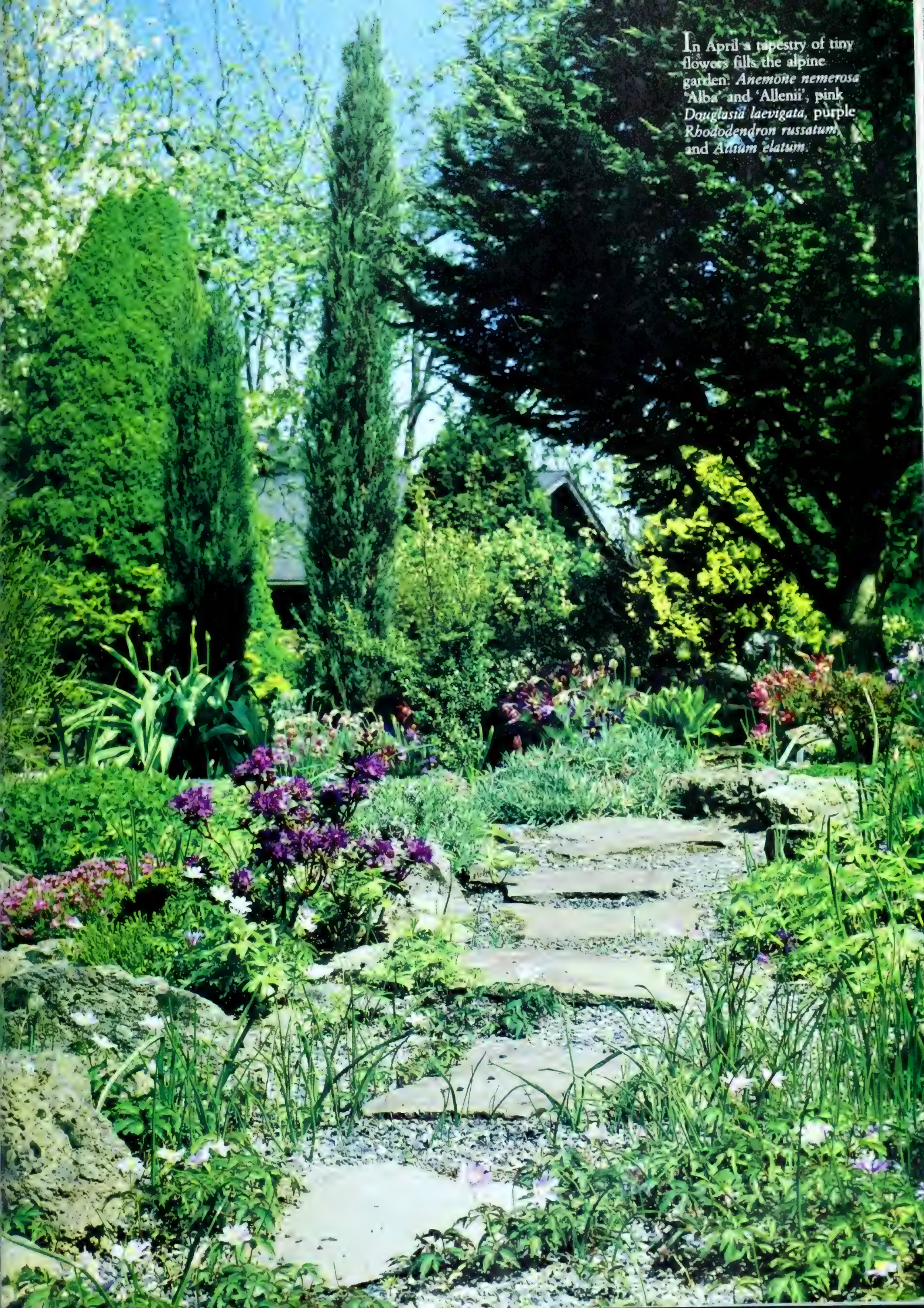
Once upon a long time ago—the spring of 1937—a young man was driving along a twisting road just below the crest of Portland's *(Text continued on page 208)*

Conical Alberta spruce trees, *opposite,* mark the path into the apple-shaped alpine island in the lawn, *above,* with its collection of dwarf evergreens, including a golden *Thuja occidentalis* 'Ellwangerana Aurea'. A sinuous weeping redwood stands in the center of the lawn like a gnomon.





Beside an alpine path, a collection of pasqueflowers (*Anemone pulsatilla*) with a clump of rare white *Iris magnifica* and, behind the maple tree, a *Magnolia* × *loebneri* 'Spring Snow'.



In April a tapestry of tiny flowers fills the alpine garden. *Anemone nemerosa* 'Alba' and 'Allenii', pink *Douglasia laevigata*, purple *Rhododendron russatum* and *Autum elatum*.



The witch hazel hybrid 'Ruby Glow' and ground-hugging *Fothergilla gardenii* add autumn color to the pinetum, *opposite,* with its weeping Alaska cedar (*Chamaecyparis nootkatensis*), high mountain hemlock (*Tsuga mertensiana*), and pair of weeping redwoods (*Sequoiadendron giganteum* 'Pendulum'). *Above:* Original apple trees share border with rare and unusual plants like the Japanese shrub *Tsusiophyllum tanakae*. *Below:* In front of the house a *Cedrus atlantica* 'Glauca Pendula' is trained over a pipe armature.







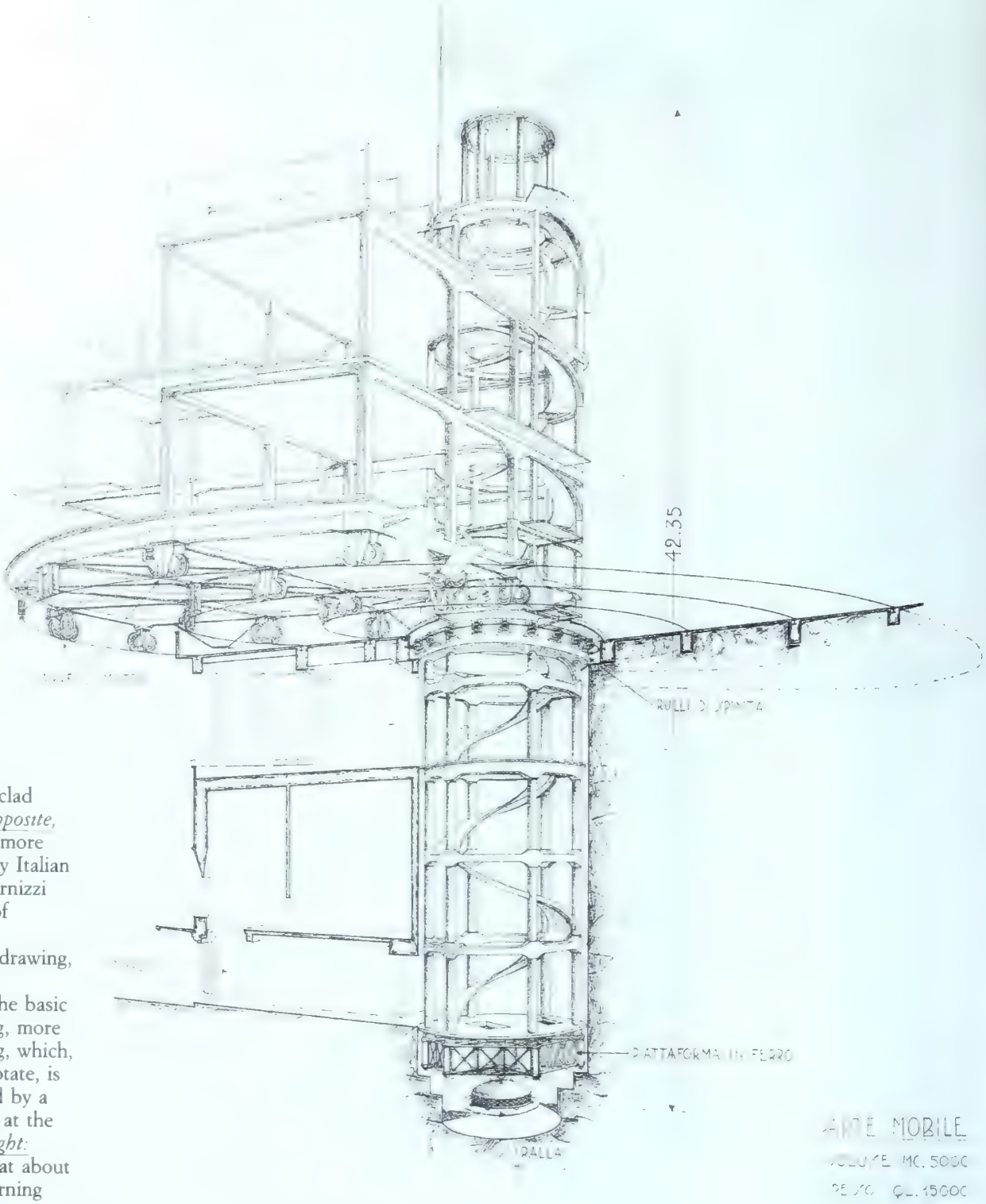
THE HOUSE THAT TURNS TO THE SUN

Il Girasole, visionary villa of the 1930s

BY TOD WILLIAMS PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



A system of wheel-mounted trolleys transports the 1,500-ton house as it slowly rotates on a garden platform.



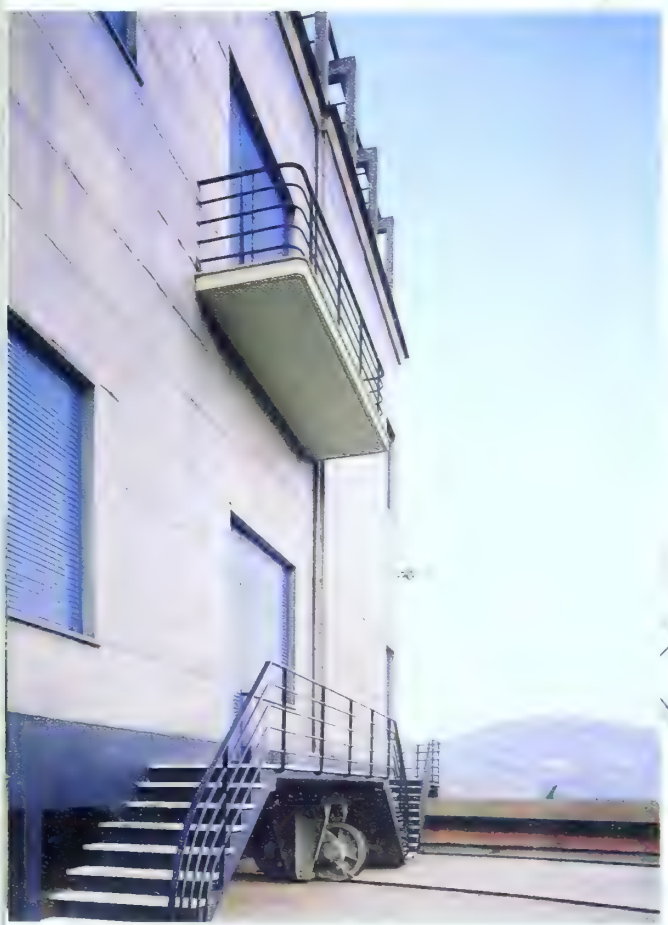
An imposing metal-clad concrete structure, *opposite,* Il Girasole was built more than fifty years ago by Italian engineer Angelo Invernizzi amid vineyards east of Verona. *This page:* A sectional perspective drawing, done at the time of construction, shows the basic "hub" of the building, more than forty meters long, which, as it and the house rotate, is guided and supported by a rounded thrust block at the base. *Below, left to right:* Views of Il Girasole, at about one-hour intervals, turning clockwise in the landscape.

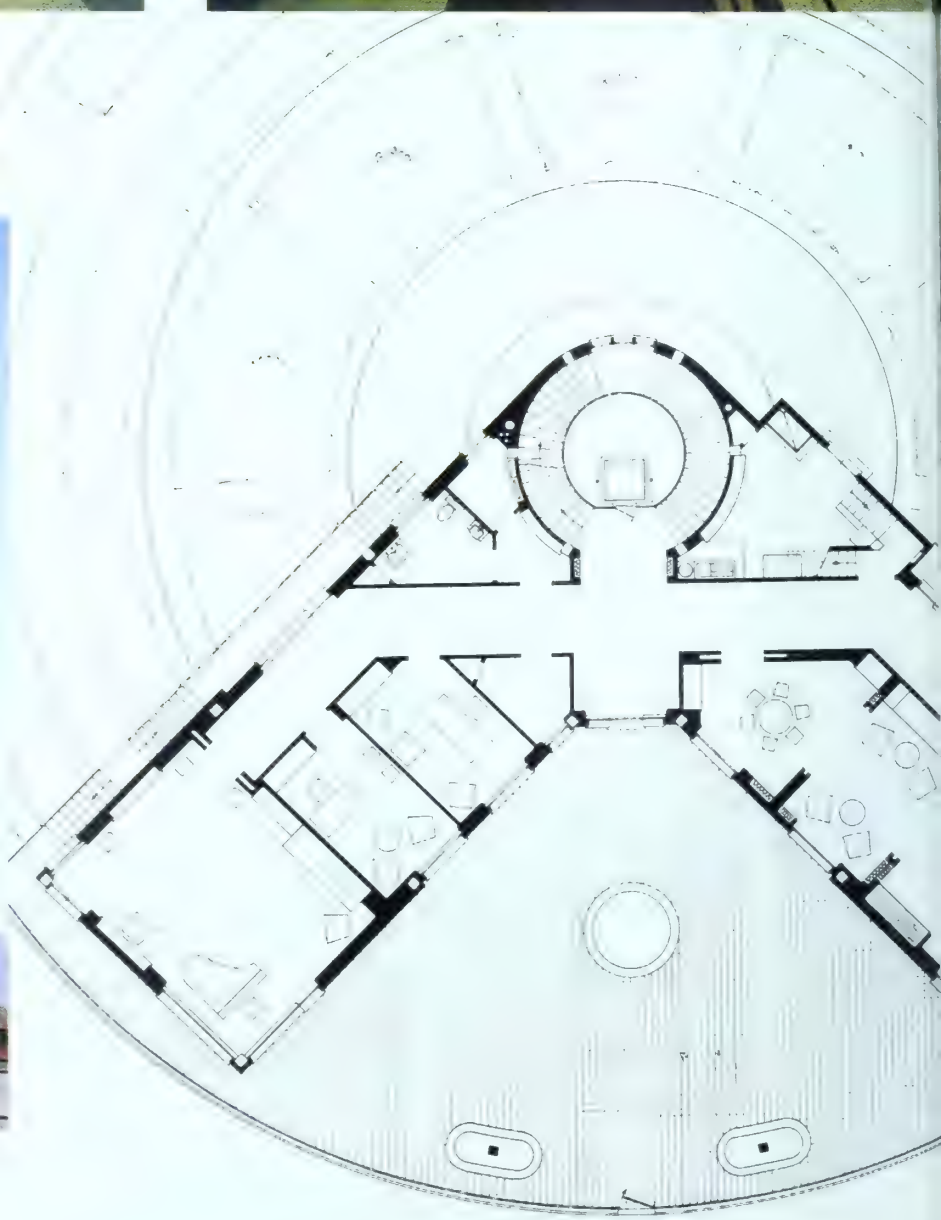




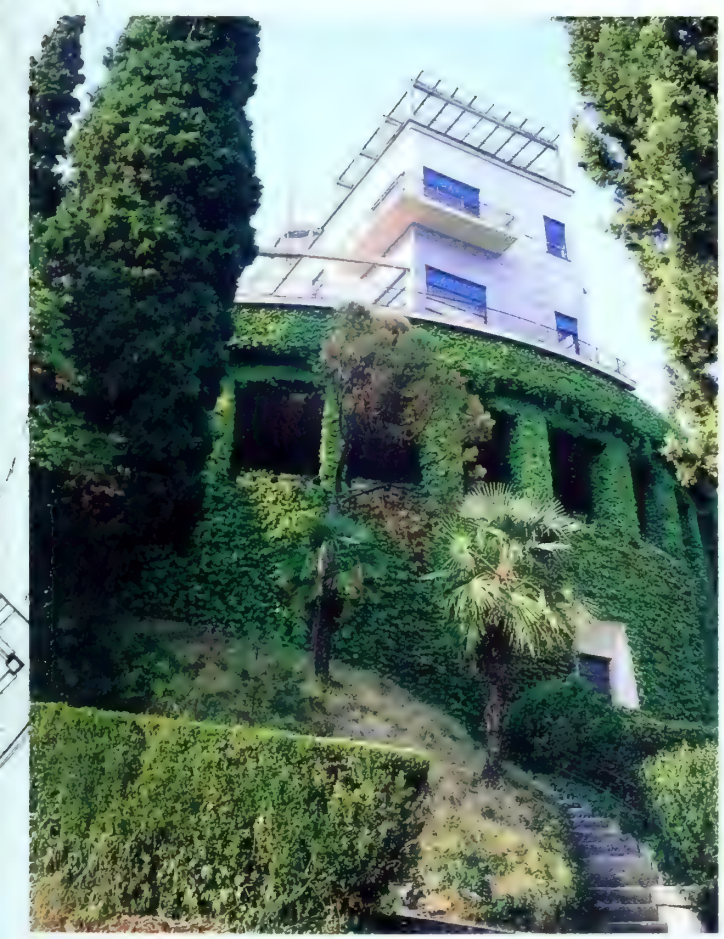












After admiring Le Corbusier's villas, I found the most compelling, if peculiar, project to be Il Girasole

The image of the building is like that of the great ships in Fellini's films; it slips in and out of memory, a haunting presence. It is Rex in *Amarcord,* emerging from the mists, looming above, plated and powerful, urbane yet foreboding.

I first saw Il Girasole in the Albert Morancé *Encyclopédie de l'architecture.* In the 1960s, while still an architecture student, I had purchased two volumes of the encyclopedia in a secondhand bookstore in order to study the plates of the great works of early Modernism, in particular several of Le Corbusier's villas. Yet, after admiring these works, I found the most compelling, if peculiar, project to be Il Girasole (The Sunflower), a massive metal-clad house in Marcellise which could turn 360 degrees to follow the sun. The form of the villa, built in the early 1930s, had none of the elegance or complexity of the work of Le Corbusier, yet in its relative clumsiness, Il Girasole seemed purposeful, powerful, even profound.

Built around a central core of machinery and circulation and having little artifice, the building seemed to embody a quintessential twentieth-century architectural idea: a machine for living. But the engineer, Angelo Invernizzi, and the architect, Ettore Fagiuoli, were not known to my professors, nor were their works to be found in various texts concerning the history of twentieth-century architecture. Occasionally, over the years, I would return to the Morancé plates and speculate about this strange and obsessive structure, but not until 1983, when I was given a Rome Prize/Mid-Career Fellowship and a six-month sojourn in Italy, did I have the opportunity to see Il Girasole firsthand.

Late that summer, in the heat of August, my wife and partner, Billie Tsien, and I ventured north from Rome and eventually found Marcellise and the villa. In the rolling countryside east of Verona, Il Girasole presents itself not as a flower (or any other organic form) but rather as an unexpected and gleaming vessel, dominating with astonishing clarity the surrounding cypresses, olive groves, and vineyards. Even seen from a distance, this visionary architectural work seems both to represent and to inspire the deepest human hopes and aspirations.

Armed with copies of the encyclopedia article and poor but enthusiastic Italian, we convinced the caretaker

The interior entrance, *top, left to right,* remains stationary as the central shaft, containing a small elevator and spiral staircase, turns with the house. *Left:* The movable part of the villa rises high above a massive, ivy-clad cylinder. *Left center:* Plan of the main level, showing the two wings and terrace in between. *Far left:* Dimpled aluminum sheathing gives Il Girasole, a monument to Modernist ideals, an almost handcrafted air.



Il Girasole embodies a quintessential twentieth-century architectural idea: a machine for living

to permit a discreet entry. Past the simple gatehouse we climbed toward the villa through radial lines of cypress. Along the way we came upon a free-form concrete pool with a sculptural concrete slide—a surreal landscape folly. As we approached from below, the villa loomed larger and larger through the trees until we found ourselves in a small clearing before an enormous concrete drum, covered with ivy. Very high above our heads, we could see Il Girasole's glass-and-steel tower—a landlocked lighthouse presiding over all. An elegant entrance led to the central shaft of the house, seemingly a shaft to the center of the earth.

For the next hour the caretaker led us about and explained many features of the house; we were amazed to find Il Girasole in nearly perfect condition, largely the result, we learned, of the efforts of Angelo Invernizzi's children, Lino Invernizzi and Lidia Vicari, who live in Genoa. Lino is an architect, and both he and Lidia have an uncommonly deep understanding of the house and its history. Although they were too young to participate in the design of Il Girasole, they appreciate the house as a refined and complex machine requiring loving attention.

On a second visit to Il Girasole as guests of the Invernizzis, Billie and I felt even more strongly the analogies to a ship. The caretaker, primarily responsible for the well-being of the house and the maintenance of its complex machinery, was essentially the first mate. Close inspection of the exterior revealed another connection to that of a ship: the house is plated with sheets of aluminum, and the overall volume and subtle deformation of the metal sheets remind one of the quilted hull of an ocean liner. There is also the sharp contrast between exterior and interior. On the central terrace, "on deck" as it were, where we took several meals, we were in bright daylight. The interiors, however, were dark and cool and as plush and finished as first-class cabins. Fine linen curtains fluttered luminous and white; when they were pushed aside, nearby vineyards rolled against distant hills and the entire landscape appeared to move.

The engineer and original owner of this extraordinary moving structure, Angelo Invernizzi, was born in Marcellise, the son of a baker. Clearly a bright child, the boy was sent to the local seminary for schooling. Eventually his commitment to learning led to education at the University of Padua, where *(Text continued on page 198)*

Lidia Vicari and Lino Invernizzi, *left,* daughter and son of the original builder and now keepers of their father's house, enjoy the sun on the central terrace. *Opposite:* Glass-and-steel windows and circular glass bricks near the top of the tower bring light to Il Girasole's central shaft.





REDISCOVERING AN EARLY MODERN VISION

The Dial Collection, seen for the first time in the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new twentieth-century wing, recalls the strange life and exciting times of Scofield Thayer, editor of the 1920s most daring journal

BY JOHN RICHARDSON





Scofield and Elaine Thayer, *this page,* summer of 1916, and a cover from the illustrious *Dial. Opposite: Head of a Woman,* a monumental pastel executed by Picasso in 1921, acquired by Thayer for the Dial Collection two years later.



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In profile: E. E. Cummings, 1950, *far left,* in front of his painting of Mount Chocorua, which he could see from his New Hampshire farm. *Left:* Marion Morehouse, a famous model and perhaps the third Mrs. Cummings, *Vogue,* Steichen, 1927. *Above: Seated Woman, Back View* Egon Schiele, watercolor and gouache on paper, 1917, one of the 23 works of this artist that Thayer bought for his collection long before America had heard of Schiele.

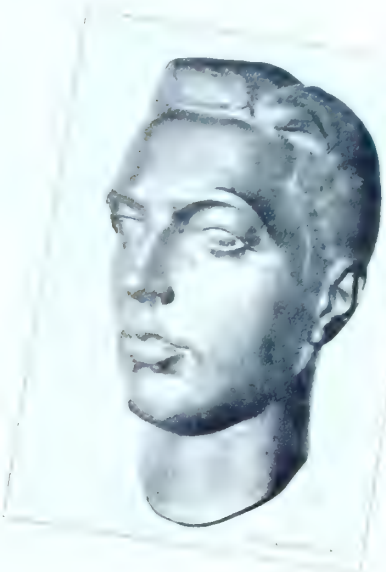
The Dial Collection—over six hundred items in all—formed in the early twenties by that doomed young aesthete, dark prince of art and literature, Scofield Thayer, has finally found its way to the walls of the Metropolitan Museum. A bequest of great historical importance, since from 1918 to 1929 *The Dial* magazine (of which Thayer was backer and editor) and the collection of masterpieces formed around it did almost as much as the 1913 Armory Show to promote American taste in modern art. If it has been shrouded in mystery, it is because Thayer, who went mad around 1930 and lived in seclusion until his death in 1982, was a Jazz Age Des Esseintes, and his bizarre life story—not least his involvement in the marriages of two great poets, T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings—has still to be unraveled. There is another reason: while much of the Dial Collection has been exhibited at the Worcester Art Museum, Thayer's own holdings, including Picasso's erotic Blue Period self-portrait, 15 great Munch prints, and one of the largest collections (23 watercolors and drawings) of Egon Schiele in this country, have mostly been hidden away for over half a century. Now for the first time the entire collection has been assembled under one roof, that of the Metropolitan Museum.

Who was Thayer? The only son of a very rich wool manufacturer (Compton Loom Company) from Worcester, Massachusetts, he was at Milton Academy and Harvard as well as at Oxford at the same time as T. S. Eliot. While at Oxfor Thayer did Eliot the disservice of introducing him to a gir friend of his sister's, the highly strung Vivien Haigh-Wooc whom he rashly married; ironically Vivien Eliot went out c her mind about the same time Thayer did.

Arriving in New York in 1916, Thayer took a handsom top-floor apartment overlooking Washington Square. Th building, which had a reputation for sybaritic luxury, wa called the Benedick; it resembled London's Albany in tha only bachelors were allowed to live there. Thayer's wall were lined with a collection of first editions and an array o 22 drawings by Aubrey Beardsley (now in the Fogg Art Mu seum), which would seem to indicate that *The Dial* wa based on *The Yellow Book*. Like Proust, who made hi American debut in *The Dial* ("Au très cher *Dial,*" Prous apostrophized the magazine, "which has understood m better and supported me more warmly than any other re view"), Thayer loathed noise and paid a monthly sum t whoever lived below on condition he turned off his gramo phone when asked to; likewise he bribed owners of motor boats near his Martha's Vineyard house to muffle thei engines. Fastidious to the point of mania, Thayer was looke after by an impeccable if peculiar manservant, a Japanese in tellectual who subscribed to *The Nation* and was apt to ente a room backward so as not to lose face. Such an attitud amused his master. For all his aestheticism, Thayer hel staunch socialist views; he was also celebrated for a sense o



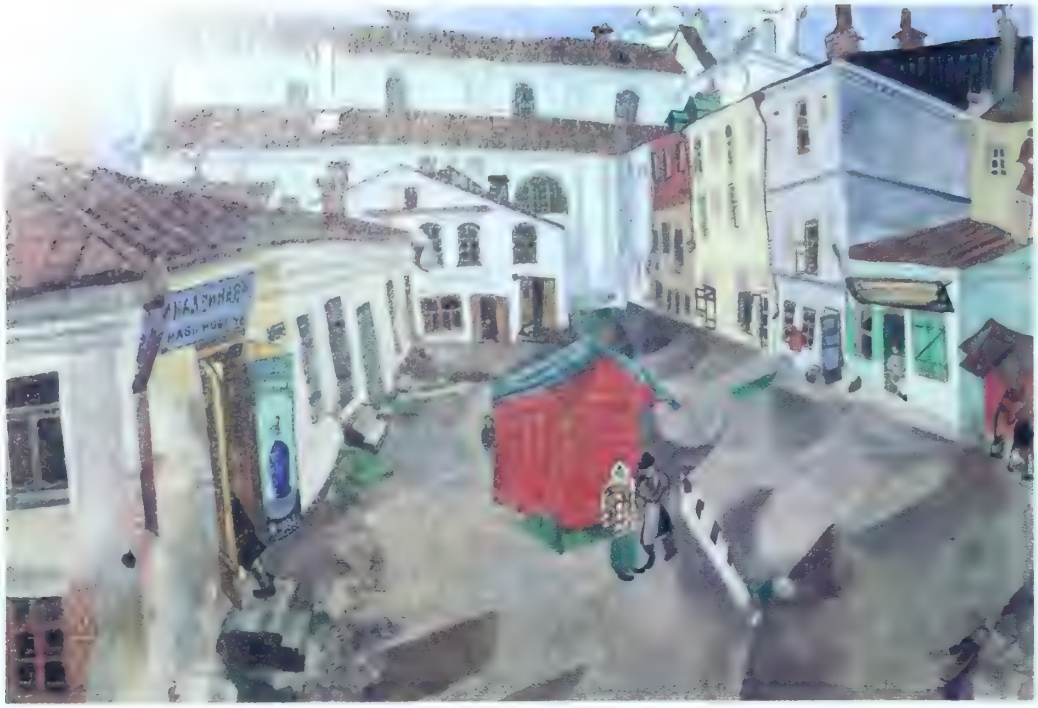
Bonnard's *The Dressing Room,* 1914, *left. Below* Bronze head of Scofield Thayer by Gaston Lachaise, c. 1924, one of several heads of *Dial* editors by Lachaise, who was the magazine's favorite sculptor.



humor that was twisted as well as black.

Besides being exceedingly rich, Thayer was brilliant, witty, elegant, tasteful, generous, erudite, and very, very handsome ("strikingly pale with coal black hair, black eyes veiled and flashing, and lips that curved like those of Lord Byron"). Alas, these qualities were shadowed by acute paranoia, which took the form of extreme suspiciousness as well as maniacal (one friend said "Tiberian") imperiousness. There was something weird in the "carriage of his head and the timbre of his voice." "Ice on the surface and molten lava underneath," Alyse Gregory, one of the editors at *The Dial,* claimed. Nevertheless he lost no time in getting married to the only slightly less rich and beautiful Elaine Orr, one of three orphaned daughters of a prosperous paper manufacturer—"a Henry James heroine." Because of Thayer's psychosis and sexual problems, the marriage did not prosper; neither did it exactly fall apart. When the couple returned to New York in October 1917, they agreed to live under separate roofs: the husband in his bachelor digs at the Benedick; the wife in a charming apartment around the corner at 3 Washington Square North, which Thayer decorated with rich draperies and brocaded furniture, also a piano. Elaine toyed with the idea of going on the stage; instead she found fulfillment in becoming a cult figure—a genial goddess—who captured the hearts of her husband's young *littérateurs,* principally the novelist John Dos Passos and E. E. Cummings, in those days torn between painting and poetry. No doubt about it, the Thayers, separately or together, were trendsetters for a brief period in the early twenties.

Meanwhile, Thayer—like most good editors, a writer manqué—had bought *The Dial,* a magazine that had enjoyed several reincarnations since its founding in 1840. After Emerson's editorship, the magazine went out of business for forty years or so. Resuscitated about 1880 in Chicago by the enterprising Francis Browne, *The Dial* fell into a decline after his death. A young man called Martyn Johnson, who contrived to be both a radical and a decorator, reestablished the magazine in Greenwich Village in 1918, at which point Thayer bought a controlling interest. However, a catastrophic divergence of views developed between Johnson, who saw the magazine as a forum for postwar polemics, and Thayer, who saw it both as an aesthetic adventure and as a means of consciousness-raising. After much intrigue and backstabbing and Thayer's temporary resignation, big bucks prevailed, and Thayer and his rich friend from Rochester, Dr. James Sibley Watson, took command. The first number, January 1920, to appear under the new auspices did more than celebrate the start of the new decade; it set the pattern for the dandified "Mandarin" style—so named by Cyril Connolly—which characterized certain fashionable intellectual attitudes of the twenties and thirties.





Chagall's *The Market Place, Vitebsk,* 1917, *above. Far right* Pencil sketch of Scofield Thayer by E. E. Cummings, c. 1916. *Right: After Sir Christopher Wren,* Charles Demuth, watercolor, gouache, and pencil on pulp board, 1920. *Opposite: Nasturtiums and the "Dance,"* Matisse, 1912.



Thayer's greatest coup (November 1922) was the publication of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land,* albeit in somewhat incomplete form. It would have been an even greater coup if Thayer, who turns out never to have understood or appreciated the poem, had not questioned the fee: hence the dilatory *Dial* had to share the honor of being first in the field with Eliot's London-based *Criterion.* In addition, *The Dial* published much of Yeats's finest later verse, a selection of Pound's best *Cantos,* as well as major contributions by writers as diverse as George Moore, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, George Santayana, Kahlil Gibran, Edmund Wilson, Marianne Moore, Bertrand Russell, William Carlos Williams, and James Joyce (alas, Thayer turned down *Anna Livia Plurabelle*). Foreign writing was represented by such masterpieces as Proust's "Saint-Loup: A Portrait" (excerpted from *À la recherche du temps perdu*), Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice,* and Cocteau's *Cock and Harlequin.* When Thayer moved to Vienna to be near Freud, *The Dial* featured writers like Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, and Hauptmann, not to speak of painters like Klimt and Schiele—who were unheard of in America at the time—but the magazine's editors turned down the thirty-page article Thayer extracted from Freud.

After "rousing" (Thayer's word) the American public to develop a taste for modern literature the idealistic proprietor turned to his second major task: rousing the American public to appreciate modern art. Thayer set out to achieve this by forming a collection of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints by the best contemporary artists. The least shocking or controversial of his acquisitions would provide the magazine with black-and-white and occasional color illustrations; with a folio of reproductions to be published on the side; also with a series of promotional exhibitions which, it was optimistically hoped, would tour galleries and museums all over the country. The perceptive choice of American artists—Demuth, Lachaise, and Nadelman among others—was probably less Thayer's than the more progressive Watson's. For the selection of European artists he consulted a kindred spirit of a "Bloomsberry," young Raymond Mortimer; he and Thayer did the rounds of galleries and studios in London, Paris, and Berlin with a view to forming a magazine collection, also a private collection based on more personal predilections (Munch and Schiele in particular). Most of the works by European artists—stars such as Picasso, Braque, and Matisse; lesser lights such as Chagall, Vlaminck, and Marie Laurencin—were acquired within the space of a few months in 1923. True, Thayer's taste, like Mortimer's, is characterized by a certain *(Text continued on page 215)*



COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART







MOROCCAN IN MANHATTAN

Leon Amar creates a cool setting for his Orientalist collections

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO

In the apartment are several splendid pieces of 19th-century mother-of-pearl-inlaid furniture from Damascus. The two chairs, *opposite,* covered in Brunschwig satin, and chest were formerly in Barbara Hutton's house in Tangiers. Cut-brass sconces were made from an antique mosque lamp split in half. *Above:* Through a door shaped like an Arabic archway, a view of the softly lit living room. On the walls are views of the Middle East by David Roberts, from the first edition of 1839, in frames designed by Leon Amar.



In a corner of the living room, a 19th-century screen, chair, and sofa, also from Barbara Hutton's Tangiers house. *Opposite:* In the dining room separating the entrance hall from the living room hangs an 18th-century mosque lamp made in Cairo. Arabic calligraphy enlivens the cornices, and the neo-Iznik plates on the table add another Middle Eastern touch. In the corner, a 19th-century French terra-cotta bust of a Bedouin.

Morocco, where Leon Amar was born and raised, is a country of great mansions, lavishly decorated. From the many carpets to the fretted plasterwork, from the gilt Arabic lettering to the half-domed ceilings, their interiors dazzle by their very complexity. But what pleases in Marrakech or Meknes would overwhelm in New York. Indeed, nothing looks more awkward than out-of-place exoticism, and Mr. Amar understands that. The decorator and antiques dealer lives in a landmark building in Manhattan, and although his apartment is furnished with splendid examples of Middle Eastern furniture, it remains urbanely simple in essence.

There is a precise sparseness about Mr. Amar's apartment which, no doubt, owes much to his training as a decorator at the noted Parisian firm Jansen. There he was taught to understand quality, refinement, and good craftsmanship. Sloppiness was out, so was overadornment. Amar then spent seven years restoring some of Newport's eighteenth-century houses. The ability to work with the elaborate, highly refined look of certain French rooms, as well as the distinguished yet simple taste of colonial America, has resulted in a sophisticated understanding of what makes a successful interior.

Light, of course, is all-important, and in the Amar apartment it does not come streaming in, but instead the windows have been made translucent by a background of milky glass so that their soft glow helps to create the kind of intimate, enclosed atmosphere typical of many Moroccan interiors. That impression is reinforced by the splendid eighteenth-century cut-brass mosque lamp in the dining room, for instance, or the fretted sconces, which further control the light, allowing it only the sparest of passages. The contained lighting has a double advantage: besides setting the right mood, it also presents the splendid inlaid furniture in just the right way.

(Text continued on page 196)





An expansive stone house standing in a garden brings wildlife indoors with half a dozen birdcages, including a Neoclassical example, *this page*, purchased at Pierre Deux, and a London find, *opposite*, in the library window. Festoon blind is a cotton-linen mix.



COUNTRY IN THE CAPITAL

Mark Hampton sees a Washington couple through stylistic changes

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PING AMRANAND





One of many inherited antiques is the living room's early Georgian secretary. Floral-stripe chintz by Clarence House, moiré striped cotton on club chairs from Fonthill.



On the third floor there are several guest bedrooms plus a guest suite whose sitting room, *above,* is sometimes used as a reading sanctuary by the full-time residents. Chintz from Clarence House. *Opposite above:* The master bedroom mantelpiece, carved with scenes from Aesop's fables, comes from the owner's girlhood bedroom in Cincinnati. *Opposite below:* Window seats help make a guest room a "place where you really want to spend time, not just for sleeping," says the constant hostess.

Kalorama is the Greek word for beautiful view and it was the name of the first, 1807 estate in a Washington, D.C., neighborhood that retains both the name and the beauty. This three-story fieldstone Georgian Revival house was built in Kalorama in the late 1920s, when meticulously detailed, sturdy, expansive house construction was still a possibility. The present occupants, a lawyer-author husband and venture-capitalist wife, parents now of two young children, moved here in 1973 and they have been working with Mark Hampton on the decoration ever since. It was a huge project in the beginning, including the addition of a two-story wing, and now from time to time they rethink one room or another. The woman of the house says contentedly, "You never finish," as—having made nurseries of the second-floor guest rooms—she contemplates the redecoration of guest space on the third floor. And she hopes the kitchen may one day become more of a family gathering place than it is now; it was designed in 1973 as the staging area for serious entertaining: dinners for four tables of eight, big garden parties, and frequent overnight guests.

To people who like to give parties, the fifteen-by-thirty-foot living room is a blessing, although Mark Hampton says such a long narrow space was "murder to arrange—I fiddled around with drawings endlessly, settling on two big seating groups and a few movable chairs." This room can also be studied as a paradigm of the evolution of the taste of clients. It was not always as countrylike, cozy, charming, and warm as it is now. When they first decorated, Mark Hampton's clients were young (he says) and timid (they admit), and they said no to chintz, no to stripes, no to any wall or curtain color but white. The spectacular Ferahan rug—"We shopped for weeks," says the decorator—was the only excitement. "Though they were young, the room looked old," he remembers.

Then three or four years ago, the clients recall, they called and said, "Mark, you were right," and invited him to do the room they were now ready for. He says the change came because they had had a decade of exposure to showrooms, auction houses, and antiquarians—including shopping trips to London with him—in addition to an increasingly busy social life in a house-proud city. The woman of the house says, "Mark allows you to figure out what you might like and patiently helps you get there." □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray







A small table stands in the garden bay; the main dining table is centered under the candle-burning chandelier.









DR. FREUD'S LAST DREAM

"To die in freedom," he fled Nazi Vienna and found his final home in London

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD DAVIES

The original psychoanalytic couch, *left,* is the primal artifact of the Freud Museum, newly opened in his former house in Hampstead. *Above:* Sigmund Freud as sketched by Salvador Dali in 1938.



Even Dr. Sigmund Freud sometimes suffered from delusions, and during the early weeks of 1938 he clung to the irrational belief that there still could be life and work for him in Vienna. But as the European political outlook darkened and the threat of a Nazi takeover of Austria moved closer to reality, his worried colleagues and students urged him to seek asylum abroad. As a Jew and as the founder of psychoanalysis, the enlightened discipline that was anathema to Adolf Hitler, Freud was in double jeopardy. But Vienna had been his home for 79 of his 82 years, he was weakened by cancer of the palate (which had plagued him since 1923), and he persistently resisted entreaties to flee. Freud brushed aside the warnings with sardonic humor. "What progress we are making!" he remarked one day. "In the Middle Ages they would have burnt me; nowadays they are content with burning my books."

Yet the time for Freudian jests was quickly running out. "We have no other choice than to hold out here," Freud wrote to his devoted pupil Princess Marie Bonaparte on February 23. Less than three weeks later Hitler carried out his *Anschluss* (annexation) of Austria, and within hours of Hitler's triumphant entry into Vienna came the dread-

On Freud's desk, *right,* his spectacles, pen, and a facsimile of his manuscript for "Mourning and Melancholia," 1915. Crowding them are favorites from Freud's 2,500-piece collection of Egyptian, Classical, and Eastern antiquities. *Above:* Oscar Nemon's 1931 wooden bust of Freud surveys his study. The anthropomorphic desk chair was designed for Freud around 1930 by his friend the architect Felix Augenfeld.



Freud's
With
Mar-
ld the storm
heck their guns
umbrella stand while
summoned her glower-
ing husband. They were robbed of $840; Freud wryly observed it was more than *he* ever got for a visit.

A second, more frightening episode occurred a week later. The Freuds' daughter Anna was taken away and interrogated for an entire day, and the doctor finally accepted the inevitability of exile. He drew a parallel from Jewish history: "After the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem by Titus, Rabbi Yochanan ben Sakkai asked for permission to open a school at Jabneh for the study of the Torah. We are going to do the same."

Freud's Jabneh was London, where plans to rescue him had gone into high gear. Ernest Jones, Freud's leading English disciple and future biographer, persuaded the Foreign Office to issue an entry visa with uncommon speed. A ransom was extricated by the Nazis, who also insisted that Freud sign a waiver stating he had not been mistreated. (With subtle sarcasm he impulsively appended a postscript: "I can heartily recommend the Gestapo to anyone.") On June 4 the Freuds left the apartment they had lived in for 47 years, and two days later they arrived at Victoria

(Text continued on page 212)



Freud's bookplate, *right,* by the Vienna Secession artist Berthold Löffler, c. 1910, depicts Oedipus and the Sphinx and bears a passage in Greek from Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex:* "He who knew the famous riddles and was a most masterful man." The owner's first name is misspelled with an "e" added. *Opposite:* Freud's 3,000-volume library.



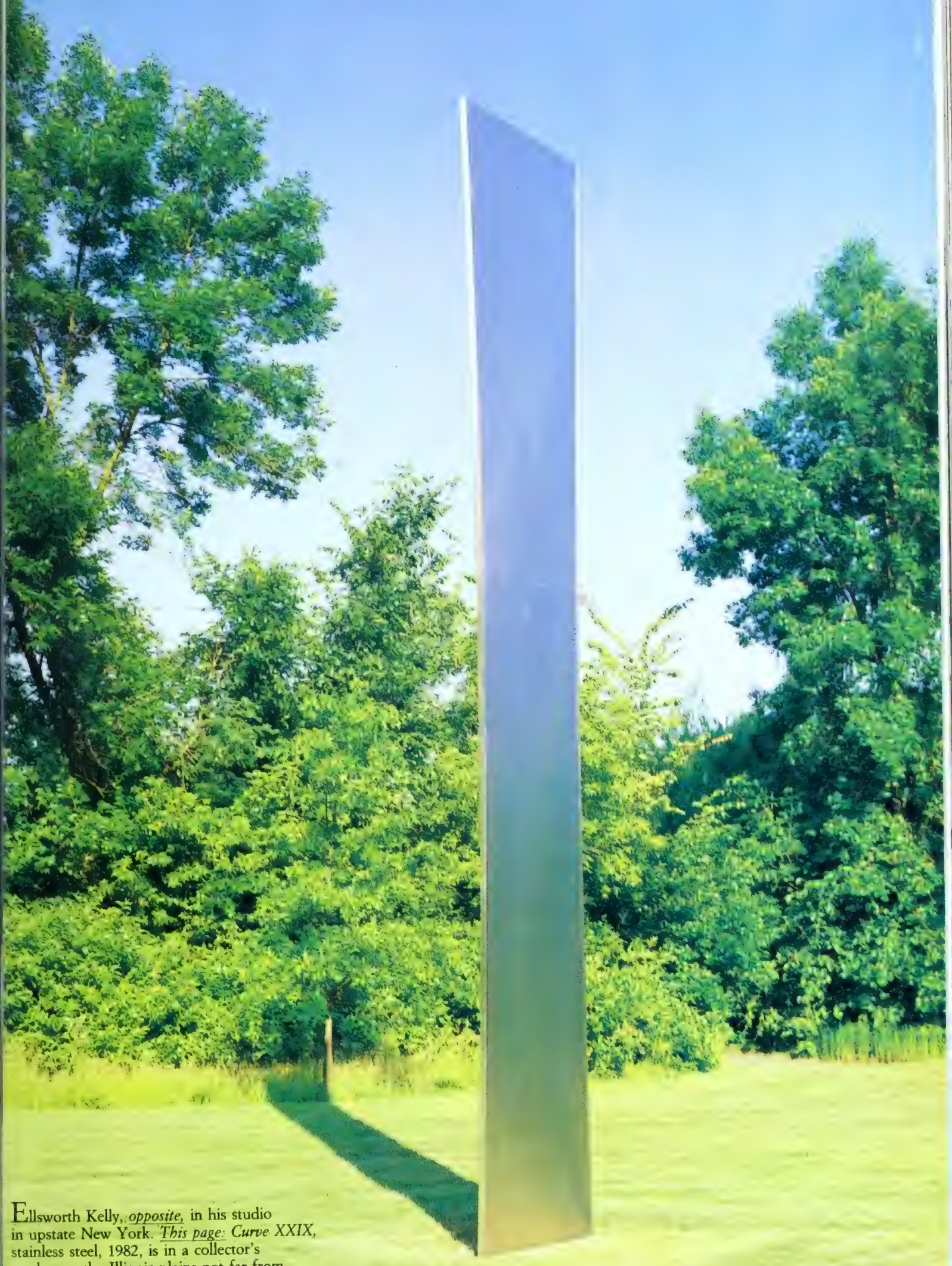
OUTDOOR ABSTRACTIONS

Ellsworth Kelly's pure sculptures in the American landscape

BY JOHN RUSSELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS





Ellsworth Kelly, *opposite,* in his studio in upstate New York. *This page: Curve XXIX,* stainless steel, 1982, is in a collector's garden on the Illinois plains not far from a meandering river.

The best sculpture of the century starts out looking like nothing and ends up by looking like anything. In the beginning there was the now-legendary United States customs official who refused entrance to a sculpture by Brancusi on the ground that it didn't look like anything and therefore could not be art.

Ellsworth Kelly has never, to my knowledge, had trouble with United States customs, but much of what he has done does undeniably have a look of total abstraction. This is true of his paintings and prints, and it is also true of his sculptures, which must by now number close to a hundred and fifty. At first sight, it would seem that they are made up of classical geometries, in which subjective feeling plays no more part than it does in the theorems of Euclid. Everything approximate, superfluous, circumstantial, or contingent has been emptied out, has it not, from these spare plain shapes?

It is true that Kelly has always aimed—as was said not long ago—to "purge his art of emotion and idiosyncrasy." His shapes are part of a universal vocabulary. His curves are our curves, his triangles our triangles, his rectangles our rectangles, his bulges our bulges. He may have combined them in ways that do not occur to most of us, but the repertory is in the public domain. Nor is there any such thing as a Kelly brushmark or a surface in his sculptures which has been worked on in a way unmistakably his. In such matters, he prefers an aristocratic anonymity. Elegance, courtesy, and discretion combine to fool us, when we first see a Kelly, into supposing that all echoes of private experience have been effaced from it.

They haven't, of course. There never yet was a Kelly that was not autobiographical in one sense or another. There are sculptures that derive from things seen in Paris—a window in the old Musée National d'Art Moderne, an arch of *(Text continued on page 200)*



Shadows from the trees play off the surfaces of the three aluminum pieces of *Untitled,* 1982, sited, according to the artist's plan, in a kind of triangle by a lake in Minnesota.







NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

TOPKAPI TREASURES

A traveling exhibition brings the flowering of Turkish art in the age of Süleyman the Magnificent to America

BY OLIVIER BERNIER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

In a miniature from the *Süleymanname* of Arifi, *above,* Süleyman receives his admiral in just the kind of interior which has survived at the Topkapi. During his reign the Harem was built and adorned with the newly perfected Iznik tiles, *left,* in which realistic tulips and hyacinths bloom with imaginary flowers.







Domed pavilions with magical gardens shining from every wall, great halls rich with silk and gold, mysterious interiors, hidden passages leading to arcaded courtyards dazzling with sunlight—these are the settings in which for centuries the sultans of Turkey moved from pleasure to pleasure. But although they owned furs, jewels, and women, all in profusion, their greatest treasure was made of nothing more than baked painted clay. If today the Topkapi Palace has lost none of its attractions, it is because of the Iznik tiles that adorn so many of its rooms.

Of these, much of the best were made under the greatest of all the sultans. Süleyman the Magnificent, who ruled from 1520 to 1566, was that rare phenomenon, a general and legislator of genius who was also a gifted poet and an inspired patron of the arts. When he was not doubling the extent of his empire, he was writing (under a pseudonym) and handing out commissions on a large scale. Sinān, the only Turkish architect of genius, was one of his protégés and designed the splendid Sülemaniye Mosque as well, no doubt, as sections of the Topkapi, and the potters of Iznik, just now reaching the peak of their achievement, were encouraged, rewarded, and kept busy. So busy that strict regulations were needed to ensure priority for the imperial orders.

Some of the tiles and ceramics created in this golden age will be among the more than two hundred splendid objects coming to the United States in the exhibition "The Age of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent," which opens January 25 at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., then travels to the Art Institute of Chicago and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. But the greatest glories of the Iznik tile maker's art remain on the walls of the Topkapi, and it is in situ that its importance to Ottoman architecture can best be appreciated.

When they conquered Byzantium in 1453, the Ottoman sultans immediately started building themselves a new residence, but they never quite decided how to go about it. Less a palace than a collection of gates and pavilions, sometimes connected, sometimes isolated, the Topkapi in essence is a series of permanent tents. Luckily, here, fantasy replaces genius. The sheer accumulation of domes, lanterns, tall pointed chimneys, arcades, small enclosed gardens, and tiled pavilions finally results in a vision of Oriental splendor and mystery. And unlike the

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

The sultans' passion for flowers animated the designs of painters, weavers, and ceramists alike. An intricate perennial garden of bouquets and fountains in tile blooms in a Harem room, *opposite,* where pearl-inlaid shutters flank a brass fireplace. The same blend of realistic and fanciful flowers reappears on a caftan, *left,* made for Süleyman's son Prince Bayezid, and on an Iznik faience plate, *above.*

[illegible] West, brazenly offering themselves to [illegible] the heart of this deluxe encampment, [illegible] is hidden behind layers of fortified walls, gates, and courtyards. It is hard to find, harder to enter, but there the best is to be seen.

The form that ultimate luxury would take, like the houris' lives, was absolutely predetermined. No sooner did the Turks discover the mild and fertile plains of Anatolia but they became passionate flower lovers. Tulips were grown in Turkey long before they reached Holland, as were other rare blooms. Besides, since the Muslim religion prohibits representation of God in any form and discourages the use of figures in decorative art, the Turks never developed mural painting. Clearly the walls of the Harem and the other pavilions must be made beautiful—and what could be more beautiful than flowers?

The gardens of the Topkapi—today pale ghosts of their former selves—were filled with hyacinth, narcissus, tulips, iris, peonies, carnations, and roses, but so was everything else—vases, tiles, jewels, fabrics, manuscripts. On one of Süleyman's caftans, for instance, blue and red brocade roses and rosebuds are interwoven with feather-like leaves against a bright pink ground. On another, a complex interlacing of gold, red, blue, and olive green peonies is framed by serpentine leaves on a white ground; all the riches of the garden are re-created and transposed, made more sumptuous still as art imitates, then departs from, life. This is also true of one of Süleyman's thrones, on which ebony, ivory, and mother-of-pearl inlays trace out flowerlike geometric patterns.

Even that was not enough. The Turks, it seems, could never tire of gardens. Luckily for them, and for us, the small pottery center of Iznik, about 140 miles from Istanbul, found, after a period of producing only the most primitive kind of earthenware, some artisans of genius just in time for Süleyman's commissions: suddenly new, imaginary flowers bloomed on tiles, plates, pots, ewers, and vases, surpassing anything nature had ever invented.

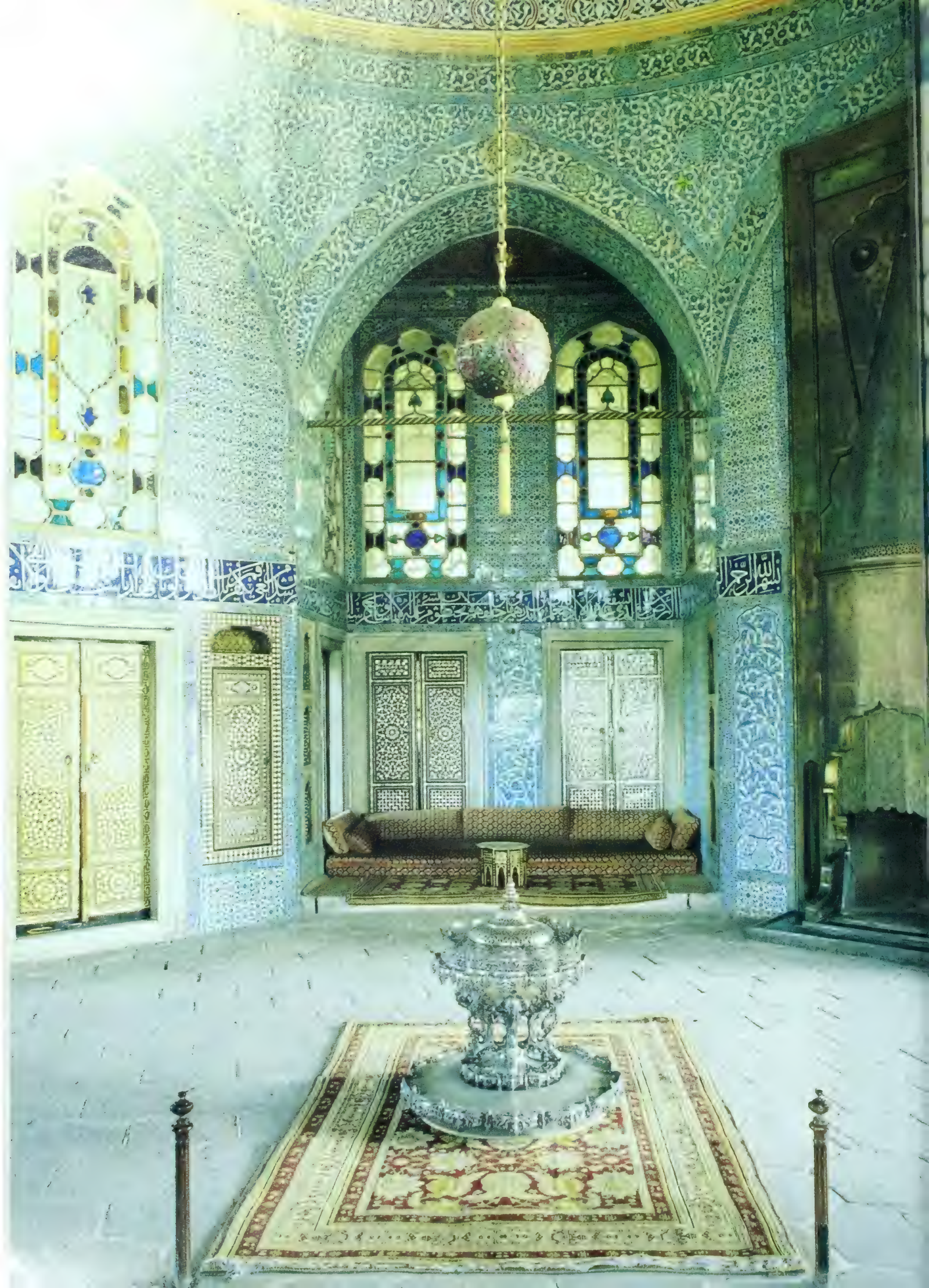
At first, Iznik faience consisted of a few simple patterns: small blue flowers with intertwined stems were set against a white ground. Soon a second color, a bright turquoise, was added. And by the middle of the sixteenth century, some fifty years after the beginning of the new style, two more colors appeared: a transparent olive green and an intense, slightly raised orange red. All these colors, always placed on a white ground and painted on with a brush, are made more brilliant and translucent by the clear overglaze that covers them.

One thing, however, *(Text continued on page 194)*



An Iznik faience ewer, *right,* combines flowers with Arabic script. *Opposite:* Flowers swirl from a vase on a Harem wall panel. *Overleaf left:* Flowers form a tight overall pattern on the Iznik tiles sheathing a 17th-century pavilion at the Topkapi. At room center, a silver incense burner sent by Louis XV. *Overleaf right:* Gilt religious symbol of purity or piety hangs in front of tiles in the distinctive Iznik coloring.







(continued from page 190) never [illegible] no matter how great the skill or sophistication of the Iznik faience makers, the subject remained flowers, all the real ones to be seen in the Topkapi garden, as well as the hatayi, that semiabstract flower used as a décor for Chinese porcelain. A plate, for instance, would be adorned with four bright red carnations, several carnation buds, and two blue and red featherlike leaves springing out of a vase containing blue and turquoise cornflowers, while the border, also in blue and turquoise, blended stylized waves and a dot pattern: the effect, complex and jewellike, is never heavy because the white ground allows the eye to travel deep into an imaginary space.

This kind of trompe l'oeil is nothing short of essential when it comes to opening up the warren of small rooms in the Harem, one of the parts of the Topkapi which was first built by Süleyman, then enlarged over the centuries. Because their small grilled windows do not let in a great deal of light, these apartments would be rather gloomy if it were not for their walls of Iznik tiles. Set in panels with a central motif of intertwined flowers and a border, sometimes of smaller flowers, sometimes of Arabic calligraphy, the tiles create a brilliant, light space.

For instance, in a chamber decorated for the valide sultana, the queen mother, three tall rectangular panels contain long-stemmed bouquets of roses and peonies springing from vases. Each of the bouquets is different, while in the borders much smaller vases serve as a base for a complex, almost abstract pattern of smaller flowers. Astonishingly, although there is no attempt at achieving even the most rudimentary perspective, the shiny translucent quality of the tiles suggests a far more convincing space than that of Western-style landscape.

The complex decorative scheme devised for the valide sultana was soon repeated in the three study halls of the crown princes, but here, no doubt because we have reached masculine quarters, there is an innovation: large windows open onto a view of the Golden Horn, while small fountains placed in their recesses cool the hot summer days. Here, too, Iznik tiles cover the walls. Indeed even the tall cone-shaped



The Topkapi Palace in Istanbul

chimney hood in the princes' main room is covered with faience, but where in a darker environment the tiles seem to generate their own light, here they reflect the outside: instead of a deep space we see surface patterns that enrich the room without enlarging it. And if we go and look at the outside of the princes' room, we find that it, too, is tiled. Crowned with a wide overhang but bathed in brilliant sunlight, the wall looks like a garden of three-dimensional flowers against a flat ground: the white that indoors suggests space here takes on a marblelike quality, while the roses, carnations, peonies, and tulips seem to move right into our own space.

Using the tiles outdoors as well as in was an inspired idea. Just as a square uninteresting room can become a thrilling environment when frescoed by a great painter, so the indifferent architecture of the Topkapi vanishes behind a veil of tiles. The very coolness of their surface is full of pleasant suggestions: what could be more refreshing on a hot summer day than to look at a parterre of flowers?

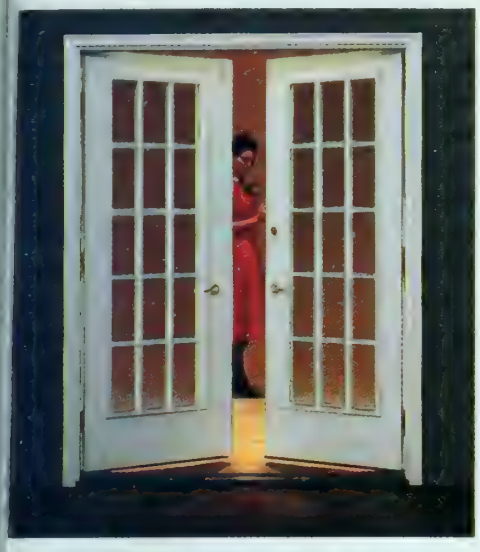
The sultans, from Süleyman on into the late eighteenth century, understood this perfectly. When they built special pavilions to celebrate their victories, ebony, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell inlaid in fantastic patterns were good enough for the door and shutters. As for the walls, nothing would do but Iznik tiles.

Perhaps because he had spent so much time within the dark labyrinths of the Harem, Murad IV, when he decided to celebrate the taking of Erivan in 1634 and Baghdad in 1638, chose as the site of his two pavilions the most dazzlingly open area of the whole Topkapi complex: the broad terrace which overlooks the Golden Horn. There at his feet was a bustling harbor with, on the left, the panorama of domes and minarets, which can still be seen today while, on his right, Galata, the European suburb, huddled around its tall cone-roofed tower—and all was bathed in golden light.

Both pavilions are handsome, but it was with the Baghdad Köşk (Pavilion) that Murad IV created a masterpiece. Set aside on the edge of the terrace, every one of its windows offers a different view onto the Bosporus or the Golden Horn. Shaped like a cross within an octagon, its center crowned by a small dome, the pavilion is covered inside and out with tiles set in square or rectangular panels with darker borders. Mostly restricted to blue and turquoise, the patterns change again and again so that the very notion of wall seems to disappear. What we see instead is a crazy quilt of flowers, each panel deliberately different from the next so as to keep the eye moving. With its shining brass cone-shaped chimney hood, its deep low brocade sofas, its shutters of precious wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, this is the perfect Ottoman pavilion: half-tent, half-mosque in design, its expansive volumes and lush décor are witness to what the empire at its best could produce.

By the time Ahmed III built his library in 1718, the Ottoman Empire had begun to decline; here, too, tiles covered the walls, but it was a last hurrah. As the empire sank into irretrievable decadence, its faience makers lost their skills: poor design and muddy color became the rule. Luckily for us, though, faience does not fade, and at the Topkapi, unchanged by the centuries, we can still admire the cool unchanging garden of the Iznik tiles. □

The exhibition "The Age of Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent" was made possible by a grant from the Philip Morris Companies and is supported by an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. The exhibit opens in Washington, D.C., on January 25 at the National Gallery of Art, the show's organizer, and continues there through May 17. It then travels to the Art Institute of Chicago (June 13–Sept. 6) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York (Oct. 4–Jan. 17, 1988). Two beautifully illustrated books, both written by guest curator Dr. Esin Atıl, accompany the exhibition: Süleymanname: The Illustrated History of Süleyman the Magnificent *(National Gallery/Abrams; $49.95 hardcover, $24.95 paperback) and the catalogue of the exhibition (price not set at press time). For further information contact the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. 20565.*



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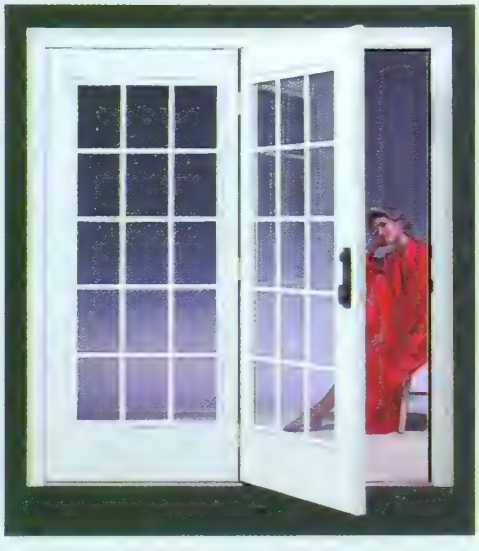
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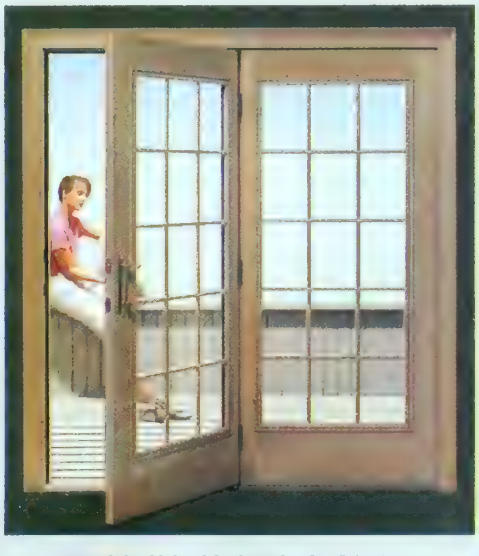
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A SUBTLE PALETTE

(Continued from page 124) Julian's focus in his professional designing, and the catalyst effect of one hue upon another is seen throughout the Julian house as well. The dining room's moldings, painted aubergine to match the jacquard-print silk on the walls, are dry-brushed with turquoise. In a paler version, similar hues appear in the living room's hyacinth walls with mint green trim and in the hyacinth sash with mint green muntins.

The surprising two-color window detail is typical of this house. Such refinements are perceived little by little after a first impression of soft serenity and spareness. Then in the living room one sees the French chairs wearing two fabrics plus leather, the curtain panels each made of ten seamed lengths of herringbone and checkerboard linens



In the richly dark dining room made for evening use, a new Italian chandelier.

and as well constructed as Balenciaga ball dresses.

Walker and Hughes had the run of Julian's fabric warehouses when they chose the materials for the rooms, and with Lynn Julian's help they found yardage for every purpose. However, they caution anyone who is thinking of using clothing material in decorating. Many of the fabrics had to be painstakingly backed for durability, and several of the workrooms said they would never again attempt such a feat.

To expend this extra effort was a course agreed upon by the four-person client-and-decorator team. In addition to working together on all general concepts, each brought a special strength to the project. Not only was there Alexander Julian's color sense but also Ken Walker's architectural expertise, John Hughes's gift for stylistic detail, and Lynn Julian's devotion to antique furniture. On the couple's frequent trips to the Italian mills that weave most of his fabrics, it was she who found many of the pieces that add to the mix the glamour and mystery of the past. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

MOROCCAN IN MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 166)

Because the Middle East was part of the Turkish Empire until World War I, there is a consistency about its decorative themes, while at the same time a strong Western influence could be felt by the nineteenth century. At its worst, that combination resulted in some of the ugliest, most overgilt furniture ever made; at its best, it blended traditional Western forms with the jewellike techniques the local artisans had practiced for centuries. The latter description fits the sumptuous furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl in the Amar apartment; made in Damascus in the late nineteenth century, the pieces most recently traveled from Barbara Hutton's house in Tangiers.

When the Ottomans conquered Byzantium in 1453, they brought with them the tradition of avoiding reference to the human figure in their art except in the miniatures of narrative chronicles. As their chief decorative motif they chose the flowers they loved. There followed flowered damasks, flowered tiles, flowered furniture, often in bold, striking patterns and strong, clear colors. From the late fifteenth century, Iznik ceramics, for instance, offered an abstract and unchanging garden of tulips, carnations, and cornflowers, so it makes perfect sense for Mr. Amar to serve his guests on modern reproductions of Iznik plates. As for Ottoman furniture, from the time of Süleyman the Magnificent onward, it, too, was adorned with patterns of flowers.

The sinuous elegance of these patterns can lend animation to what are sometimes rather stiff forms, but in the case of Mr. Amar's chairs and sofa the decorative elements seem to have been invented as a complement to the gracefully curved arms, legs, and backs. By the nineteenth century even the relatively closed societies of the Middle East looked to Europe for a model; they adapted what they saw as its styles, which, from the 1860s on, meant what the French call Louis XV and Louis XVI Impératrice—the pastiches of eighteenth-century furniture favored by the empress Eugénie.

That the proportions of these chairs should be utterly different from those of their French models is only an added charm: the larger backs, smaller seats, and lazy curve of the arms manage to evoke a past of caravans and mosques just barely touched by a few visitors in top hats and side whiskers. As for the tall chest of drawers in the living room, its inlaid flowers linked by curlicued stems not only catch the eye but also make what would otherwise be a large blocklike piece seem pleasingly insubstantial.

This is the kind of furniture that demands attention, and Mr. Amar knows just how to set it off by keeping the couches simple, the walls plain, and the floors bare. In the same way the mosque lamp in the dining room requires, and gets, star billing; amusingly its owner found the lamp right in New York City after he had made many a vain effort to unearth its equivalent in Cairo.

The furnishings, including a splendid portiere of embroidered silk in the entrance hall, bring back the era when turbans, egrets, and flowers seemed to exemplify an exotic and recherché culture, but the bare surfaces here also tell the visitor that the Bauhaus aesthetic lives on. The past, after all, can never be arbitrarily re-created. But when some of its best elements come together with a refined modern sensibility, then the result is out-of-time, out-of-place, and enormously pleasing. □

By Olivier Bernier

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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(Continued from page 156) in 1912 he received a degree in engineering. During service in World War I he specialized in the construction of roads and bridges, and after the war he worked in Genoa experimenting with reinforced concrete. In 1925 he designed the first spiral reinforced car ramp and garage in Italy. Built in Genoa, it still stands and is in use today.

During the 1920s, Invernizzi amassed a small fortune buying land and constructing apartment buildings in and around Genoa. As he became more prosperous, he also purchased small pieces of adjoining property in the village of his birth. Always independent, Invernizzi was able to survive as a socialist and progressive thinker without bending to Fascist pressure in the 1930s.

Ettore Fagiuoli, who built Il Girasole with Invernizzi, was a capable architect in the Veronese style, with particular strength in theater design. He and Invernizzi were longtime friends and had collaborated on apartment projects and the local cemetery in Marcellise. Today a number of Fagiuoli's drawings, etchings, and renderings are exhibited at Il Girasole, and his handsome etching of the villa, drawn shortly after the project's completion, graces the label of the Invernizzis' own Il Girasole Chianti.

As we went through Il Girasole, it became apparent that the engineer's vision dominates: the conventional aspects of the house are never quite as brilliant as the mechanical invention itself. Yet positive and stimulating evidence of their collaboration occurs where one finds theatrical fantasy juxtaposed with mechanical fact. There is one such powerful moment at the building's entrance: a marble hallway of monumental proportions passes through the earth toward the central structural column of the building; in the center, caught in the kinetics of the rotating drum and spiral stair, an elevator cage, seemingly fragile and transparent, transports the visitor aloft.

Another of the many special places in the house is the garden platform on top of the enormous fixed drum and beneath the quarter circle of the upper house itself. Here circular tracks have been set alongside formal planting beds. Two small motors (a total of three horsepower) turn the house. (Originally Il Girasole rotated 360 degrees, and once set in motion, it took nine hours to make a complete turn. Now, because of structural problems, the house is turned only part way, about 120 degrees.) Huge specially made carriage wheels transport it, and as it turns, a radial garden is revealed, with iron tracks echoing circular beds.

> Despite its brilliant realization, there is something sad and temporal about this powerful structure

The two wings of the villa contain private rooms, beautifully executed but somewhat more predictable than the public spaces. They are square in shape, soft in color, and warm in tone: polished rosewood, ebony, and palm glow in the muted light. The interiors, set in time by their Novecento style, were the work of Fagiuoli, Fausto Saccorotti, and others. The very best of the interior decoration can be seen in the spectacular stippled mosaic bathrooms.

During World War II the Invernizzis left Il Girasole, threatened by German occupation, and remained in Genoa. Before leaving, Angelo Invernizzi rotated the house toward the hills and away from the southern valley below. Knowing the terrace would be in nearly continuous shadow in this position and the villa far less hospitable, he then dismantled the powering mechanism. Unable to repair the motors, the Germans spent many uncomfortable months before finally assembling a team of oxen from nearby farms and turning Il Girasole to the sun. The image of the beasts pulling the massive metal structure is primitive and somewhat mythical, as if they were pulling the sun itself.

Buildings that maximize their relationship to the earth and sun are not new to Italian architecture. Certainly a prime example is Palladio's Villa Rotunda (1550–51) outside Vicenza, which addresses with equal façades four entirely different landscapes; it conveys a presence that is simultaneously rooted yet floating effortlessly above the land.

For its time the Villa Rotunda was as modern and radical a structure as Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye of 1929. Not unlike the Villa Savoye or the Maison de Verre by Pierre Chareau, Il Girasole was conceived as a new type of house, a twentieth-century machine inspired by issues of architecture and engineering. When Invernizzi began the project in 1929, he believed the idea would become economical and that eventually there would be many rotating villas. By the time he had finished the project six years later, he fully realized that its enormous complexity and extraordinary cost would not lead many others to follow in his footsteps. Yet there were revolving structures designed, but only a few were constructed. Pier Luigi Nervi, for example, designed a revolving house in 1934; in the Maritime Alps in 1937 a revolving sanatorium was built but was destroyed during the war.

Il Girasole as an invention is the product of a certain type of northern Italian mind best exemplified by Leonardo da Vinci. If Palladio, in the Villa Rotunda a few kilometers to the east was the ultimate refiner of the architecture of the villa, Leonardo, not far to the west in Milan, was the consummate inventor. Within Il Girasole's shaft, as you sense this massive and apparently fixed structure slowly rotating, you cannot help but feel the presence of Leonardo and the fascination with mechanical inventions.

Although it was born to test both form and function in twentieth-century architecture, Il Girasole receives life from the richness and romance of its humanist underpinnings. In the quiet afternoon hours, as it silently turns, the sound of a pebble dropping may be heard. It echoes upward through the central drum. We are told there is a slow disintegration, a grinding down, of the great base. Later this loss is evidenced by a powdery substance, granules of dust, on the polished entry floor far below. Despite its noble conception and brilliant realization, there is something sad and temporal about this powerful structure. It is clear that the number of turns, like the inevitable grinding away of our own bones, is limited by time. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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(continued from page 184) the Pont de la Tournelle, a blank wall on the Île Saint-Louis, or the look of an Assyrian relief in the Louvre. There is one that takes the memory of a tower on Belle-Île-en-Mer off the coast of Brittany and goes on to conjugate it with parts of the human body; there is one that derives from the stage sets made by André Masson for Jean Louis Barrault's production of *Hamlet* just after the war; there is one that takes a hint from that all-American instrument of relaxation, the rocking chair, and another that derives from a plastic cup that Kelly picked up on a street in New York, forthwith crushed in his hand, and for no particular reason began to draw.

These sources were not taken over literally, and no one who had not heard about them from Kelly himself would be likely to guess what they were. Anyone who was in Paris in the bitter-cold winters that followed World War II will remember the look of those tall, gaunt windows in the Musée National d'Art Moderne, an unhappy construction that dated only from 1937 and yet already seemed near dereliction. There was in the sky a lethal whiteness that Kelly painted into the top half of his sculpture. Contrasted with the grubby man-made whiteness of the walls of the museum, it put the dilapidated museum through an ordeal by whiteness that made one particularly conscious of the black window frame and its attendant mullions.

None of this came over as fact in the sculpture that Kelly produced in 1949. Neither then nor in 1968, when it was first seen in New York, did the sculpture declare its origins. But those origins validated the whole endeavor, and something of that now-distant winter lives on in the sculpture. The problem was how to leave out as much as possible of the descriptive or storytelling element and also retain the primal thrust of feeling. It is a problem that recurs every time Kelly begins a new sculpture, but the least we can say is that he is very good at solving it.

The visitor to his house and garden up the Hudson will find that not long after he moved there in 1970 he began to address the notion of making sculptures that were meant neither to go indoors nor to work with architecture but to take their place among trees and shelving grassland and a large but not at all "landscaped" pond. What he wanted was not a "sculpture garden" but a garden in which sculptural presences would be at home. Given long hard winters and short hot summers, he needed a material that would weather well and not begin to look ratty almost before it was installed in the open. He also needed, or felt that he needed, a new shape to go with the new spaces and with the sensations of ownership.

It had been a quiet period for his sculpture—or so it would seem from the catalogue raisonné that was made in 1982 by Patterson Sims and Emily Rauh Pulitzer. That catalogue lists seven sculptures for 1963, one for 1964, two for 1966, six for 1968, one (a multiple) in 1970–71, and then a pause until 1973. In 1973, after two and a half years in the country, he began to work with nature. He made a curved piece that lay on the ground, had both straight and curved edges, was barely four inches wide in any direction and yet could be expanded to 144 by 118 inches without loss of tension. It had begun with the memory of a waxed paper cup.

It is characteristic of Kelly's procedures that he turned from a shape initiated by something left for dead on the sidewalk to one that combines the majestic forward-driving motion of the shark with the curved profile of a planet (or of the earth itself) as it appears in photographs taken from a NASA spacecraft. *Curve II,* as installed in the garden of Philip Johnson's house in Connecticut, deals with sloping grassland in a way that is both spectacular and subtly accommodating. (Kelly's outdoor sculptures do not try to dominate nature, even when—as is the case with *Curve XXII* of 1981, in Lincoln Park, Chicago—they are as much as 36 feet high.)

Curve II is a distinctly wild creature—a standing fin that cruises through a large, open grassy space as a great fish cruises through deep and open salt water. But Kelly's own garden is a true garden, not an estate, and he clearly had in mind forms that would double as guardians and protectors rather than as decorations or antic embellishments. Where *Curve II* had stood for purposeful motion, *Stele I* and *Stele II,* both executed in 1973 at Lippincott in North Haven, Connecticut, were about roundness and stillness.

There are no spreading vistas on Kelly's property. Spaces are enclosed, limited, and domestic in scale, though with echoes of the long, rolling, unaggressive outline of the Berkshires. Noble, simplified presences were needed, and that is exactly what was forthcoming.

Driving back and forth across France a quarter of a century earlier, Kelly had noticed, as we all do, the immutable form of the milestones (to be precise, kilometer stones) along the road. They consist invariably of a tall white rectangle on which information is given. On top of that white rectangle is a flattened semicircular form, painted red. That stone is one of the great everyday inventions, and almost every visitor to France comes to know it and trust it.

When we look at Kelly's two *Steles,* with their supersubtle tapering, their vestigial allusion to buttock and shoulder, and their echoes—faint but persistent—of a giant seated figure, we know that there is much more to them than abstract form. As Mr. Sims and Mrs. Pulitzer point out, there is a Kelly painting of 1959 called *Blue Ripe* which is precisely half as tall and half as wide as *Stele II.* Like that sculpture, it is squarish but never *quite* square. There is nothing routine, schematic, or "given" about the shapes of the two *Steles.* Though of much more than human height, they have overtones of human particularity. Made as they are of weathering (or Cor-Ten) steel that is no more than an inch thick, the two *Steles* are bulky and all but two-dimensional at the same time. Though heavy, they do not seem to burden the earth but rather to rest lightly upon it. They are guardians, not jailers. Far from sending out a perpetual semaphoric signal like one of David Smith's *Cubi,* they sit still and wait for us to come to them. They have a broad fatherly embrace, as if waiting for the prodigal son, rather than the spiky, jumpy, histrionic attack that often characterizes "public sculpture."

Outdoor sculpture as it is practiced by Ellsworth Kelly has to forego, by definition, the piercing candor of color and the immaculate paint surfaces that

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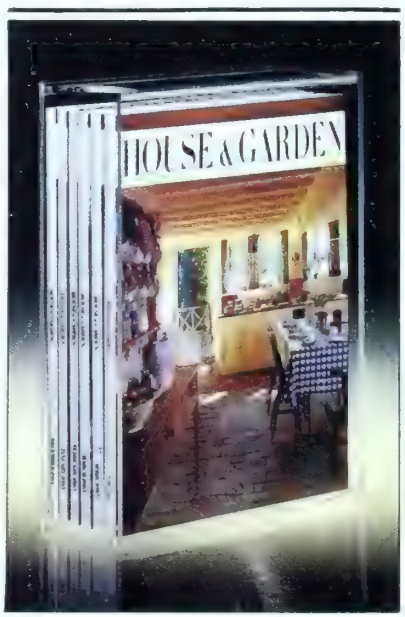
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OUTDOOR ABSTRACTIONS

make his indoor sculptures so invigorating to live with. But the outdoor sculptures do have, apart from weathering steel, the possibility of aluminum and stainless steel (one of them even has a mirror surface), which gather up, concentrate, and return the light that comes their way.

This quality is invaluable to the long series of slender totemic sculptures (fifteen in all) that Kelly produced between 1974 and 1982. Whether in stainless steel, aluminum, or oak, these figures have an astonishing variety within what, in other hands, might seem an elementary, dis-detailed formula. Whether waisted toward the middle or gently bellying out, they have a recognizable human presence with only the most minimal of anatomical references. They may, in fact, remind us of what Francis Bacon said of his paintings—that he wanted the "sensation of the thing, without the boredom of its conveyance."

As always happens with Kelly, the recent sculptures have a most various vibration. We believe him absolutely when he said that *Blue White Angle* of 1966 has to do with the forward march of a striding male Egyptian figure in Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, but we also believe that the *Diagonal with Curve XIV* of 1982 derives from the action of the black skimmer bird (apotheosized by Audubon in 1821) as it rushes along the surface of the water and bears away a fish in its very long bill.

More and more, his recent sculptures are in the open air. But it is a particular kind of open air—not heroic, not menacing, not over life-size. They could crown a dramatic vista, but they don't need one. The paradoxical thinness and apparent lightness of the materials employed make it impossible that they should ever domineer. Like the man who made them, they have strong and true feelings but would not dream of forcing them on us. As for the repertory of forms, I cannot better what I said in 1982—that we should remember that Racine in his tragedies uses only a very small vocabulary and that no matter how deeply his successors dig into the dictionary, Racine will outlive them. □

Editors: Beatrice Monti della Corte and Heather Smith MacIsaac

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BY TINA LEE

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(Continued from page 134) kitchen, living room, and sleeping loft. The palm thatch, called *palapa,* is laid on in thick layers—the LoGiudices' roof required the entire output of a four-acre palm plantation—and has almost miraculous climate-control qualities: the hard bleached exterior reflects the sun while the fibrous layers form insulating air pockets. "We don't even need the ceiling fans until July," says Patsy. The *palapas* are spread over a frame of *bacoté,* a hardwood so impenetrable that nails can't be driven directly into it (holes have to be drilled first) and, more importantly, that even the local insect population won't attempt to masticate. Working in the local fashion also required observing some arcane building caveats. "The builder, a seventy-year-old man named Luis Piñero, told me at one point that we couldn't cut the *bacoté* because the moon wasn't in the right phase," remembers LoGiudice. He later learned that there was a practical reason for this apparent superstition: the wood is fixed by the sap, which rises only when the moon is right.

"The house has gotten more elegant since I've been there," says Rivers, referring to the *bara* tiles, overlaid by Berber rugs, that now pave the originally sand-floored living room. But the house remains open, and despite the amount of art produced there, the décor is limited to regional crafts; Patsy and Joe estimate the longevity of a book in the humid climate at about four years, and paintings and drawings wouldn't fare substantially better. The tropical air gives something back, however, in displays of iridescent butterflies or the gemlike frogs that stick to the walls in the rainy season. And LoGiudice's heroically groomed garden, with its profusion of orchid trees, bougainvilleas, palms, hyacinths, and air plants, is a year-round backdrop.

When Rivers is in residence, he begins each day with a Spanish lesson and his barbell workout, then paints in his whitewashed studio next to the hou Evenings are likely to find him at Coc nuts, where he sometimes jams on h saxophone with such New York a complices as trombone player Howa Konavitz and the hot new singer Pho be Legere. Zihuatanejo has inspired share of original art: Patsy, a photogr pher and documentary film produce has done a photographic study of t town's leading families, and Rivers a LoGiudice have collaborated on a do udrama about Zihuatanejo titled *On Beach*. But perhaps the greatest oppo tunity Zihuatanejo provides its migra artists is the opportunity just to g away and creatively schmooze in t most casual fashion, the way they cou a couple of decades ago in places far the north like Max's Kansas City. "It not unusual to walk into this livi room and find four or five art-wor superstars," says LoGiudice. "An here you know that when they walk o they're going to walk out with ne ideas." □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gra*

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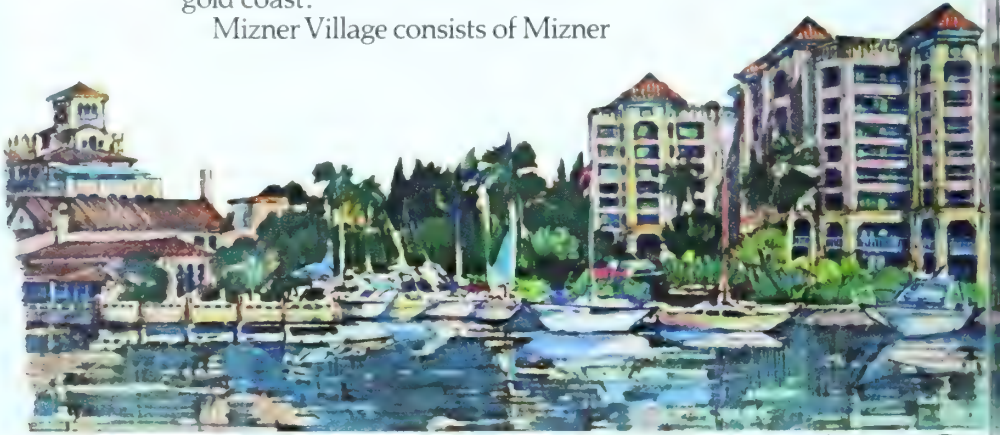
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ontinued from page 106) the owner a fleet (pictures of many of those ps hang on one wall in the so-called nily room of the villa). About 1890 odato moved his family into the vil- set above the sea in a luxuriant gar- n. They also had a *palazzo in città,* a y house, where they spent the nths between November and May. very year we solemnly closed down e city house, put dust sheets on ev- thing, and moved crates of house- old articles to the villa—it used to ke half an hour by horse and car- ge." It is Baron Raffaello's sister Ma- a Luisa speaking, reminiscing about e villa's life. "It always smelled of esh paint because it was repainted ev- y year just before our arrival." Both the villa and in the palazzo the whole mily lived together—sons- and aughters-in-law, grandchildren and ventually great-grandchildren—and ey ate together at a vast table, where ach had a permanent place.

During World War I a Tripcovich daughter (the future mother of Raffaello and Maria Luisa) fell in love with an Austrian hero, the most decorated pilot in the air force, the Baron de Banfield. At the war's end, with Austria's defeat and the ceding of Trieste to Italy, the baron had to go into exile to London, where he married (Raffaello was born in London). When things settled down, he was able to come back to Trieste and enter the shipping business for which he revealed a special talent.

His mother-in-law and his wife were both eager collectors, and the contents of the villa reflect their taste—their wise acquisitions resulting from long, patient exploration of antiques dealers in Paris, London, and Vienna.

Originally the villa was furnished with Art Nouveau, and so it remained for decades—until the thirties—even when Art Nouveau was completely out of fashion. Those were the decades that saw the firm at the height of its success. Then came World War II, and the whole family withdrew to the villa. The garden was planted with vegetables. "Sweet potatoes!" Baroness Maria Luisa recalls, shuddering even today. "We seemed to eat nothing but sweet potatoes. But my grandfather's cellar was well stocked, so they were washed down with the finest wines."

On September 8, 1943, after the Fascist regime had fallen and the new government had signed an armistice with the Allies, the Germans occupied northern Italy, and the Banfields could see from the villa the German artillery bombing Italian naval units as they tried to escape to neutral ports. Three Italian ships were sunk as the family watched. The family's ships were also destroyed in the war, and when it was over, the firm concentrated on more homely but indispensable tugboats and on salvage (Raffaello's father raised most of the ships sunk by the Egyptians in the Suez Canal in 1954).

Raffaello de Banfield is by inheritance the president of the shipowning company, but he is, above all, a musi-

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...l operas. ...*etter,* on a li... Williams, was re... ...ed with success at the ... Festival in Charleston. For ... ...s also been the much... ...sed artistic director of the Teatro ...li, Trieste's opera house, which is now one of the most interesting and alert music theaters in Italy.

It was through the theater that he came to know Emilio Carcano (responsible for many theatrical and opera designs in Europe), and when Carcano took on the job of decorating the villa, which had last been redone in 1953 for the wedding of Baroness Maria Luisa, he was familiar with the personality and tastes of his client.

"You are a man of the theater," he said to Baron Raffaello. "The house should have a theatrical quality." And so in the large ground-floor music room, which is virtually the drawing room, Carcano decided to hang the walls with painted canvases suggesting tapestries, the sort of thing you would see in a Handel opera, perhaps, or Meyerbeer. Made in France, these hangings repeat designs by Poussin.

Carcano designed a wonderfully comfortable, two-directional overstuffed sofa for the music room. One side of it faces a broad window overlooking the garden and the sea, an ideal spot for several months of the year. But the winters in Trieste are murderous (the bora, the notorious wind, can blow pedestrians off the sidewalks), and so the other side of the sofa faces the huge baronial fireplace. Renzo Mongiardino designed the occasional tables, in tortoiseshell colors, made in Milan.

The family room is hung with pictures of Diodato's ships and portraits of the family. Over the fireplace is a charming triple portrait of Raffaello's great-grandfather Banfield with his brother and sister: three children, the boys with angel's wings, their sister with delicate dragonfly wings (this ancestor was killed in 1859 at the battle of Solferino by a bullet meant for the emperor Franz Josef, who many wars lat... shook the hand of Raffaello's fathe... the ace pilot).

Adjoining the music room is a litt... library, appropriately Biedermeier. ... earlier times it was an unused sittin... room, virtually a passage. It is domina... ed by a cream-and-green-tile stov... eighteenth-century Austrian. It ha... been in the family a long time; so lon... in fact, that it has practically become ... member of the family and has a nam... Nicoletta. Both the baron and h... housekeeper, Signorina Carla, refer t... it with familiar affection.

The ground floor—including a *ja... din d'hiver,* all wicker and sunligh... with flowers, painted and real—is no... just about complete. Upstairs th... stripped walls, the dangling wires, th... confusion of all kinds of constructio... make a sharp contrast to the color an... order and elegance of the floor below... A dramatic contrast, but then, as Ca... cano says, this is the house of a man o... the theater. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Cort

IXING

(Continued from page 138)

About 120 miles west of Shanghai, and only some 100 miles northeast of Nanjing, conveniently served by rivers and trade canals, probably less than 40 miles across the justly famous beauty of Lake Taihu from Suzhou and surrounded by both its hills of colored clays and an abundance of lumber for firing the kilns, Ixing is perfectly placed to produce and distribute its wares. The area is well known for its beauty and historical associations. As early as the Warring States period (453–221 B.C.) the Minister of Yue, Fanli, settled there with his beautiful concubine Hsi Shih; Fanli made pottery himself and is still called the patron saint of potters. Su Tung-p'o, one of China's most famous poets, also lived at Ixing in the eleventh century.

As with so many histories, the romantic legend is probably not too far from the truth. It seems entirely possible the discovery of this ideally situated site was all but accidental, though its subsequent exploitation into the pottery capital of China was a logical inevitability. Song Boyin, the foremost Beijing authority on classic ceramics, in his essay prefacing the K. S. Lo Collection catalogue dates the tradition of the Ixing potteries to the first century A.D., when shards from that date were used as prototypes for the purple clay pots thrown by the potters of the Northern Song. He points out that in 1976, in the Lishu district of Ixing, a dragon kiln was excavated which can be dated to the early twelfth century, in the middle of the dynasty. The purple clay wares were produced from then until the seventeenth century. The site is a logical one for the production of tea wares since it is an area famous for its plantations, particularly for the finest quality "tributary" tea.

The whimsy of Ixing ware is evident in a pair of teapots in the Victoria and Albert Museum. They were modeled by Menghou in the later nineteenth century as clusters of bamboo making up musical instruments with a curved stalk serving as the handle, another elegantly bent into a spout. In the same collection there is a rather awkward pot of two handscrolls loosely tied to... gether, an entirely illogical spout an... loop handle simply stuck onto the side ... of the scrolls. One can easily imagin... this pot being used by the Suzhou lite... rati gathered together in a great earl... garden at one of their poetry competi... tions to celebrate a visiting scholar... Their silks and brocades rustling with... deliberate movement, one by one th... scholars pitted their wits in the compli... catedly allusive word game of poetr... composition. A poem incorporating... facts and specific dates about the visit... ing scholar's life had to be composed... against the time a wine-filled Ixing... cup, resting on a leaf, would take t... float between agreed points of the tra... ditional meandering garden stream.

Totally plain domed octagons... straightforward globular "teapot"... shapes, slab constructed squares, o... delicately molded upside-down mag... nolia flowers, their calyx modeled a... the cover, all served as tests of the art... ist-potter's extraordinary skills. The... second, and perhaps the most particu... larly personal, aspect of the Ixing pot...

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IXING

teries is the fact that most teapots and many of the objects for the scholar's table were signed. None of the masterpieces of porcelain made at Jingdezhen, even those certainly commissioned for the imperial court, were ever signed by the potter or decorator. Since the tradition of signing is peculiar to Ixing, we have (apart from the thorny question of authenticity) a much clearer idea of chronology, of changing fashion, of which potter worked with which poet, which retired official actually potted, asking which calligrapher to carve a favorite line onto his pot before firing, perhaps even for a specific gathering of his friends. A teapot could well have been a wedding gift, as the extravagantly encrusted nuts and fruits would certainly wish an abundance of healthy children for the recipient.

Connoisseurs traditionally have appreciated and thought of Ixing pottery primarily in terms of the immediately recognizable and characteristic teapots and the eccentric objects—such as lifelike nuts—made for the dilettante scholar's taste. Paradoxically, given the refinement of quality and design which made the ware so appreciated, it was never considered an "imperial taste" ware. Porcelain, precious metals, and jade were considered more worthy and less folksy than Ixing.

The commercial mainstays of production must have been, as they are now, the wares for the everyday local market: cooking and eating vessels, bowls, storage and pickling jars, and jardinieres for the great gardens so fashionable in nearby Suzhou. Soame Jenyns, one of the first great English-Chinese scholars, makes the practical point that it was only when a ware became particularly celebrated for its quality or decoration that the cost of freight would be justified over the cost of local "copy" production. Ixing has been listed as the fourth of the large kilns producing in China during the Qing dynasty. Ixing, while in no way comparable in importance art historically or commercially to the vast city of kilns at Jingdezhen (which supplied the Imperial City at Beijing and the insatiable demand of the East India Companies with the refined enameled wares and monochromes known to us as "Chinese taste"), was nevertheless an important ceramic center and holds a unique place in the aesthetic history of the Chinese potter.

Few collectors today, frustrated at the scarcity of their prey on the markets of New York, London, or the Far East, realize the sheer quantities of "chinoiseries" (Ixing among them) which were exported through the East India Companies. Tantalizing glimpses are given of these volumes b T. Volker. From the Batavia Castl "daybook" for 1680, he lists: "O March 5th the *Ternate* carried 5,89 Japanese porcelains and 1,635 Chines teapots." Volker circumstantially sug gests that these were Ixing, but the (un dated) entry in the 1679 daybook more specific: "From Chang Chou seven cases of red pottery teapots. . . The entry ends with the matter-of-fac (but, to us, breathtaking) note ". . .well over a million pieces [of por celain] have arrived at Batavia thi year." The suggestion that these colos sal cargoes included Ixing teapots i reasonable since it is in the later seven teenth century that we first see Euro pean red pottery with unmistakable references to Ixing prototypes in thei shapes and decorations.

While a necessarily cursory intro duction to a perhaps small but pro vocatively complicated subject such as the potteries of Ixing can no more than whet the appetite of a neophyte the collector should refer to Soame Jenyns's and W. W. Winkworth's work on later Chinese porcelain in which these two great "pot men" comment inimitably on the delightfully contentious field game of connoisseurship versus scientific testing and post-romantic archaeology. □

Editor: Karen Lee Grant

OREGON EDEN

(Continued from page 144) West Hills, which rise in places to one thousand feet above the city and its river. He was on his way to play golf, but never far from his mind was a deeper interest, a greater need. John, for that was the young man's given name, had grown up playing in and exploring the woods, ravines, and small streams that covered much of these hills. Later he had spent over two years at sea and knew of faraway places and endless space. Now he was caged in a small apartment whose only view was the back wall of the adjacent building, ten feet away and no sky. No sky! As he drove along, he spotted out of the corner of his eye a crudely painted sign nailed to a large cedar tree: FOR SALE, ALL OR PART. He stopped, backed, drove up a narrow inclined gravel road, and knew he had "come home"!

What John found was an old Victorian farmhouse in the middle of about ten acres of neglected farmland covered with waist-high Johnson grass only cows and Willamette Valley pocket gophers could love. But there was also a small one-bedroom cottage on the edge of an old orchard and cut off from the rest of the farm by a large Western red cedar hedge. Years later he would still remember how his pulse quickened, how something seemed to clutch at his voice box as he asked two little old ladies living in the farmhouse if the cottage was for sale. "Yes!" said the dear little old ladies. John went from shock into hock but did it quickly, acquiring at that time two and a half acres of land in addition to the cottage. Later he was to wonder whether these were the original "little old ladies," for one day he came upon them trimming with hand shears their side of the big cedar hedge. They were in tennis shoes!

For about a year John was content to clean up the neglected orchard, sink his fingers into the deep loam of his land, and watch the band-tailed pigeons eat the early buds of the fruit trees. Then one day he asked a young lady, whose father was Portland's most esteemed amateur gardener, to view his property in the hope she might give him some ideas. She did. Her name was Jane and they were married within the year. Inevitably changes started taking place, and the following spring the little garden was an explosion of



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buds, blossoms, and blooms. John counted his blisters—and his blessings. Jane's roots were sinking deep into their property.

As the clouds of war started rolling across Europe, it seemed prudent to build a larger house. Pietro Belluschi, whose renown and imitators lay ahead of him, was chosen as the architect. The site selected was near the property's center surrounded by old apple trees: Twenty-Ounce Pippins, Romes, Baldwins, and a Greening, one of this country's oldest varieties dating back to colonial times. Pietro, recognizing the uniqueness of the site and intuitively sensing what Jane might do with it, carefully avoided making his design of the house a "statement." Pietro had earlier commented that he considered the ideal house design one in such harmony with its setting it would not be seen as a "house" but as part of a whole. Well, others saw the house he designed for John and Jane. It first appeared in the January 1944 issue of *Arts & Architecture,* then in the January 1945 issue of *American Home.* It was generally considered far-out. Much less so by 1960 and '65, when it appeared in House & Garden! Long before this, however, those clouds of war had settled over Pearl Harbor, and in time John found himself in a navy sickbay. Reading through a March 29, 1943, issue of *Time* magazine, he was overcome by a tidal wave of homesickness and surprise to see his house pictured in an article on Belluschi captioned "Beautiful Barns"!

During the war Jane was busy raising the first of two sons and tilling a victory garden, but her minimal ration of gasoline did supply plenty of time to dream of and plan her future garden. And so when John returned in October 1945, he barely had time to savor the bottle of White Horse Jane had sequestered for the occasion before the dirt and stumps began to fly—literally. Tools and equipment were in short supply, but John acquired a Rube Goldberg type of garden tractor with a Chevrolet transmission and a Plymouth differential. It was steered with a vertical bar but it had a dozer and a plow. John named it Excalibur and no one ever had a more trusty weapon with which to challenge the status quo of neglected land. With Excalibur in hand and "Fire in the hole!" (an expression shouted when the fuse to dynamite is lighted), orchard and field began to yield to a garden.

Great was their effort and long their labors. If darkness overtook them before they were exhausted, they resorted to artificial light. If it rained, they planted trees. If it snowed or the ground froze, Jane would bury herself in nursery catalogues or her growing library of horticultural books. John would sharpen and polish Excalibur.

One Saturday morning, when no one was watching, John unsheathed Excalibur from its shed and headed for a slope above the orchard. Neither man nor machine was designed for the task that lay ahead, but this only became apparent when it was too late. "Was ever a gardener's soul so dead he has not to his tractor said, 'Let's go for it!' " Several months and many more weekends and evenings later a 25-by-70-foot terrace was wrenched from the hillside. It was planted to grass, and for years, until the practice was outlawed, it served as a fine launching area for those expressions of Independence Day fervor—skyrockets, Roman candles, and aerial torpedos. A few years later, with the inspiration and help of a talented young landscape designer, Richard Painter, it was made into a gravel garden that formed an effective relief to the lawns and flora. But to John it was a lasting monument to Excalibur, which in time was returned to the fiery lake from which it had emerged—the blast furnace. There to be born again, perhaps as a reinforcing bar for a Portland skyscraper, perhaps as a coat hanger. It did not matter. Excalibur had left its mark.

In the early 1950s a fundamental change took place. The company John was associated with was sold to a Minneapolis firm, and he was asked to move to that city. He was undecided but not Jane. Third-generation Oregonians are difficult to transplant. They stayed in Portland. John acquired his own business and a terrible truth was revealed to him: forty-hour weeks are for employees—employers generally log sixty. There are compensations, of course, but working in one's garden is not one of them. So Jane took over.

Even in the fifties there were still a few Old Country gardeners to be found. If you were lucky and persua-

e (money was not the issue), you ld get one to work in your garden. mpbell was such a man, and he and e started shaping her garden to- rd its present form. With Jane sup- ing the inspiration and Campbell e know-how they made an effective m. After about three years he retired, d the young designer stepped for- rd. What he lacked in Old Country made up for not only in enthusiasm, eas, strength, and an endless supply college-boy helpers but above all in a owledge of plants and where to ob- n them. He and Jane worked well to- ther, each feeding on the other's owledge so that the garden grew in e and content as never before. John as staggered by the costs, but he uld see the results, although most of e plantings were small in size. Quan- y made up for this shortcoming but future years would lead to a running gument between Jane and John. It as only resolved when their eldest n, returning from several years in eru, remarked, "Mother, your garden beautiful, but it reminds me of the ea near the headwaters of the Ama- n!" A thinning program, which is still place, ensued.

Richard Painter was followed by the st of the Old Country gardeners—runo, a Hungarian. He could do al- ost anything and do it well. He came Jane only one day a week but accom- lished more in that day than would a ang of college boys. Too soon he also etired. He was followed by Ray, who s a young man had worked for Jane's ather and later her uncle. For years he ame twice a week, and what he may ave lacked in horticultural knowledge e more than made up in loyalty and devotion to his job.

By this time (the 1960s) Jane had ex- panded her garden to encompass the full two and a half acres of the original property, and if she had a tree for which there was no suitable spot, she was known to plant it in a neighbor's field. A steady stream of plant material kept arriving from all parts of America, Great Britain, and Holland. Small choice items she would personally plant with loving, certain care and would oversee the planting of all oth- ers. It was a travel-weary plant indeed that did not respond. Yet she was very philosophical about her garden. "Car- ing is an essential part of gardening," she would say, "but not sentimental- ity." Once after a devastating ice storm, when they had been kept awake all night by the snapping and crashing of limbs and trees, John went out to survey the damage. He returned dreading what he had to report. Jane had to see for herself, and upon return- ing to the house, although visibly shak- en, she went directly to her desk and its catalogues. John bowed in admiration and relief.

Jane's interest in horticulture and its many facets did not stop with her gar- den. One day a young man who had dropped out of college for lack of inter- est and a sense of direction was hired to do casual work around the garden. He was eager, worked hard, and was inter- ested and engaging. He was asked to return to pick up after a Davey-trained tree man who was pruning and repair- ing the apple trees. The young helper was fascinated. Jane encouraged him and taught him what she knew of prun- ing. He went back to college and through information obtained from Jane transferred to the California State Polytechnic University at Pomona ma- joring in arboriculture. He did post- graduate work in England. He now has his own arboreal service and is highly regarded. Another young man as a boy used to visit Jane's garden with his nurseryman father. Teenage boys are supposed to be thinking of sports and girls not plants and their propagation, but that is what interested this young man. Jane did what she could to en- courage him. He has since taken over his father's nursery business and sup- plies material to some of the nation's largest retail outlets. He has named a magnolia developed from Jane's gar- den after her. Many Pacific Northwest nurserymen regularly visit her garden for cuttings and seeds and in return give her choice specimens. These men, who appreciate her knowledge, are also comfortable with her horticultural nomenclature, which glazes many am- ateur gardeners' eyes—including those of her husband.

A carefully mown lawn has replaced the Johnson grass with its rhizomatous root system so prized by gophers. So they too have gone. The lawn is sur- rounded by curving beds containing over 2,500 species of plant material from a sixty-foot pin oak to a *Raoulia lutescens* in the rock garden, Jane's lat-



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est passion. John is not permitted to work in this area—there is ample room for him elsewhere!—but he is satisfied with the memory of its construction.

In the spring of 1977, Jane and John were on their way to see the wild flowers of central Oregon and stopped for a picnic lunch at a rock quarry, which had been used in the construction of the highway. It was now abandoned but contained remnant rocks. All the one- and two-man rocks had been carted off leaving only those secure in their massive size—one- and two-tonners. These were unusual and handsome rocks—dark, layered basalt with lichen growing on their flat surfaces and dark green moss in the crevices along their sides. This was a favorite picnic spot for Jane and John, and they had stopped here often to rest and admire these rocks. On this occasion John commented how handsome they would be as foundation rocks in a rock garden. Not piled one upon the other but closely strewn as they are often found in the mountain meadows of the Cascades. "Do you think you could move them?" he was asked. "Certainly!" came the reply with a gesture of the arm made expansive by the picnic wine.

He never dreamed his bluff would be called, but it was. On a clear Saturday autumn morning before the sun was up, he found himself behind the wheel of a rented truck with an eight-ton capacity crane mounted on its flatbed heading around Mount Hood. On this first trip he was alone and excite Getting those rocks had by now b come an obsession. He returned late i the afternoon with the first of wha over the next year, would be four loa of magnificent rocks. The placing those and subsequent smaller rock would give Jane and John more ple sure and satisfaction than any othe garden project they had undertake When asked later how two such littl people could have moved such bi rocks, Jane replied, "Well, it applies t the garden as a whole—willpower horsepower, but above all peopl power." John, who was nearby an heard her explanation, thought h also heard the little old ladies saying "Yes!" □ *Produced by Marilyn Schafe*

DR. FREUD'S LAST DREAM

(Continued from page 180) Station.

Freud's lack of bitterness at his departure stemmed largely from his deep-seated Anglophilia, which had been a bourgeois fad in turn-of-the-century Vienna. As Freud wrote to H. G. Wells shortly after he was welcomed to London, "Since I came to England as a boy of eighteen years, it became an intense wish phantasy of mine to settle in this country and become an Englishman." The Freuds were touched by the warmth of their reception. "You cannot imagine how honored this town feels at having our modest beloved old man in their midst," Martha Freud reported to her husband's sisters in Vienna, four of whom would be killed by the Nazis at Auschwitz. "Although we have been here only two weeks, letters arrive without any indication of the street, simply 'Freud, London'; and they arrive without delay despite the great size and magnificence of this city of ten million people."

The famous refugee immediately fell in love with the comfortable Queen Anne Revival house at 20 Maresfield Gardens in Hampstead, chosen and paid for by his followers so he could live out his remaining days there in peace. It embodied the hopes he had expressed in a letter from Vienna to his son Ernst, an architect who had already immigrated to England: "Two prospects keep me going in these grim times: to rejoin you all and to die in freedom." That he did shortly before midnight on September 23, 1939.

Following Freud's death, his study and library were kept just as he left them and remained untouched when Dr. Anna Freud, herself a distinguished pioneer in child psychoanalysis, died at the age of 86 in 1982. Her desire for the house to be maintained and opened to the public was fulfilled by her close friend the late Dr. Muriel Gardiner (a psychoanalyst known to the public through Janet Malcolm's 1983 *New Yorker* series and subsequent book, *In the Freud Archives,* and as the basis for Lillian Hellman's fictionalized title character in the 1977 film *Julia*). After Anna Freud's death, the Sigmund Freud Archives, Inc., bought the house with money provided by Dr. Gardiner, and a three-year program of renovation, conservation, and cataloguing was begun under her supervision before her own death in 1985. Dedicated last July after a $1.1 million restoration, the Freud Museum is an especially memorable historic house in a city and a country filled with them, for Sigmund Freud's presence still seems palpable in it.

As part of the ransom deal with the Nazis, Freud was allowed to take the contents of his Vienna apartment—most importantly his papers, 3,000 books from his library (another 80(had to be left behind and were bought shortly thereafter by the New York State Psychiatric Institute), and his 2,500-piece collection of antiquities. A few days before Freud's exit from Vienna a young photographer named Edmund Engelman meticulously recorded the interiors of Berggasse 19 so that a "museum can be created when the storm of the years is over." But those invaluable visual documents had a more immediate use. To ease the shock of Freud's upheaval, his children, Paula Fichtl (the family's faithful housekeeper for over forty years), and Dr. Ernst Kris (a psychoanalyst originally trained as an art historian) consulted the photos to re-create as closely as possible the atmosphere of Berggasse 19 at 20 Maresfield Gardens. They succeeded with such exceptional accuracy that the Hampstead house is therefore not only an authentic shrine in its own right but also a veritable vestige of the original rooms in which Freud made his epochal discoveries about the nature of the unconscious.

Freud collected obsessively, an activity that his personal physician and intimate friend Dr. Max Schur characterized as an "addiction second in intensity only to his nicotine addiction." Edmund Engelman's initial reaction to the flat in Vienna pertains equally to the house in London. "The first and

overpowering impression that Freud's habitat makes on the visitor is the profusion of things. The books are neatly arranged, the pictures neatly hung, the rugs neatly spread over wall, couch, and floor, the sculptures neatly placed facing forward in close-packed ranks like soldiers on parade."

The doctor often used his extensive array of ancient art for analytic purposes. In his account of his treatment of the "Rat Man," he related how his antiquities became teaching tools, explaining to the patient that "everything conscious was subject to a process of wearing-away, while what was unconscious was relatively unchangeable. . . . I illustrated my remarks by pointing to the antique objects standing about in my room. They were, in fact, I said, only objects found in a tomb, and their burial had been their preservation."

His pleasure in his collection was more didactic than aesthetic, and his appreciation of art was as goal-oriented as his therapy. As the historian Peter Gay has aptly put it, "Freud made high culture pay." In a more literal sense high culture made Freud pay in return. Aware of the compulsive nature of his acquisitive instinct, he prudently limited his purchase funds to the fees he received from patients during his open consultation hour between three and four in the afternoon, when no appointment was required. There must have been quite a walk-in clientele, for he accumulated an astonishing multitude of things.

Foremost in number and in the strength of their impact on Freud's imagination were his Egyptian relics. As a small boy he had been deeply intrigued by the archaeological plates in the illustrated Philippson Bible (1858–59); as an adult he found resonant analogues among the attributes of Egyptian divinities and universal aspects of human psychology. For example, the god Osiris, killed by his brother Seth and resurrected by the goddess Isis, was for Freud a primal personification of both sibling rivalry and the magical hope of overcoming death. The androgynous warrior goddess Neith and other hermaphrodite deities corresponded to Freud's controversial concept of polymorphous perversity in infant sexuality. And the falcon-headed god Horus figured in a crucial dream he had about his mother when he was a boy which he interpreted three decades later during his path-breaking self-analysis.

In addition to the preponderance of pharaonic artifacts, virtually all of classical antiquity is represented as well. There are Cycladic, Mycenaean, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and Hellenistic works by the score in terra-cotta, marble, and bronze. A few Near Eastern objects are vastly outnumbered by the Far Eastern items, mainly Chinese, that Freud began to collect fairly late in his career. There are no African objects (an ethnological taste that spread to the intellectual avant-garde around the turn of the century) and almost no European art later than the Renaissance.

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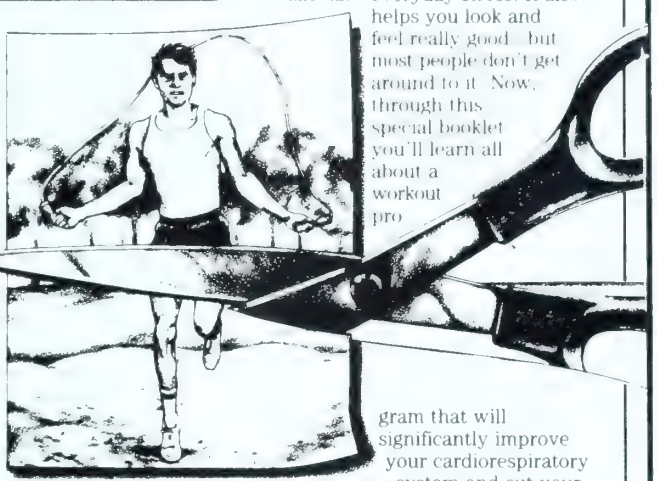
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On the walls, scattered among contemporary prints of archaeological sites, hang several ancient paintings: Egyptian papyri, a pair of sprightly Pompeian-style wall fragments, and Coptic Egyptian encaustic portraits. ("A nice Jewish face," Freud said of one, with a certain amount of projection.)

Freud the collector was quite concerned with authenticity and frequently sent pieces to Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum for verification before concluding a purchase. But he also craved examples in excellent condition and therefore sometimes fell victim to forgeries. Searching for additional objects was a favorite pursuit during his vacations and professional travels, and at home he was visited regularly by Vienna's leading dealers in antiquities, including Leopold Blumka, Frederick Gluckselig, and Robert Lustig. Despite the presence of a few fakes, the art historian Jack J. Spector, author of *Freud: A Study of Psychoanalysis and Art,* has rated the quality of Freud's collection as "better than average."

The study and library at 20 Maresfield Gardens—a substantial three-story brick house built in 1920—are two interconnecting rooms open to each other, creating a space 20 by 45 feet facing the quiet street at the front and giving onto Freud's beloved garden at the rear. According to Spector, the interior, despite the generous sweep of the doctor's workroom, "resembles those old-fashioned provincial museums housing collections of



Freud's house at 20 Maresfield Gardens

pet on the adjacent wall and a Heriz on the floor give the couch a soft, warm, protective—dare one say womb-like?—feeling, a reminder that the return to early childhood experiences is a central factor in Freud's theory.

Tucked away directly behind the couch is the bottle-green velvet club chair the first psychoanalyst used during his *Sprechstunden* (consultation hours). The arrangement was far from happenstance. In his 1913 paper "On Beginning the Treatment," Freud gave his reasons: "I adhere firmly to the plan of requiring the patient to recline upon a sofa, while one sits behind him out of sight .... For many reasons it deserves to be retained. The first is a personal motive .... I cannot bear to be gazed at eight hours a day (or more). Since, while I listen, I resign myself to the control of my unconscious thoughts I do not wish my expression to give the patient indications which he may interpret or which may influence him in his communications."

In Freud's old apartment his couch and desk were in two separate rooms, but in Hampstead the large ground-floor office served multiple purposes. Not the least of them was the reception the numerous distinguished visitors who wished to pay their respects to the Columbus of the unconscious" after dramatic and highly publicized rney from Vienna. Among them re Isaiah Berlin, Arthur Koestler, l the president of the Royal Society, presented its charter book for the esponding member to sign, an or normally granted only to royal- Stefan Zweig, who had written a graphical sketch of Freud, brought vador Dali, then at the height of his lame, to draw a pen-and-ink por- t of the father of psychoanalysis. e Surrealist informed the bemused entist that the shape of his head reminded him of the shell of a snail.

One Saturday afternoon in Janua 1939, Leonard and Virginia Woo came to tea. They were friends Freud's novelist son Martin, and the Hogarth Press had been publishing th elder Freud's works in England for fi teen years. Freud's oral cancer, whic would kill him eight months late made speech extremely difficult, b he welcomed his guests, as everyon else who came, with courtly cordialit In one of the more pregnant gestures the twentieth century, he presente Virginia Woolf with a narcissus. Sh recorded the visit in her diary in he chillingly blunt way: Freud was "si ting in a great library with little statue at a large scrupulously tidy shiny table We like patients on chairs. A screwe up shrunk very old man: with a mon keys light eyes, paralysed spasmodi movements, inarticulate: but alert."

Indeed he was: after his callers lef there was still much to be done. I London, he continued to see as man as four patients a day and, racin against his impending death, worke feverishly on a final summary, *An Out line of Psychoanalysis,* often writing a late as one in the morning. During hi pauses he would gaze from time to tim at one antiquity no longer in that room a Classical red-figured vase datin from the late fifth or early fourth centu ry B.C. That south Italian bell krater painted by an expatriate Greek artis and of the type used to mix wine an water at symposia, was one of Freud' favorite things. It was given to him b the munificent Princess Marie Bona parte, whom he told, "It is a pity on cannot take it into one's grave."

He never finished his last book, bu he did take the urn with him, as it were It now rests, filled with his ashes an those of his wife, in the Golders Green columbarium, not far from the house in Hampstead. Sigmund Freud partic ularly wanted his grave not to become a pilgrimage place, preferring the em phasis to be placed on his life and work rather than his mortal remains. Thus, as splendid a memento as the new Freud Museum is, the monument he most wanted is being built every day in the offices of psychoanalysts who continue to take many of their visual cues from the first consultation room as decorated by the master. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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—THOMAS HARDY

There's a very modern palette at work in the oak-panelled library of the late nineteenth century Manhattan brownstone shown here. (The key clues to its modernity are the slightly off-center hues and the unexpected harmonies.) Yet all the elements—fabrics, wallcovering and carpet—have their design roots deep in the past and, more specifically, deep in a past that has been carefully nurtured, preserved and maintained.

Fitzhugh Border from a mug in Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation; *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering from the Woodrow Wilson House.



Preservationism—the knowledgeable and professional interest in maintaining the artifacts of America's historic past—is a relatively late-day phenomenon dating to the 1850's and Pamela Cunningham's determined efforts to "save" a rapidly deteriorating Mount Vernon. However, in recent years it has become an ever-more important and accelerating popular movement.



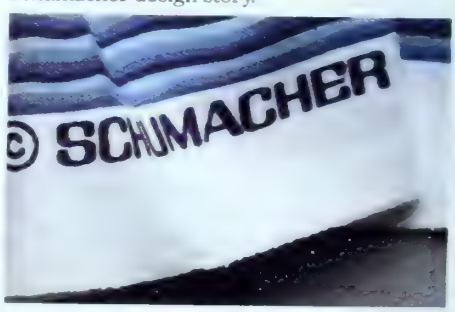
Oversize platter, a gift to President Wilson from the people of Normandy; basis for loveseat fabric, photo, opposite.

In 1949, The National Trust for Historic Preservation was chartered by Congress to encourage the public to participate in the preservation of America's history and culture. (Nationwide there are currently a total of seventeen historic properties owned by The Trust.) Schumacher's National Trust Collection features a wide variety of decorative accessories all based on details garnered from over a dozen of the celebrated Trust properties.

In the inviting library designed by C. Dudley Brown & Associates of Washington, D.C. (Brown has served as a design consultant for the Trust), the main star is the loveseat, its glazed *Brittany Faience* chintz patterned with flora and fauna borrowed from a platter in the Woodrow Wilson House Museum in Washington; from there, too, are the *Chinese Strie* of the ottoman and the draperies and the *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering. The *Fitzhugh Border* comes from a mug at Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation. *Filoli Tapestry*, on the pull-up chair and *Casa Amesti*, the table cover, both derive from period documents in the California mansions after which they are named.

The needlepoint rug features petit point floral motifs surrounding the medallion and is a prime example of Schumacher's painstaking collection of needlepoint from all over the world; a number of the exclusive designs are interpreted from such Trust house museums as Cliveden in Philadelphia and Decatur House in Washington.

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Gaston Casimir Saint-Pierre
(French, 1833-1916)
"Diana, The Huntress"
oil on canvas
77 x 51 inches

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CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

WILLIAM HOWARD ADAMS's most recent books are *Jefferson's Monticello* and *A Proust Souvenir*.

STEVEN M. L. ARONSON is the author of *Hype* and coauthor of *Savage Grace*.

JOHN ASHBERY's recent books include *The Collected Poems of John Ashbery* and *A Wave*.

NAOMI BARRY is a cultural and food writer who lives in France, Italy, and America.

ARIANE BATTERBERRY is the author of many books on social, art, and gastronomic history.

OLIVIER BERNIER's most recent book is *Secrets of Marie Antoinette*.

DAVID BOURDON, a New York art critic, has written books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

DOUGLAS BRENNER is a senior editor of *Architectural Record*.

CARTER BURDEN, a former New York City councilman, is chairman of CRB Broadcasting and a trustee of the New York Public Library.

FLEUR CHAMPIN, a lecturer at Versailles, does most of her gardening on the Riviera.

JOHN FLEMING is a rare-book dealer who lives in New York.

JOSEPH GIOVANNINI is trained as an architect and now writes on architecture for *The New York Times*.

The KNIGHT OF GLIN, formerly a curator in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is an Irish art historian who lives at Glin Castle, County Limerick, and represents Christie's in Ireland.

ANDREW HARVEY is the author of *Journey in Ladakh* and, most recently, *Burning Houses*.

MARY McDOUGALL is a writer who lives in London.

RICHARD SHONE is an associate editor of *The Burlington Magazine*.

SUZANNE STEPHENS recently wrote and narrated the film *Richard Meier* by Michael Blackwood Productions.

NICHOLAS FOX WEBER is the director of the Josef Albers Foundation and author of *The Drawings of Josef Albers* and *Leland Bell*.



"I have someone to meet early tomorrow."





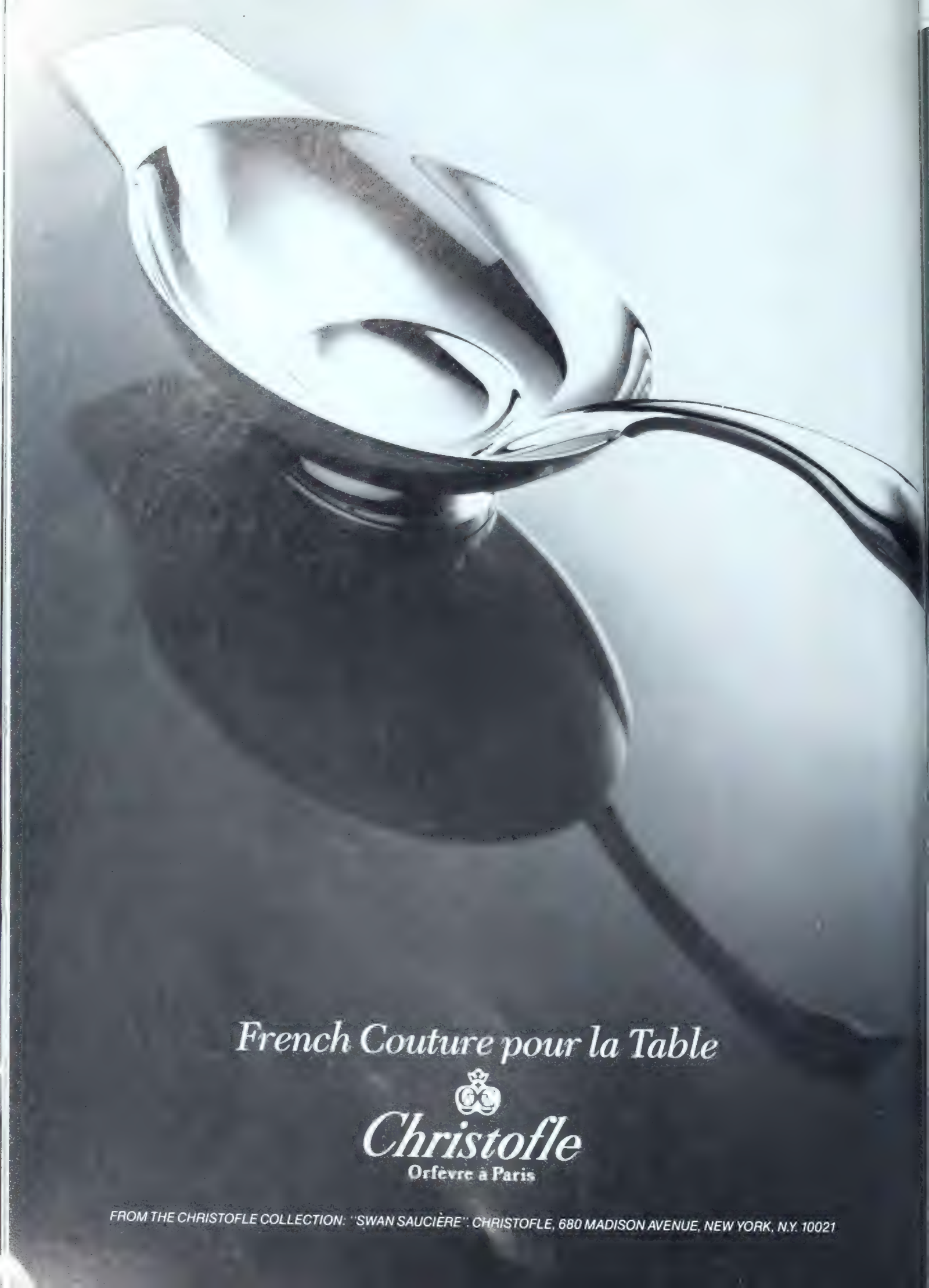


"Who?" "No one you know."

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A colleague of mine has a game he likes to play at the dinner table. "Who would you be," he'll ask, "if you could be anyone throughout history?" Obviously it leads to some interesting conversation and hours of conjecture long after the dinner party has been concluded. I've just thought of a variation on that game, one you can play by yourself anytime you are in a room that isn't totally familiar to you. Just ask yourself the question, "What was it in this room that determined the decoration?" Often you may find it is one special object around which a room has been designed.

That was certainly the case with Mica Ertegun's elegantly cool living room, page 100. For Mica Ertegun, finding a pair of huge back-to-back sofas was the beginning of the latest redecoration of her living room. A long and somewhat narrow space—the entire second floor of a New York City town house—the room had always been a problem, she said. But the pair of Biedermeier sofas organized the space into several islands of privacy.



Two tables, one 18th-century Russian, the other in a David Hockney painting, in the Erteguns' living room in New York.

This business of organizing space can be the difference between a comfortable room and one that simply doesn't work, as Mark Hampton explains in On Decorating this month, page 24. "The surface embellishments can be anything from anywhere," he says, "but the underpinnings of a room, namely the way it is arranged, have to deal with real people in real situations." He tells us how and we've included two floor plans by Mark to illustrate workable schemes.

Although Carter Burden worries that his books might overtake his house and life, page 126, they also add greatly to the sense of comfort in the rooms of his house. Consulting editor Brooke Astor suggested the story on personal libraries in this issue, and the Burden library in New York, as well as the library of Jane Engelhard in New Jersey, demonstrates how rich in form and content personal libraries can be. Senior editor Babs Simpson worked with photographer Oberto Gili to document the libraries, pages 122 to 131.

After enjoying the beautiful photographs of Castletown, County Kildare, page 184, and reading the Knight of Glin's article on the restoration of what may be Ireland's most glorious house, some of us are going to have an opportunity to learn even more about the work of the Irish Georgian Society. The Knight of Glin and Desmond Guinness, of the Irish Georgian Society, will be lecturing on Castletown and the history of Irish architecture and Irish decorative arts in seminars at the San Diego Museum, February 27; Pasadena Historical Society Museum, March 1; Santa Barbara Museum of Art, March 3; Orlando Museum of Art, Loch Haven, March 6; and Norton Gallery, West Palm Beach, March 8.

Still another cultural event in March, related to still another of our subjects this month, will be the Metropolitan Opera debut of tenor Hugues Cuenod, whose family house we show in this issue, page 140. The significance of the Met debut by the world-class tenor is that he is making it at the age of 84. The Swiss banker's son was born in 1902, writer Naomi Barry reports, and he is six foot two, nimble, erect, and as full of beans and vigor as ever. "You shrink when you get older," the tenor said to Naomi. "I used to be six two and a half."

"He is an incredibly clever man," says Hugues Gall, director of the brilliant Geneva Opera, where Cuenod sang M. Triquet in *Eugene Onegin* this past year. "By sticking only to roles that suit him, his career has lasted a long time."

Knowing yourself—and respecting your gifts—is what it is all about. That's one of the reasons we're covering the work of architect Alan Buchsbaum in this issue, page 64. As Martin Filler writes: "Buchsbaum has been content to focus almost exclusively on enhancing an easy, low-key way of life for clients less interested in formal or theoretical ideas than in getting on with the business of pleasurable domestic living." We've known Alan a long time, and with him we have visited exciting, stunning lofts—including his in SoHo—long before they became the chic addresses they are today. There's no doubt about it, one of the advantages of being part of this magazine is being just a little bit ahead of everyone else.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief


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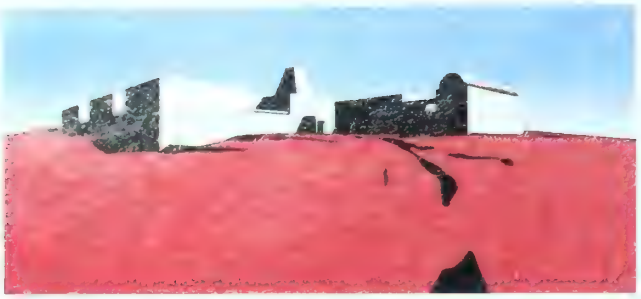


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JOURNAL

On the arts scene



ISOZAKI INTERNATIONAL

On the heels of Arata Isozaki's widely acclaimed Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles come two new museum commissions that further confirm the new global scope of his career. The Fondation Daniel Templon, *left,* near Valbonne in the south of France, is scheduled for completion in 1989. An addition to New York's Brooklyn Museum, *below,* with James Stewart Polshek, is meant to be built in phases over a thirty-year period. First task: to raise the $215 million needed beyond the mere $3 million the highly ambitious museum now has in hand. *Martin Filler*

BODIES AND SOULS

In his latest book, *The Nature of Desire* (Twelvetrees Press, $40), photographer-poet Duane Michals accompanies his dreamlike images, *below,* with heartfelt lyrics that suffuse his pictures with an extraordinary spirituality. Both would surely please the dedicatee, Walt Whitman. *M.F.*

I must write this now,
While I am still
foolish.





NATHANIEL LIEBERMAN



TO CATCH THE WIND

Doug Hollis's *High-Back Wind Chairs, below,* represent a series of "responsive environment sculpture." Strung with wire, the chairs (which look like attenuated versions of Mackintosh designs) emit aeolian chords in response to wind motion. An installation of two at 780 Third Avenue in New York, organized by Novo Arts and on loan from the Max Protetch Gallery, invites passersby to sit, feel, and hear the harmonic blend of art and nature. *David Lisi*





FAMOUS FOR BEING FAMOUS

"Thank God for the *Celebrity Register,*" croons columnist Liz Smith, one of the pantheon of the powerful and popular who inhabit the fourth edition of Earl Blackwell's directory. The *Register* (Celebrity Services International, $75) includes biographical essays and photos of the fabulous—Philip Johnson to Virgil Thomson to Donald Trump—and dahling, they look *mah*velous! *D.L.*

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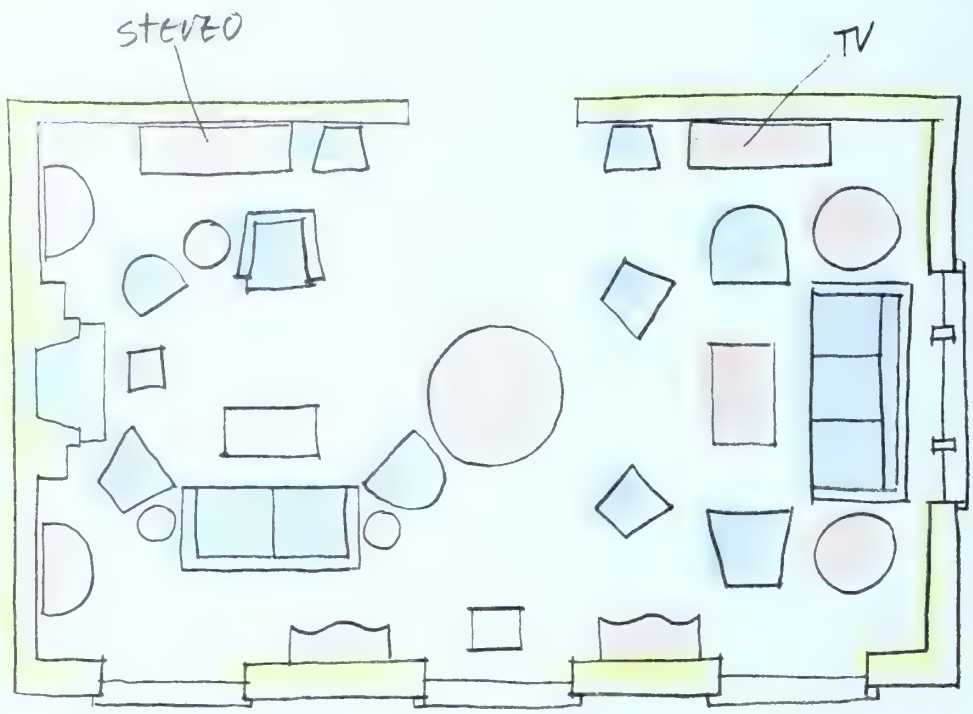
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THE FINE POINTS OF PLACEMENT

By Mark Hampton



When we think of comfort, we often boil the whole issue down to whether a chair is just right or a lighting fixture makes reading easy or the television set is in a good place. These are no doubt important considerations, but the larger view of comfort involves far more. The job of getting a room to work comfortably is often fairly complicated. Frequently the real challenge, which requires knowledge and experience in addition to an "eye," is the arrangement of a room.

In rooms dedicated to the pleasure of a single person, namely private studies, the problems of arrangement are not troublesome. Some of the most charming rooms to look at, both in art and in books on the history of decoration, are those very intimate inner sanctums that can be luxurious and quirky and redolent of personal taste. The most plentiful and delicious of all these depictions, in my opinion, are the pictures of the sublime Madame de Pompadour exquisitely dressed and

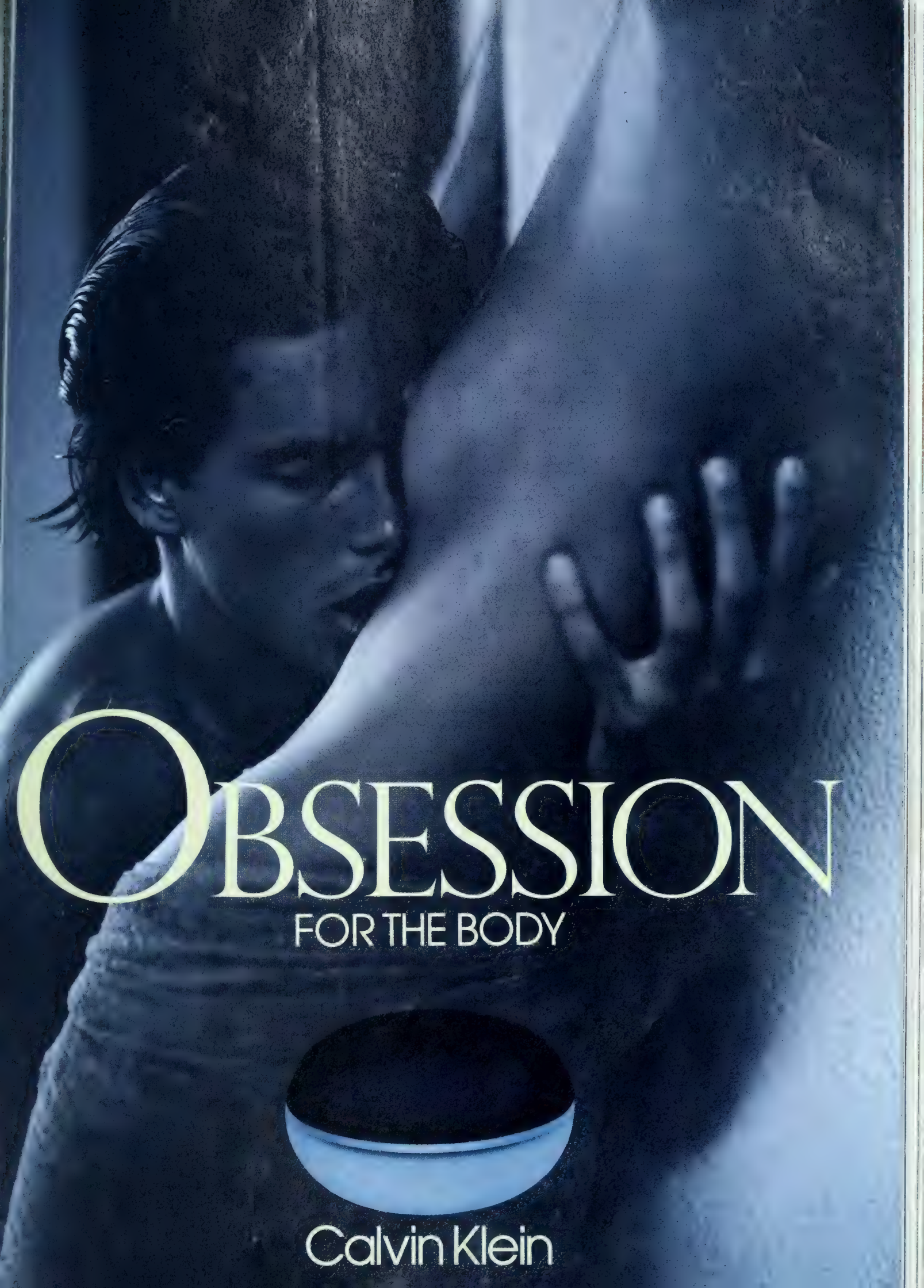
A room in which you could read, write, talk or watch television plus have a nap & listen to music

surrounded by a superb clutter of objects she commissioned from the most inspired craftsmen of her time—and that was a pretty inspired time. I must hasten to add that these surroundings defy all known rules of arrangement. History's most enchanting connoisseur at home in her boudoir in the midst of her treasures doesn't provide many practical decorating tips.

The rooms that require a lot of care in the arrangement of their furniture are not solitary places; they are rooms in which we entertain others. To dwell on large parties can begin to sound silly. Think, instead, of rooms in which conversation can flourish, whether between two people or among ten, rooms in which visitors feel immediately at home and would rather sit than stand—rooms that really work. I believe that the rooms in which all these things happen are those that are very well arranged. They appear to be comfortable to the eye even before one has experienced the physical comfort.

I have also observed that in an enormous number of cases all the rooms in a house are perfectly well arranged with the exception of the one that took the most time and money to decorate—the living room. There are several reasons for this failure. One is that in many households the living room is not really a room for living. It just sits there waiting to be looked at but is not used. The visual effect of this disuse is stultifying. Another reason for the lifeless quality of so many living rooms is the owner's desire to please others, to anticipate criticism instead of decorating the room with the same personal point of view that is applied to bedrooms and to more private studies and libraries.

MARK HAMPTON


OBSESSION
FOR THE BODY
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THOUGHT

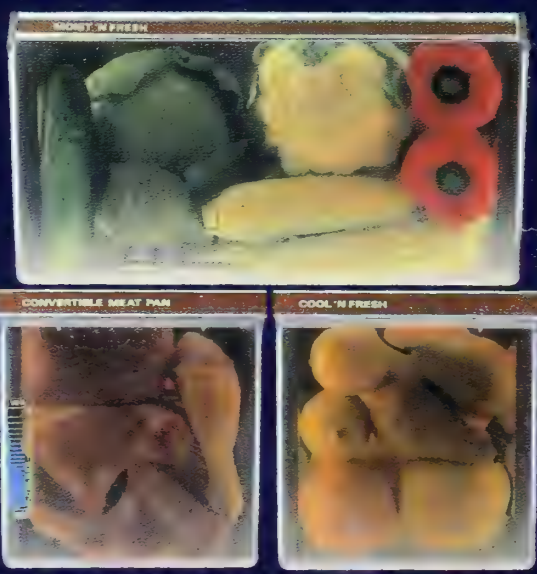
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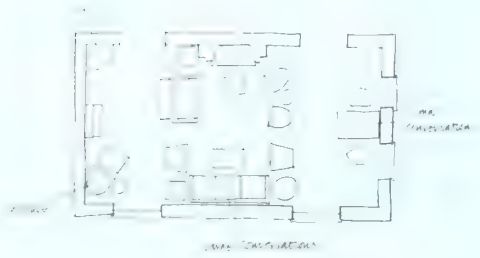
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sulting room
set fashion.
the furniture plan
good idea for an awful lot of
ms. Here, then, is a little syllogism
with which to approach the problem:
all rooms look their best if they are
used by the people they belong to. Unless a room is arranged in a way that allows it to function comfortably, it will never be used. Therefore no room will look its best until it is comfortably arranged. There it is.

The first thing to do is to be realistic about what you are actually going to do in this living room. If you plan it around dinner parties, then for pete's sake have a lot of dinner parties and make the room suit your favorite kind. A friend and rather scathing social critic said to me the other day that the reason Madam X's dinner parties end so early is that her dining room seats twenty-four and her drawing room seats twelve. As a result, half the guests have to go home after dinner for want of a place to sit, and the other half follow out of the herding instinct. It's no joke.



A room in which the fireplace is centered on the long wall presents the problem of small leftover end spaces.

A big drawing room can seat a lot of people (if that's necessary), but there are a few simple things to remember. You have to have a good many chairs, several of them must be easily moved, and the furniture groupings have to be able to contract and expand as the need arises. It goes without saying that for two dozen guests there must be at least three areas to sit in. It is important that all this furniture be of varying weight and scale. Large and small sofas, large chairs, medium-size chairs, and small chairs. Don't be afraid of stools and benches. And don't listen to that old saw about how three people never sit on a sofa. Beauty or power (or a combination of the two) will load a big comfortable sofa with ardent occupants in a minute. Some of the chair seats should be firm and a little higher than the average reading chair. Lots of people are uncomfortable in low, squushy chairs, and some people fall asleep in them after a big dinner.

So much for the dinner-party room. The best rooms in the world are those that provide us with much more than a place to put guests after a fancy meal. The phenomenal popularity of the English style (there is now a book on the English dog) is the easygoing everyday way the English live in their beautiful sitting rooms—not the way they use their most formal drawing rooms. What could be more normal than having a room in which you can read, listen to music, watch television, and, since it is probably where you like to *be* more than any other place, entertain a few close friends. Start with either the focal point or the primary function, and work from there. The best place for the reading-conversation area is around the fireplace, if there is one. If it is at all possible, it is nice not to wreck the cozy, enclosed feeling of this hearthside arrangement by poking the television right into the middle of it. If, on the other hand, there is no fireplace, then the focal point of the room can be some good-looking (expensive, alas) cabinet work that hides the TV.

Not enough light is aggravating, but don't forget that too much light is nearly as bad. Surely every chair doesn't require a reading light, so why not settle on a few places that are terrific for reading and be sure that they are lit in the appropriate way. There is nothing too complicated about dimming the lights when you want a more seductive atmosphere. Most good lamps have more than one bulb in them anyway. I often put one bright white bulb and one lower-wattage pink bulb in lamps that allow it, which enables me to have three varieties of light from a single lamp.

A good reading chair needs a fairly generous table next to it. A second, lower table adds to the comfort; it is the place for a book, a pair of glasses, a drink, an ashtray—whatever. Low ta-





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Tiffany and Co.

(I mean about 22 to 25 inches high) are an easier reach when you are relaxing. They are also less apt to be surfaces for decorative clutter, for who wants to knock over a precious, fragile object that is gracefully cluttering a tabletop. The reason for all this clutter, which unfortunately is often overdone, is to make a room look lived in; otherwise it looks and is lifeless.

For the comfortable reading chair, it is useful to have a place for your feet if you want to put them up. This stool needn't be a matching ottoman, although that's all right. The footrest also provides an additional seat for the times when the room is crowded. I love coffee tables that are tough enough to put your feet on. As a student, I once had my ankle (not even my foot) resting on the corner of a library table, and the librarian asked me if I did that at home. When I answered in the affirmative, she told me to leave. I still have no use for a desk you can't put your feet on. Since a reading chair usually stays in one place, it is both convenient and flexible to be able to draw up smaller chairs when necessary.

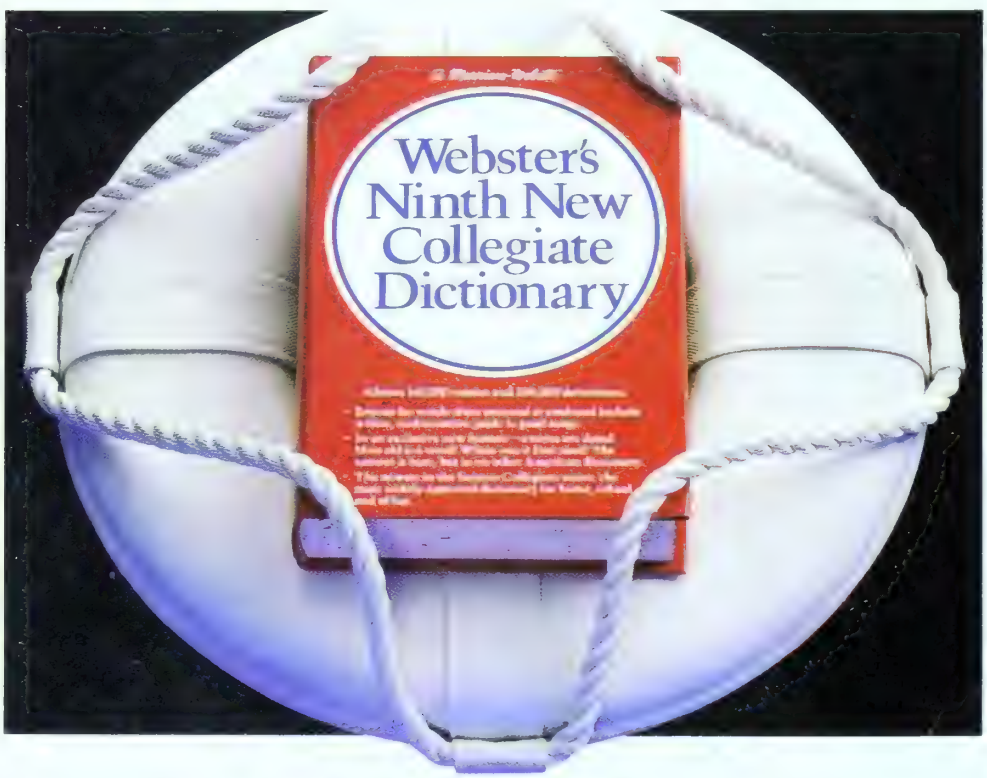
A perfectly comfortable place for a reading chair is completely off by itself, outside the main seating group. In rooms where the main seating group is in the middle and there is not enough space at the ends for separate seating arrangements, an isolated big chair and ottoman and a generous table do not look out of place, and if you draw up another chair or two and use the ottoman as well, you have a place for three or four people if necessary. To my eye, this looks a lot more comfortable and is a lot more functional than a tiny loveseat and two dinky chairs in some cramped leftover space.

The location of the focal point, whether it is a fireplace or a big window with a splendid view or something else, has an enormous impact on how much seating you can get into a room. The most common spot for this focus is in the center of one of the long walls. In most instances where such a central focus exists, it is nearly impossible to avoid arranging the lion's share of the furniture around the middle of the room. As a result, the end areas, unless the room is really big, don't have much space left in which to place full-fledged seating arrangements. If, on the other hand, the fireplace is centered on the short wall at the end of the room (as in the main illustration), you have the opportunity to use equal halves of the room for generous seating groups. In fact, when I am faced with adding a room to an existing house, I usually place the chimney on the end wall.

It is interesting to remember that the sort of furniture placement that we all take for granted is completely twentieth century in concept. It is only in our time that people think furniture should be placed in such a way that it never has to be arranged again. In previous centuries it was understood that furniture got moved around a great deal.

In the present time, which is like the nineteenth century in some ways, many different styles of architecture and interior decoration are popular. It is fantastic to turn the pages of a current magazine and find eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses still lived in with correct period furniture, apartments in New York decorated as though the empress of Russia were the client, contemporary houses built in a variety of styles never seen before. To a large extent, however, the people who live all over this spectrum of personal taste require many of the same furnishings and room arrangements to be comfortable. A tall man with a bad back and a good book who wants to glance at the news isn't going to be interested in the design properties of a fifteen-foot-long banquette. Whether he is at home in Vail or on Fifth Avenue, the same rules apply to his comfort and convenience.

The important thing to remember is that regardless of the type of decoration that appeals to you at the moment, you do not have to sacrifice comfort for style. It is, happily, the role of architecture and decoration to give pleasure, not pain. The surface embellishments can be anything from anywhere, but the underpinnings of a room, namely the way it is arranged, have to deal with real people in real situations. I guess being realistic is always a high priority, even in the ephemeral realm of decorating.



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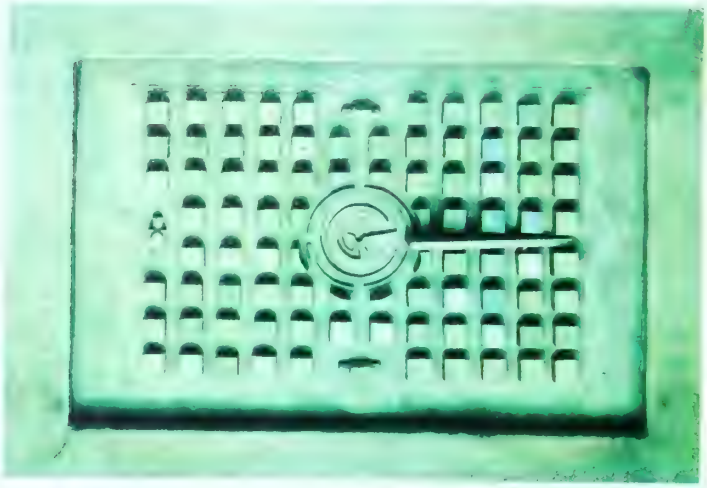


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WHAT MAKES A GARDEN?

A traveling exhibition, "Transforming the American Garden: Twelve New Landscape Designs," offers some provocative answers

By William Howard Adams

Battered by contemporary life, the very elements of gardens—earth, plants, water, sky—can seem to us remote, commonplace, and unresponsive. At the same time the feeling of separation from nature has a way of magnifying our recollection of its untrameled beauty to the exclusion of other possibilities in the man-made landscape. Even Le Corbusier succumbed to the fantasy of a Virgilian arcadia, insisting that the occupants of his suburban machines would find salvation by looking out their picture windows onto antique scenes of bovine peace. Sounding very much like a hotshot real-estate developer in Connecticut, he rhapsodized: "Grass will border the roads; nothing will be disturbed—neither the trees, the flowers nor the flocks and herds."

Earlier in the century during the ferment of the Modern movement in the arts a few adventurous landscape architects were invigorated by the call for a new clarity, an order, following the painters, poets, and architects. But the promise of strength we occasionally see in garden design in those years never seems to have matured. Garden designers, except for Barragán, Burle Marx, and one or two others, have taken a back seat to the architect, leaving us without a vital contemporary landscape tradition.

At any given time or place our attitude toward nature has determined how we compose our gardens. Think of that impenetrable intimacy with nature we see if not quite comprehend in the gardens of Kyoto. It is more than time or place or language that separates the impact of those Zen-inspired arrangements of sticks, stones, and foliage from the garden masterpieces of the Renaissance. The signorial superiority of the builders of Villa Lante, Vaux-le-Vicomte, and Versailles is of another order, leaving no doubt in our mind just how elevated they felt above the natural order compared with their contemporaries in Japan.

Both the Orient and the West have viewed gardens not merely as imitations of nature but also as serious works of art, a concept not easy to accept when garden designing for so long, especially in the United States, has been looked upon as a craft. "Pandered to by nurserymen, horticulturalists, journalists and contractors," Christopher Tunnard wrote more than thirty years ago, "the public has its way with gardens, and the elimination of the artist from one of his most useful spheres of influence has been the inevitable result."

Tunnard hoped that when the land-



Above: Design for a cemetery in horse chestnut and yew by Steven Krog and Michael Tegnell. *Right:* Rooftop bulb garden by Martha Schwartz.



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scape artist was eventually allowed to return to the garden, he would invite some of his colleagues in the plastic arts and architecture to share their philosophy and perception.

Whether or not the exhibition "Transforming the American Garden: Twelve New Landscape Designs" signals the counterrevolution Tunnard dreamed of is an open question, but it does present some ideas worth considering. Organized by Michael R. Van Valkenburgh at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, twelve landscape architects were invited to present an original design along with something of their philosophy underpinning it. Although a few of the concepts seem trivial, several of the participants were willing to reopen the old question about just what makes a garden. Don't dodge the issue by talking about paradise, they seem to say, and by implication they demand that we look closely and thoughtfully at what they set out to do rather than simply react with worn-out garden clichés to express our approval or dismay.

Most of the presentations depart from our conventional notions of garden design—Chip Sullivan's drawings for a Sufi garden in north-central Florida are encased in a medieval triptych cabinet—and are not readily decipherable at first glance. Stylish graphics often confuse the basic issues. Pop colors and trendy maquettes are distracting and compound the difficulty of grasping the designer's intention. Yet a few of the projects respond to careful study, providing one of the pleasures of the show and the catalogue.

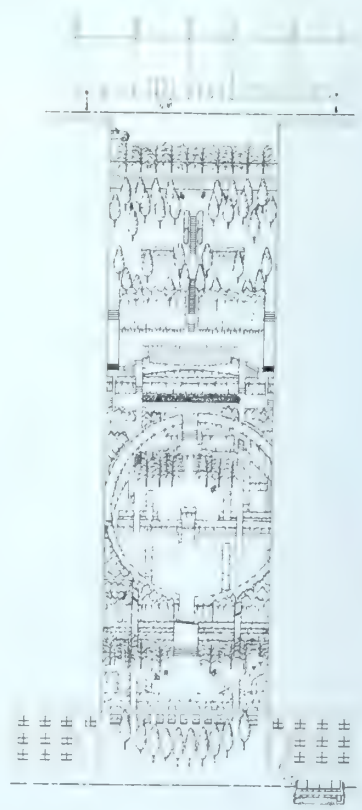
In case viewers think the artists have suffered too long from their expulsion from the garden to be able to come to grips with its traditional elements, the guidelines for the exhibition are reassuring. By common consent all agreed that the flower was to be a significant element in the design. Each designer could select a site of approximately one acre. There was no requirement or suggestion that the project had to relate to a building or a piece of architecture.

On the whole, the accompanying text explaining the designers' intentions is both literate and helpful. Maybe it is the very interdisciplinary quality of garden design itself that has inspired the artists to reach out in unexpected directions.

The title of the exhibition itself is startling since American gardens, as Jory Johnson points out in his introduction, have "not been widely regarded either as a fine art worthy of serious investigation and critical analysis or as a fertile ground for psychological and metaphysical speculation." The strong regional responses of a number of the participants and their sympathy for the distinctive flavor of the native landscape are welcome contributions to contemporary garden design issues. Garden design can respond critically to regional conditions of soil, weather, and traditions in ways that are foreclosed to architecture by the universal demands of advanced building technology.

Several of the gardens are placed in a specific part of the American landscape familiar to the artist—the Malibu hills, the Hudson Highlands, the Eastern Shore of Virginia, central Illinois. The depth of appreciation and understanding of their regions is impressive and even decisive in the gardens of Warren Byrd and Terence Harkness.

When Byrd talks of Virginia's Eastern Shore as a "stunning, fragrant place" or Harkness speaks of the impact of the "visual tension between the



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empty, harvested field of soybeans and the unpicked field of corn" in east-central Illinois, we know the artist is in touch with the physical world he proposes to transform.

"The flower has aroused an astonishing gamut of emotional and philosophical responses," the guidelines declare. It is worth taking a look at how well the flower has been served. Steven Krog and Michael Tegnell in their plan for a private country cemetery—ironically called "Going Somewhere?"—project a classical grid of flowering horse chestnuts centered on a mysterious labyrinth within a rectangular space. The pavilions on three sides are made of living yews, clipped and trained. Traditional yet reverberating with contemporary issues that preoccupy artists in other fields, Krog and Tegnell's work is worthy of a small book.

In Martha Schwartz's roof garden potted bulbs of daffodil, Greek anemone, Peruvian lily, and hardy amaryllis are carefully selected to bloom in spring, summer, and fall. Nothing particularly exceptional until you discover that the 4,712 clay pots containing one of the four species have been set out on a grid in which intersection letters and numbers locate and identify the particular bulb in order to change the flowering pattern. Schwartz's search for unity between the organic and the intellectual is as old as the garden itself.

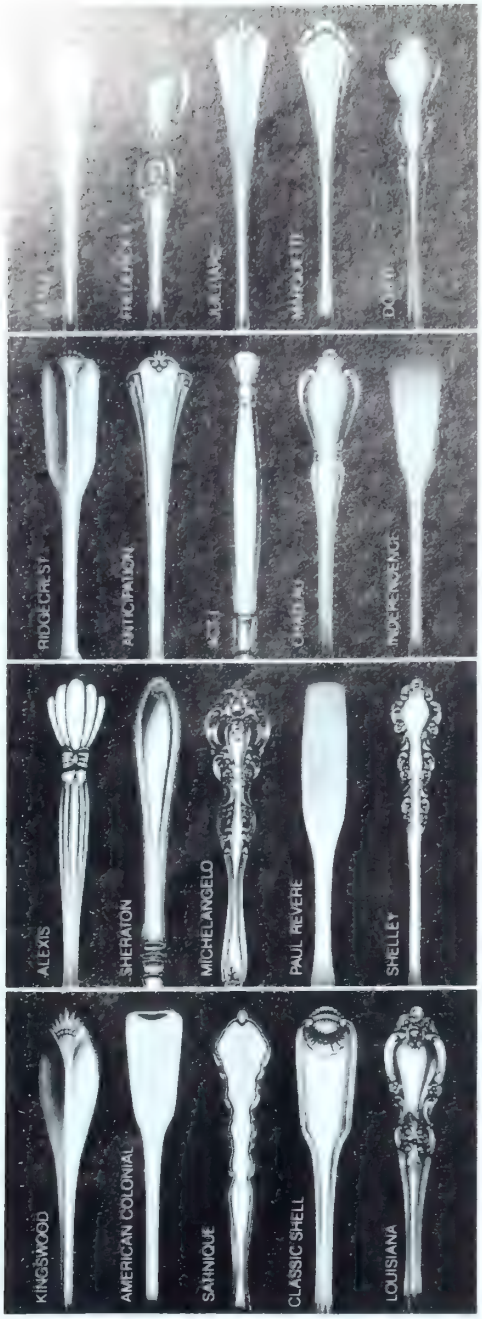
Michael Van Valkenburgh's "New Civic Landscape" claims inspiration from Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*. Public and deeply private spaces ingeniously transform a nondescript urban lot sandwiched between two modern buildings: "Near the center of the garden, isolated in a narrow room, is a long, raised herbaceous border of blue-flowered Siberian iris." Lucidly guiding us through his imagined landscape in the catalogue text, Van Valkenburgh confesses that it is not only Gertrude Jekyll that he has in mind. The luminous blue also recalls the memory of a Rothko painting. No doubt Miss Jekyll with her painterly Impressionist eye would have been pleased by the ambiguous reference. She most certainly would have understood the designer's concern for color.

The healing properties of gardens have been all but forgotten in the twentieth century. Robert Zion's water therapy generated by the reviving sounds of his waterfall in Paley Park is an exception. Vincent Healy has orchestrated the sensual elements of his garden into a vast work of garden music that would cure anybody. Bullfrogs are commanded to augment the evening sounds in the lily ponds. Perfumed water in the fountains heightens the smells of nature. *Cassia multijuga* seed pods rattle like castanets along the path bordered with Lombardy poplars. To underline his traditional translation of nature into art, his classic plan might have been inspired by a close reading of Pliny's letters.

Some would commend or dismiss "Twelve New Landscapes" with the label of Postmodern and assume that garden designers were suffering some of the same frustrations that architects like Robert Venturi, Michael Graves, and Charles Moore had identified in the machine aesthetic of modern buildings. But since American gardens in this century, with all their conscious borrowing from the past, embraced traditional elements of design long ago, the label adds little to our understanding, or as a design strategy. And as Steven Krog recently pointed out, if landscape architects were to turn to the most productive period of garden design in this century, they would come face to face with the Modern movement whose concerns for bold, elegant, and often abstract aesthetics would be far removed from current architectural fashions of forced irony through a superficial play with history. It would surely not be in the direction of the shallow graves toward which some architects and their critics are beckoning.

Whether or not these garden designs portend a new direction for the landscape architect, there is nevertheless a lot of rethinking going on here that needs no labels or manifestos. It is a time to explore thoughtfully and, as Krog has remarked, "to control our anxious need for broad proclamations. This is our period of speculation." □

The exhibition, funded in part and circulated by the New England Foundation for the Arts, will be at the Art Center in Hargate, Concord, N.H. (Feb. 1–20), Richland College, Dallas (Mar. 5–Apr. 5), Berkshire Museum, Pittsfield, Mass. (Apr. 27–June 28), and the Lyme Academy of Fine Arts, Old Lyme, Conn. (July 5–Aug. 6). The catalogue is $22.50 postpaid from Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



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By Nicholas Fox Weber



A sampling of silver, left t right: bearded iris pitcher Lebkuecher, 1902; high-style Aesthetic tray by Gorham with surrounc and dragonfly in copper; very rare pitcher, Dominick & Haff.

There is a large silver nut spoon, its gleaming bowl partially lidded with leaves that seem to have been plucked only a moment ago from a tree in the sterling forest of a fairy tale. Its finial is a brilliantly sculpted squirrel clasping a nut on which he is about to gorge. On the matching nut picks, next to scattered mermaidlike cake knives and vine-covered serving spoons in the same drawer, the squirrels on the finials already have their little feasts firmly between their teeth.

There are lettuce forks and Stilton scoops. And ladles with handles topped with terrapins or with sleeping rabbits or fish trapped in nets. And various olive servers, from different shops and makers, each with a long intricately worked stem that has a pointed spoon on one end, a sort of miniature devil's pitchfork on the other. No chance that we would fail to atch our prey here, even out of the 'lest, thinnest olive jar. The butter es (a set from Ball, Black) have sil- lades as richly covered as a Roco- ling. Their ivory handles are l like sheaves of wheat—of a col- erisimilitude that conjure fer- a rippling breeze and the ain. An ice bucket is propped a few feet away on a painted radiator cover. Its surface vigorously etched so that its silvery patina is more muted than on many other pieces, the bucket has walls that are perfect facsimiles of glaciers. Polar bears stalk along the rims.

These objects elevate the pleasures of daily living as forcefully as silver itself reflects light. They link luxury with unbridled imagination, tastefulness with a passion for unmitigated fun. Their modern equivalents—as well as their ancestors—seem as restricted by rules, as guided by ideas of propriety, as utensils in a monastery.

Their collector has rarely bowed to anyone else's notion of rules. Samuel Wagstaff Jr. gets plenty of grief from most of his acquaintances for the intensity with which he amasses objects of late-nineteenth- and, occasionally, early-twentieth-century silver. People look in bewilderment at the storage-room in which much of this collection is housed. They ar puzzled by the shelve covered with dispa rate pitchers an bowls, by the large stack of metal flat file packed with flatware and serving utensils. Twelve years ago, when Sam Wagstaff began to fill those same file drawers with piles of vintage art photographs, most of his acquaintances were equally derisive. When, three years ago, he sold those pictures to the Getty Museum and it was acclaimed as one of the most important private collections of photography in the world, they laughed less. He is convinced that soon enough most everyone will come around to the silver, too.

Wagstaff's first collection was of miniature cactus plants. He was ten years old, living in a house in Majorca during a two-year period that his New York–based family spent in Spain. Collecting was an inherited trait. "All the Wagstaffs have been collectors," says Sam. "If they had a nickel, they collected with nickels. If they had a dollar, they collected with dollars." His uncle, David Wagstaff, had assembled an outstanding collection of sporting books (now at Yale University). Like Sam, who knows every silver mark and maker, who speaks of each designer as if of an intimate, David was



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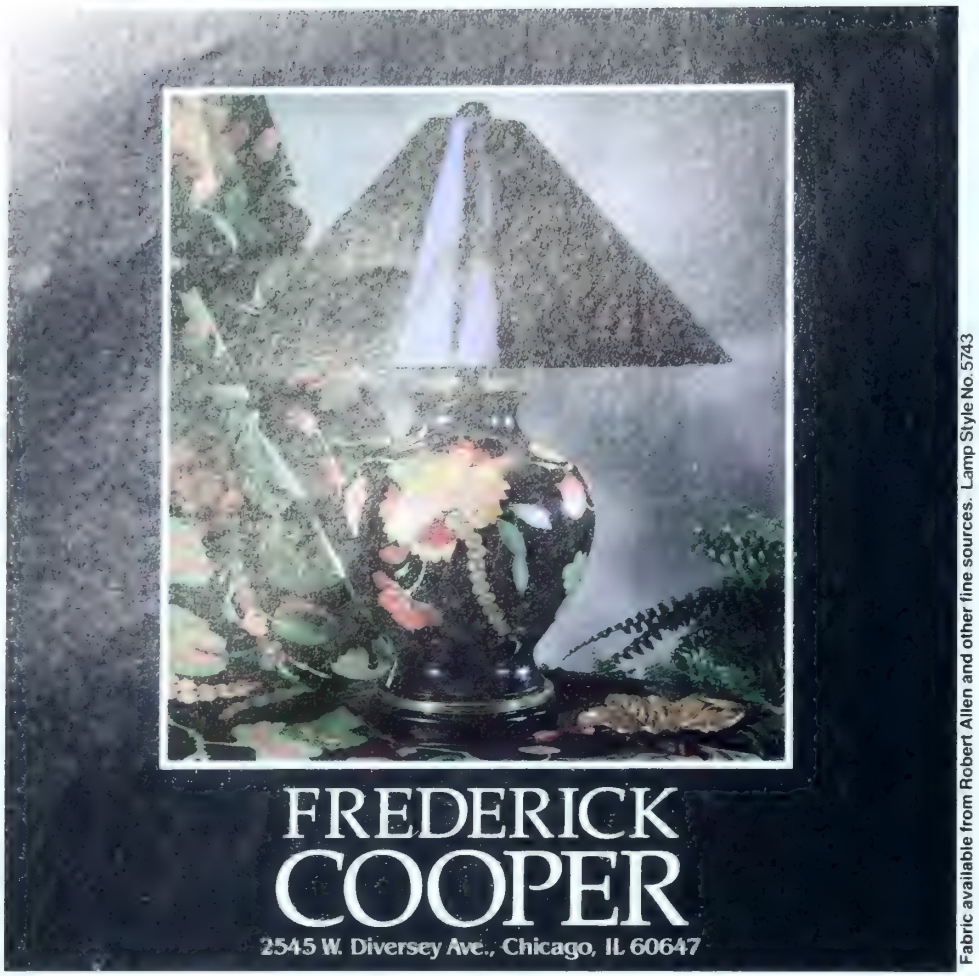
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considered the consummate expert in the field. As is the case with his nephew, David preferred to look further, learn more, and above all acquire more, rather than write or teach about his subject.

Born in 1921, Sam Wagstaff was graduated from Yale College in 1944. He attended the NYU Institute of Fine Arts and then spent two years on a fellowship to study museums abroad. After some time in the advertising business, he became, in the early sixties, a curator at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. There the sheer quality and pioneering choices of his exhibitions have made him a legend. There was "Black, White, and Gray"—the first major comprehensive show anywhere of Minimal art—in which the work of artists like Don Judd, Tony Smith, and Robert Morris was shown in startling juxtaposition. There was an exhibition of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel painting, which transformed Hartford into a veritable Siena. Because of concerns over condition and cost, that show simply couldn't be done today; it could not have been done then either if Wagstaff had not been so particularly persuasive in his enthusiasm and had not done the exhibition in memory of one of his mentors at NYU, the art historian Richard Offner, who was highly esteemed by the lenders on whose generosity Sam was dependent.

After Hartford, Wagstaff spent several years as a curator at the Detroit Institute of Arts, where he instigated happenings and other events that reflected a taste as avant-garde then as the interest in late-nineteenth-century silver is today. He left Detroit in 1972. Since then he has devoted himself essentially to collecting (facilitated in part by an inheritance from his stepfather) and to organizing exhibitions of his own collections. For some time he had been acquiring Indian baskets, contemporary painting and sculpture, and African art; his African collection was of sufficient quality to travel to numerous museums. In 1973 he began to devote himself to his photography holdings. A decade later they had become important enough to warrant three separate exhibitions. One of them traveled to seventeen museums, including the International Center of Photography in New York. The collection



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Tiffany chrysanthemum pitcher, 1893, and an Aesthetic pitcher, c. 1875–80, with copper overlay.

was of a magnitude to attract the burgeoning Getty and inspire a major *New York Times Sunday Magazine* article.

When asked how much silver he has today, Wagstaff replies, "Did you ever ask a gardener exactly how many flowers he has?" He does not seek works of one given movement or era. Nor does he try to round out his collection, fill gaps, or carefully include all the well-known designers or makers. He likes Gothic and "bright-cut" pieces from the 1850s, Aesthetic Movement objects of the 1870s and '80s (of the type recently the subject of a show at the Metropolitan Museum), and the Arts and Crafts designs that prevailed between 1890 and 1925. He reveres (the verb is particularly appropriate) a rather traditional pitcher made in Boston circa 1810 and rhapsodizes over a severely modern sugar and cream set from the 1930s. On the other hand, he has "hated Jensen ever since childhood"; his taste is his own.

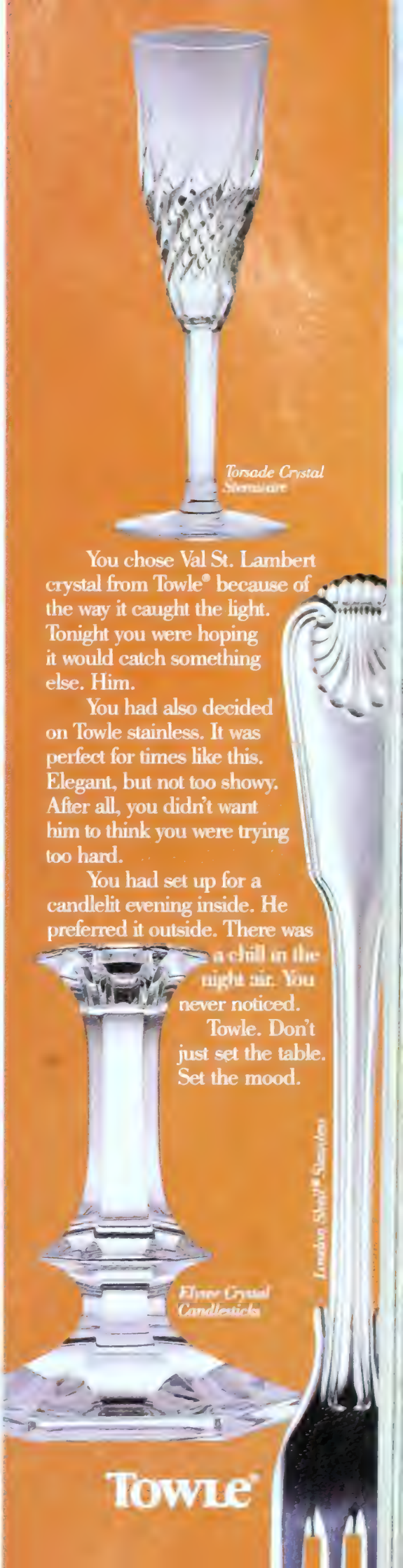
According to his primary dealers, he has an extraordinary feeling for quality. Catherine Kurland in New York says he looks for work that is "unusual, exuberant, exotic, and original. . . . He has a truly personal eye. He listens and takes in information, but ultimately it's his decision. Unlike so many collectors, he has confidence—without arrogance." She described his purchase of a Tiffany chrysanthemum water pitcher that had been in the Columbian Exposition of 1893: "He couldn't keep his hands off of it. He fondled it lovingly, as he often does, while comparing it to vermicelli." The comparison to vermicelli—the pasta, not an obscure quattrocento painter—is apt for this fully rounded vase with its thickly carved, animated surface that is like a silver jungle of spider mums. This object is among the Aesthetic Movement gems in the Wagstaff collection. In the same category are some Cairo pattern spoons from Gorham into which copper and brass have been rolled and some other pitchers of Classical form with Oriental surface designs.

Another New York dealer, Ronald Hoffman, comments on Wagstaff's feelings for workmanship. "Other collectors care about what something weighs, or what they might sell it for. Sam only notices quality. If a piece has an odd twist in it that gives it extra zip, he bubbles. When he really loves something, he does a little dance."

Because of the current ascendancy of interest in the Aesthetic Movement, the Wagstaff collection suddenly has a new cachet. But he points out that most of what he owns has been buried and forgotten for some time. "This is archaeology. I'm digging up the past." And what a past it was! Imagine the taste of ice cream from spoons with bowls of smooth silver maple leaves. Those bowls are supported by delicate handles made from two intertwined stems terminating in a folded leaf. A glistening beetle rests on the leaf.

A lady's garter has a silver clasp by George Shiebler, a maker of novelties whose work was sold by Tiffany around the turn of the century. Wagstaff is a great fan of Shiebler and John Wendt—"one of the first great silver designers"—who worked in the 1850s. Two of his Wendt pieces are salad servers, unmarked like all of Wendt's work, but clearly identifiable to the aficionado. Each has, at the top of its handle, an embossed oval with a remarkably convincing silver lobster in relief. Another of his preferred designers is Carl Schon, who worked in Baltimore in the 1920s; he owns a Schon silver stickpin, with a carnelian eye, cast from the eye of an actual sea horse.

If detractors consider these pieces "the most ridiculous things in the world," he doesn't care. When the objects in question are out of fashion, "it helps you espouse the cause with more determination." He tells a story of an antiques dealer indoctrinating a new saleslady. The dealer's first pointer was, "There isn't one thing in this shop that anybody needs." Wagstaff keeps his silver in storage: "One doesn't show off with one's possessions. I



don't collect things for any other reason than to please myself." He may in ways equate himself with the people who used this sort of silver, "people who understood high living and could do anything they wanted." But while for the robber barons they were accessories to living, passed by the servants, for Wagstaff they are the trophies of his most consuming quest, their study and maintenance his chosen task.

If one is hard-pressed to find the link between Minimal art, African masks, black-and-white photographs, and silver bowls covered with copper grapes, one can consider a statement of Nietzsche's that Wagstaff himself quoted in the catalogue for "Continuity and Change," an exhibition of American abstract painting he curated in Hartford in 1962: "If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs." Faith and judgment along with a strong sense that the "most fun is to start at zero" help make up Wagstaff's recurring experience.

In a penthouse apartment some twenty floors above his storage room, more silver objects cover parts of the white linoleum floor and the tops of functional chrome-legged tables. On both sides of a mattress on the floor in the bedroom there are pieces of flatware, cake knives, more ice-cream servers. Some still have their auction-house labels. As one looks at a dazzling, utterly contemporary urban vista which includes the World Trade Center and the bridges that shoot off from the bottom of Manhattan like rays from the sun, one can fondle a ladle with a vine-stalk handle (John Wendt again), the blunt end perfectly engraved to resemble the cross section of a freshly cut stick. Or one holds a nightlight candle holder, complete with gilded croaking frog, that evokes the rambling Bar Harbor "cottage" it would have inhabited a century ago.

There is also a Black, Starr & Frost mug from the 1890s which Wagstaff identifies as having been manufactured by the Kerr Company of Newark. Its acid-etched illustration shows a perfect-looking lad in a sailor suit and straw hat. He is holding an American flag and has his hobbyhorse next to him. He is flanked on either side by pairs of children in ethnic dress, all looking as if they don't quite belong.

On the opposite side of the cup from the boy in the sailor suit is the graceful, generous handle. It is flanked by panels on which a poem is engraved: "Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little Frost Eskimo, Little Turk or Japanee: Oh! Don't you wish that you were me?" Sam Wagstaff has none of the smugness or prejudice that mark that poem. But he does have the square-jawed, aristocratic ease of the young sailor. He combines the rugged energy of an all-American boy with the privileged elegance of a Bloomsbury-style aesthete. □

"The Wagstaff Collection of American Silver" will be on view at the New York Historical Society, March 20–August 16.





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CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy



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Multiple Splendeur, from Manuel Canovas, *left,* is splendid indeed with its many motifs, 53-inch repeat, and 29-screen printing. The cotton print, adapted from an 18th-century Chinese silk, is available at $112 a yard through designers. Currently at the Musée des Arts de la Mode in Paris: a 25-year retrospective of Canovas's work.



BRAZILIAN ARTIST'S NEW LITHOGRAPHS

Stravazavia I, above, is from a 1986 series of twelve lithographs by the Brazilian painter and landscape designer Roberto Burle Marx specially commissioned for sale by the Brandywine Gallery in Wilmington, Del. In the abstract 25⅛-by-17⅜-inch prints ($425–$525 each), nature and carnival themes are elaborated with tense dark lines and vibrant patches of color.

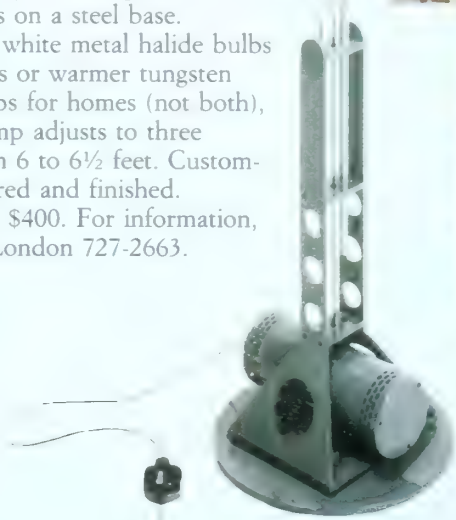
TOURS OF BRITAIN with a pinpoint focus are the specialty of Christie's Tours, 21–25 South Lambeth Rd., London SW8 1SX. Small groups with expert guides concentrate on art and houses in one region (Yorkshire, East Anglia) or pursue a theme (auctions, old masters).





UPLIGHT FROM LONDON

The new Uplighter, *right,* by designer John McAslan, has an aluminum reflector supported by chrome-plated steel tubes on a steel base. Made to use white metal halide bulbs for offices or warmer tungsten halogen bulbs for homes (not both), the lamp adjusts to three heights from 6 to 6½ feet. Custom-colored and finished. Price about $400. For information, call London 727-2663.





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Since 1900 the Chais family's New York Doll Hospital, *above* and *left,* has been repairing for museums and collectors alike all manner of portable playmates (and their costumes): French porcelain dolls, teddy bears, musical automatons—and some are for sale. For a repair estimate, send doll with $5 to cover return shipping to 787 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021.

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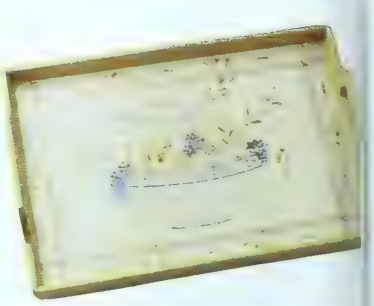
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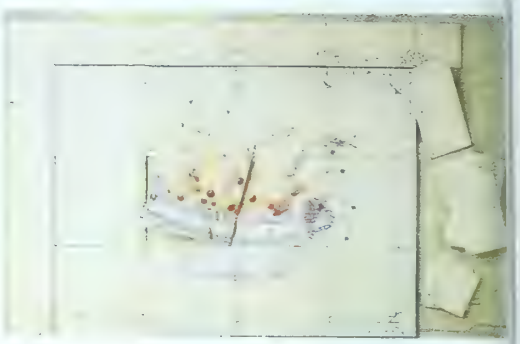
What's new, what's noteworthy



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If your Chevrolet looks undressed or your Mercedes star bores you, consider the chromed-bronze hood ornaments, *above,* at Asprey, 725 Fifth Ave., in New York. They make numerous dogs and other animals plus polo players, sailboats, golfers. From 2 to 6 inches, $125 to $275.











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Moving into bigger prints with more of a painted than printed look, Laura Ashley introduces the Bloomsbury Collection, home furnishings reproducing 1930s designs by English artists Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell for their Sussex home, Charleston. Included: two fabrics, *left,* Queen Mary (tied) over Charleston Grapes; fabric border, *above;* hand-tufted rug, *above right.*

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In a New York atelier the Marion Vinot Workshop designs, hand-paints, and fires the tiles used to make charming trays and wall panels, *above.* The artists create original motifs or adapt existing ones for individual clients. Trays $175 at Barney's and Henri Bendel; the 30-by-30-inch panel $500 at Country Floors, NYC, or through the workshop, 71 Franklin St.; (212) 226-2079.







FIELD GUIDE TO SEARS HOUSES

Between 1908 and 1939, Sears Roebuck sold over 100,000 prefabricated houses through their catalogue. Because the broad stylistic range, *left* and *above,* represented popular taste and the houses were well made, many thousands still stand. Some owners know the history (elderly neighbors may remember the train delivering the precut lumber); others, with the aid of the first book on the subject, are learning to their delight where their houses came from and how to restore them. The Preservation Press's *Houses by Mail,* by Katherine Cole Stevenson and H. Ward Jandl, is $24.95 at bookstores, or call (202) 673-4200.

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NOSTALGIA FOOD

The diner updated and fond memories of forties and fifties fare

By Ariane Batterberry



Recollections of the 1940s and '50s are, if not on everyone's mind, at least on everyone's subconscious. In fashion one sees it everywhere. Women walking on Madison Avenue wear shoulder pads that could support the defiant slouch of a Katharine Hepburn or the assertive march of a Joan Crawford. Young girls go off to dances in strapless puffs of tulle, barely aware of the era they mimic. In the matter of food there is a kind of sporting effort to recall an Arcadian past, before the sophistication of nouvelle cuisine, before the days when even the most simple-minded had cultivated a working knowledge of the culinary geography of China.

I have recently had occasion to eat my nostalgia at a few of the spate of down-home "diners" and "delis" that are now scattered from coast to coast. (Ed Debevic's in Chicago is described by *The New York Times* as a "zany 1950s diner." The Fog City Diner in San Francisco serves "1980s food with '40s names." Their chili dog is made with black beans and sirloin and they actually concoct their own ketchup. In Los Angeles, Patrick Terrail has forsaken Ma Maison for the Hollywood Diner, where the pioneer of nouvelle cuisine slings reactionary hash, tuna melts, pork chops, chili, et al.) At New York's Lox Around the Clock the cheese blintzes with sour cream and applesauce on the side, the lox and cream cheese on a bagel, the chopped chicken liver, the stuffed cabbage, the hot corned beef and pastrami sandwiches—all bring back sweet-and-sour memories of the best of Reuben's. There is even a Reuben's sandwich, complete with sauerkraut and Russian. But what would Reuben's grumpy waiters, with their shiny black trousers and frayed white cuffs and even more frayed nerves, what would they have to say about the clientele—the pink and green hair, the safety-pinned ears, the menacing black fingernails? What would they think of the expanded menu, with a list of "cereals" that includes hot couscous scented with orange water, or the lox plate that comes garnished with cream cheese dill mousse? And what would they think of the pockmarked and bombed-out concrete walls illuminated by peach lights? They could only appear menacing to those accustomed to Gabriel Heatter's nightly reports from the European front. The refrigerated showcase may harbor a haimish cheesecake, but frankly it's not Reuben's.



Above: The Fog City Diner in San Francisco. *Left:* The author on right and her governess, Mazzei, at Camp Crystal Lake.

At the Broadway Diner, with its Hockney-institutional sea-green ceiling and cartoon Bauhaus chairs, a quilted aluminum wall reflects a soda-fountain counter where an apple pie

TOP: KAREN HALVERSON CENTER COURTESY ARIANE BATTERBERRY


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istic-topped pedestal
e ex-
denburg on our plate.
s sassy red lips and jouncing shoulder pads are belied by her spiky locks. The menu, however, is fairly authentic: BLT, tuna salad, and chicken salad sandwiches, grilled cheese and tomato, knockwurst with beans, and, miraculously, roast beef, turkey, or baked ham "served on white toast with mashed potatoes and gravy." There is only the occasional slip: grilled sausage Dijon, New York sirloin steak with garlic and herb butter. The coffee soda is even better than Schrafft's, less cloyingly sweet. And the brown gravy is just as dreadful as I remember it—even to a familiar nuance of underflavor. Is it bouillon cube? But it's done the trick. It has sent my gustatory memory reeling back in time.

My culinary frame of reference was established in the cavernous kitchen of my family home on 67th Street in Manhattan (now the Didier Aaron gallery and filled with nineteenth-century antiques, then with books, chintz, and dust). Our cook, Rachel Crawley, was black and hailed from Norfolk, Virginia. Her signature dish was fish (fish was "fish" then, not monk or tile) in a spicy tomato, pepper, and onion sauce. She could also produce tongue immersed in a gelatinous sauce heavy with crushed gingersnaps and raisins, and a very dark devil's-food cake with a frosting so shiny you could check your



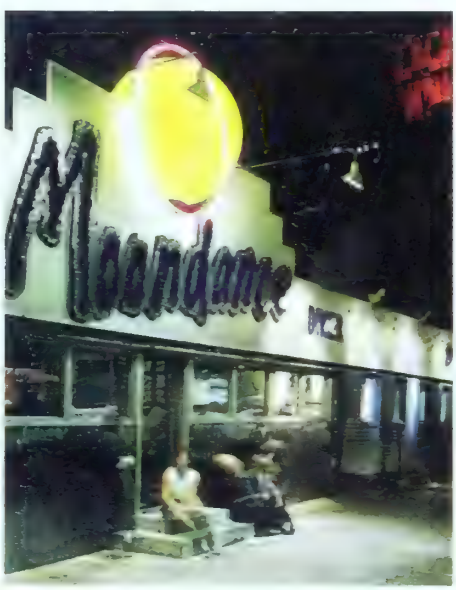
makeup in it. It was heavily seasoned, curiously enough, with lemon extract. My parents relished Rachel's food, but my grandmother did not. She would come down from her aerie on the fifth floor to work up a kosher pot roast (sauced with brown gravy, its shores floating little orange puddles of fat) for her own delectation. This was her favorite dish but not her best. Her boiled beef was superior. Whenever the other ladies were not in the kitchen, Mazzei, my governess, who was German and from New Jersey, made apple pancakes sweetened with cinnamon and sugar that always went black in the pan. I know now that Rachel's food was regional American and that her dishes, with their peppers and tomatoes and rough spices, harked back to roots in Africa, the Caribbean, Mexico, and medieval Europe. I know now that my grandmother's and Mazzei's cooking were ethnic and typical of the enclaves of immigrants who arrived in America during the nineteenth century. I didn't know it then, and neither did they. Moreover, they weren't *interested* in each other's cuisines. They cooked what their mothers had cooked for them, with minor personal variations, which is precisely how cuisines develop. They weren't aware of that either. All in all, the food of the era was nothing if not unselfconscious.

Beyond the doors on 67th Street lay the rest of New York and its food, almost equally unselfconscious. Sophistication meant something foreign, and here the choice was straightforward. Inexpensive meant the cuisines of the "little" French and "little" Italian restaurants. (There were also Chinese restaurants for the adventurous. These were "Chinese" just as fish was "fish" and sweet-and-sour pork was as much of a taste sensation as one was going to get.)

The menus of most little French restaurants were as predictable as the plot of a 1940s film: *escargot de Bourgogne, artichauts vinaigrette, boeuf bourguignon, boeuf à la mode, blanquette de veau, sole amandine, tarte maison.* The quality might vary from restaurant to restaurant, but the menu did not. The fact that the brown gravy on the *boeuf bourguignon* tasted of something other than a bouillon cube provided the excitement.

My favorite little French restaurant was the Canari d'Or in the East Sixties. This snug little spot, a short flight below street level, made its reputation on a seafood *crêpe gratinée* with imported French cheese and a creamy cheesecake with a graham-cracker crust. In the era of the fluffy Lindy's or Reuben's cheesecake, the dense, tart vari-

New York's Mary Elizabeth's, *above*, retains its tearoom look, while Moondance, *below left*, and Empire, *below*, have been restored to a high polish.







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Patrick Terrail's new Hollywood Diner in Los Angeles

or a passable tortilla. The great American regional cuisines were languishing in their hometowns, barely surviving the onslaught of frozen and fast foods. But at Longchamps, amid soft red lighting and murals of Indian chiefs, it was possible to choose from a menu full of "Continental" flourishes, a fruit cup (fresh grapefruit, orange, pineapple, and apple, just cut), a sirloin steak given luscious flavor by a great roll of fat (cholesterol was then a term confined to textbooks), a baked potato with butter and sour cream, broccoli with hollandaise that was both creamy and sharp, and an ice-cream éclair (the pastry just out of the oven and neither dry nor hard and frozen) topped with chocolate sauce.

Longchamps, although far from cheap, was in fact a chain of identical restaurants, an acceptable concept in the days before individuality was the stamp of excellence in food preparation. The ubiquitous chain of Schrafft's was more modestly priced but served a passable stuffed turkey breast in that equally ubiquitous brown gravy, with peas and a nice dollop of hand-mashed potatoes, to be followed perhaps by a piece of orange cake not made with a mix.

But the ultimate in security food was to be found in the "tearoom" restaurants that dotted the city. Typically the tearooms were founded by women during the hard times of the Depression when there were few business ventures in which a woman might succeed. They bore names like Rosemarie's, Patricia Murphy's, Phoebe's, or Mary Elizabeth's. The latter, by the way, still serves a ravening lunch crowd on 37th Street. Rosemarie's, specializing in French waitresses, gemlike tea sandwiches, and dark iced chocolate, was every mother's favorite respite from shopping with the children at De Pinna's across the street. It also offered the world's tiniest cheeseburger, a quarter-size morsel set on a mushroom cap. My favorites were the Kirby Allen on Madison and 67th and the Woman's Exchange on 54th, the restaurant of that philanthropic institution which still aids women in the sale of their crafts.

At the Kirby Allen, on oaken tables set with white paper doilies and pressed-glass plates, one ate food served by waitresses in scalloped aprons who were known by name to every regular customer. It closed in 1973 after forty years of faithful service when the owner with blue marcelled white locks had passed on and spiraling rents and an urge to circumnavigate the globe had conspired to convince her partner to abandon the business. I saved one of the last dinner menus: cream of celery soup and chilled apricot juice; broiled half a chicken with currant jelly, savory roast leg of lamb with mint jelly, and broiled fresh bluefish with lemon butter; buttered new beets, steamed rice, romaine and lettuce salad with herb French dressing; and, finally, bittersweet chocolate pie with whipped cream, Lady Baltimore cake à la mode, rice and raisin pudding. Lately "lasagna, a very interesting Italian dish," had appeared on the menu, followed by "quiche Lorraine, a very interesting French dish," both explanations intended to calm those who wanted no threat to their sense of security and yet to intrigue the curious.

The Woman's Exchange served a larger audience of midtown shoppers and was consequently more elaborate. Unlike the Kirby Allen, it possessed a wine license and a diminutive white-haired gentleman who seemed constantly at work shaking up martinis at a small bar. The Woman's Exchange was justly respected for its chicken in aspic with string beans vinaigrette, its whipped codfish balls and corned-beef hash, both served with cole slaw and "vegetable du jour," and its Southern griddle cakes with Jones sausages or bacon. The prices on a menu issued

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shortly before its closing make one gasp—casserole of macaroni with minced ham and eggs in cheddar cheese sauce au gratin for $2.65 or chicken livers sautéed with shallots, mushrooms, and sherry on rice timbale with buttered fresh asparagus for $3.25—especially when one notices that the date is May 1976. But the greatest attraction at the Woman's Exchange were the layer cakes, especially the frothy mound of coconut layer and the bittersweet chocolate layer—dense, truly bitter chocolate slathered on crumbly, buttery layers of an old-fashioned American yellow cake. The cakes were the creation of Irene Thompson, born on an Indian reservation in Kansas early in this century. Irene came to New York in search of a singing career and sang French art songs and lieder at Town Hall. But there was little call for a black concert singer with a European repertoire, and she ultimately made her career as the baker of cakes that for decades made the Woman's Exchange the magnet for shoppers with a midafternoon sugar craving.

The memory of Irene Thompson's cakes is particularly poignant as I satisfy my sugar craving with a coffee ice-cream soda at the Casual Quilted Giraffe only feet away from the now obliterated site of the old Woman's Exchange. The restaurant in which I sit is a Postmodern version of an old American diner with a nod in the direction of the Wiener Werkstätte. Here the aluminum is not quilted but pressed into grids, and everything is extremely high style—the frosted dining-compartment lights, the pale gray banquettes, the black marble-top tables, even the cutlery—but the meatballs and mash turn out to be superb duck forcemeat perched on a creamy cloud of something too ethereal to be a potato. And the coffee soda tastes of the Platonic ideal of coffee essence. It leaves one wondering what the root-beer float will be like. This is the very apotheosis of the diner, however Olympian the prices. The food of the forties was never as good as this, not in a diner, and not at the Colony. And yet I wouldn't mind a piece of Irene Thompson's bittersweet chocolate layer cake. At any price. □

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INDIVIDUALIST INTERIORS

A stellar clientele responds to architect Alan Buchsbaum's distinctive settings for a new way of life

By Martin Filler



Rosalind Krauss's loft, on Greene Street, is one of the most beautiful living places in New York," Janet Malcolm recently wrote in *The New Yorker*. "Its beauty has a dark, forceful, willful character. Each piece of furniture and every object of use or decoration has evidently had to pass a severe test before being admitted into this disdainfully interesting room. . . . But perhaps even stronger than the room's aura of commanding originality is its sense of absences, its evocation of all the things that have been excluded. . . .No one can leave this loft without feeling a little rebuked: one's own house suddenly seems cluttered, inchoate, banal."



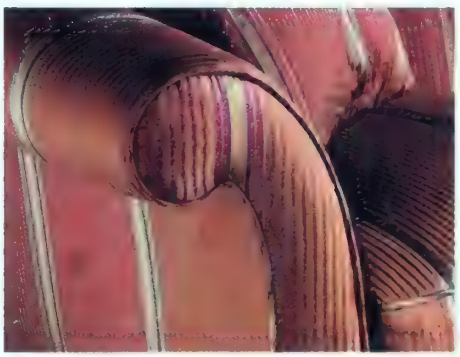
Top: Hundreds of yards of voile drape Ellen Barkin's New York loft. *Above right:* In a Manhattan apartment, low storage inspired by Gerrit Rietveld. *Left:* Nevele chair, 1986.

Though richly detailed, Malcolm's article neglected to identify the designer of this exceptional space: the architect Alan Buchsbaum (whose own loft and offices are directly below in the same SoHo building). Buchsbaum's work—primarily interior renovation—often evokes admiration among its viewers, if not necessarily the chastened reaction Malcolm had to that actually rather relaxed environment. But her omission of Buchsbaum's name is revealing too in that his approach has little to do with the Signature Syndrome that has now spread to American architecture. For a Buchsbaum interior can be recognized more readily by its subtler attributes—informality, comfort, unpretentiousness, and a gentle, unexpected wit—than by tell-

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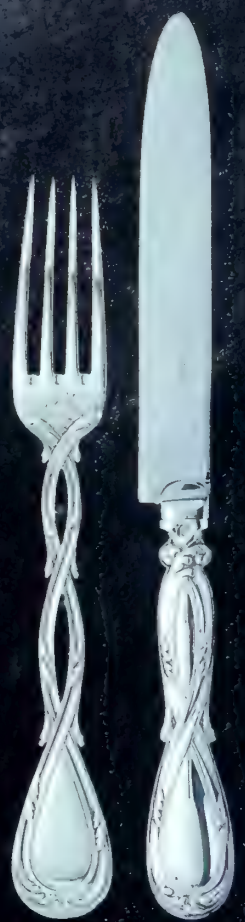




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tale motifs of the sort some other architects repeatedly employ, giving their rooms an easily identifiable "look." As opposed to many of his contemporaries of equal talent, the 51-year-old Buchsbaum has been content to focus almost exclusively on enhancing an easy, low-key way of life for clients less interested in formal or theoretical ideas than in getting on with the business of pleasurable domestic living.

That attentiveness to the users of his designs has won Buchsbaum a stellar roster of patrons, including the actresses Diane Keaton, Bette Midler, and Ellen Barkin; Oona, Lady Chaplin; British *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour; as well as a rock-star and top-model couple who are not Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall. But his schemes are far from blank slates on which the owners' strong personalities can be writ large. Rather they go to him because he has been so adept at perfecting—if that is not too strenuous a word for his method—a new kind of residential interior.

The typical Buchsbaum client is not only successful, self-made, and creative but also young enough to have been affected by the significant attitudinal changes of the sixties generation. Buchsbaum's constituency, now of an age at which making a home attains considerable importance, rejects the traditional trappings of status and convention. They respond instead to this architect's keen awareness of how they wish to interact, emotionally as well as physically, with their surroundings.

"The thing that interests me more than creating a great aesthetic," Buchsbaum says, "is figuring out what would really make the client comfortable. It's not in my nature to spend unnecessary money on architectural detailing. I don't like things that look overdesigned. I much prefer things that are casual and seem as though they just happened. Appearance is very important to me, but I wouldn't hesitate to sacrifice appearance for practicality. Furniture is always very loosely placed around my rooms because I believe life shouldn't be constricted by objects. As much as I respect what an architect like Richard Meier does, I think my work is the direct opposite of that. I haven't been the kind of architect people come to because they want a specific style."

Indeed a Buchsbaum interior is more likely to be a collage of inventive



Buchsbaum's Krauss loft renovation, 1975

small ideas. Though the specifics wil vary from project to project, there ar several constants. They include seduc tively inviting upholstered seating— often dramatic, offbeat pieces from th thirties through the fifties—recovere in sensuous (if slightly outrageous) fab rics such as thick silk satin or deepl goffered velvet; luxurious stone especially marble, granite, and onyx used in big rough-edged slabs that in vite uninhibited use; traditional furni ture altered in some unlikely way, such as the Jasper Chair Company's sturdy wooden Bank of England swivel chairs, which he has painted in pastels and uses as dining seats; and high-tech objects whose startling impact is miti-



Rough-edge marble tabletop, industrial lamps, Bank of England wooden swivel chairs: three familiar Buchsbaum choices.



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[illegible] applications, such as the industrial Holophane lamp, which Buchsbaum and lighting designer Paul Marantz have given wide currency.

The net result is hard to qualify by any of today's prevalent architectural "isms." Although Buchsbaum is a Modernist by training and temperament and many of his design solutions derive directly from familiar Modernist strategies, his work bears little resemblance to the rigorous rigidities that most people associate with that style. On the other hand, he has no truck with Postmodernism, though his interiors have lately displayed the softly faded colorations typical of that movement and on occasion he has begun to use a few small historical references. That freedom from factional affiliation has had both its pluses and minuses for Buchsbaum. His independent stance has spared him the distractions of ideological position taking and all the political and polemical exertion which that entails, but he has also been largely underrated and therefore absent from the firmament of current architectural lights. His philosophical nonalignment is as unusual among high-style architects as his famously accommodating attitude toward his clients, though neither should be misinterpreted as a lack of principle.

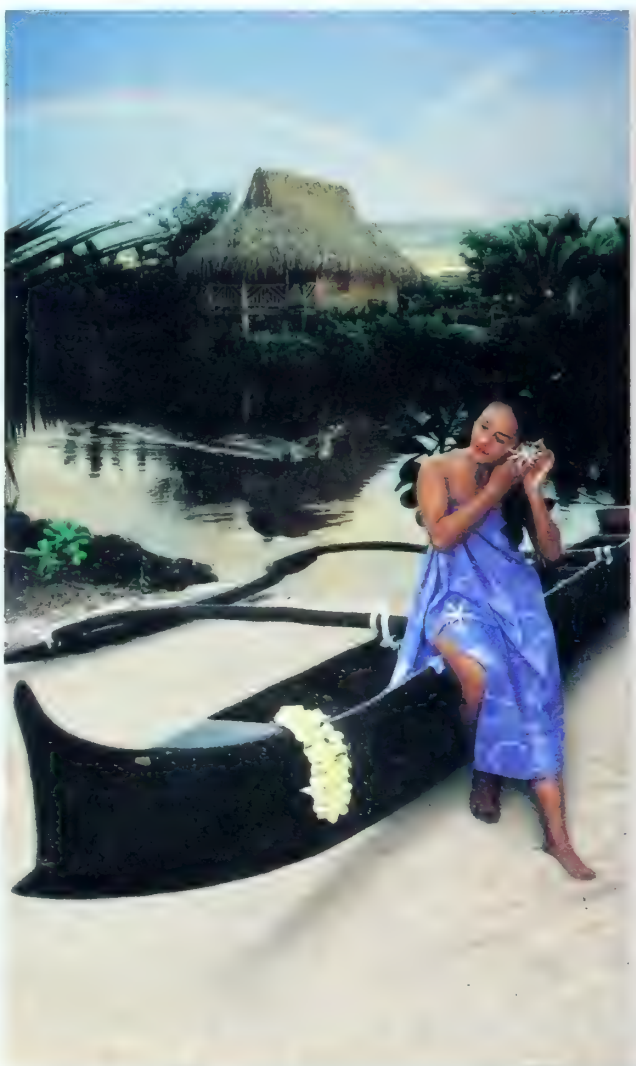


Buchsbaum's Serious Leaves rug for V'Soske

Buchsbaum's creative generosity and his appreciative relations with the executors of his jobs are two reasons why his schemes are as well built as they are attractive. For her apartment in a famous building on Central Park West—the Manhattan avenue on which several of Buchsbaum's renovations are located—the architect provided the actress owner with the ample drawer space she wanted, based on a scheme by the Dutch early Modernist architect Gerrit Rietveld. The Buchsbaum adaptation is so handsome as an abstract composition that it has none of the workaday weightiness a conventional storage unit can have. His custom furniture designs for Bette Midler's Tribeca loft make discreet references to the performer's interest in the designs of the Wiener Werkstätte (Buchsbaum once accompanied her on a buying trip to Vienna to find original pieces for her collection), while the loft's trompe l'oeil wall decorations, commissioned from artist Nancy Kintish, recall the work of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, himself a major influence on the Vienna Secession.

The fine arts provide other cues. As part of his renovation now underway at the Nevele, a resort hotel in Ellenville, New York, Buchsbaum was called on to provide an original design for the carpeting of the lobby. A pronounced all-over pattern is essential for such heavily trafficked areas, but Buchsbaum was eager to avoid the finicky motifs often used in such instances. As a model, he chose instead the linear geometries of the late work of Vasily Kandinsky and devised a lively pattern that wittily complements the original fifties architecture of the hotel—as well as his own fifties-influenced scheme—for the good reason that Kandinsky's intersecting spheres and paraboloids were a major source for the design of that decade the first time around.

Artifice is not everything to Buchsbaum, however, and he makes frequent use of the natural world for design ideas as well as materials. He likes deeply colored, richly veined, rough-hewn stone as much for its decorative impact as for its practical benefits (especially in kitchens and bathrooms, at which Buchsbaum particularly excels). Recently asked by V'Soske to create a rug for its new series of architect-designed carpets, Buchsbaum took his camera, went for a walk in the woods, and—it being au-



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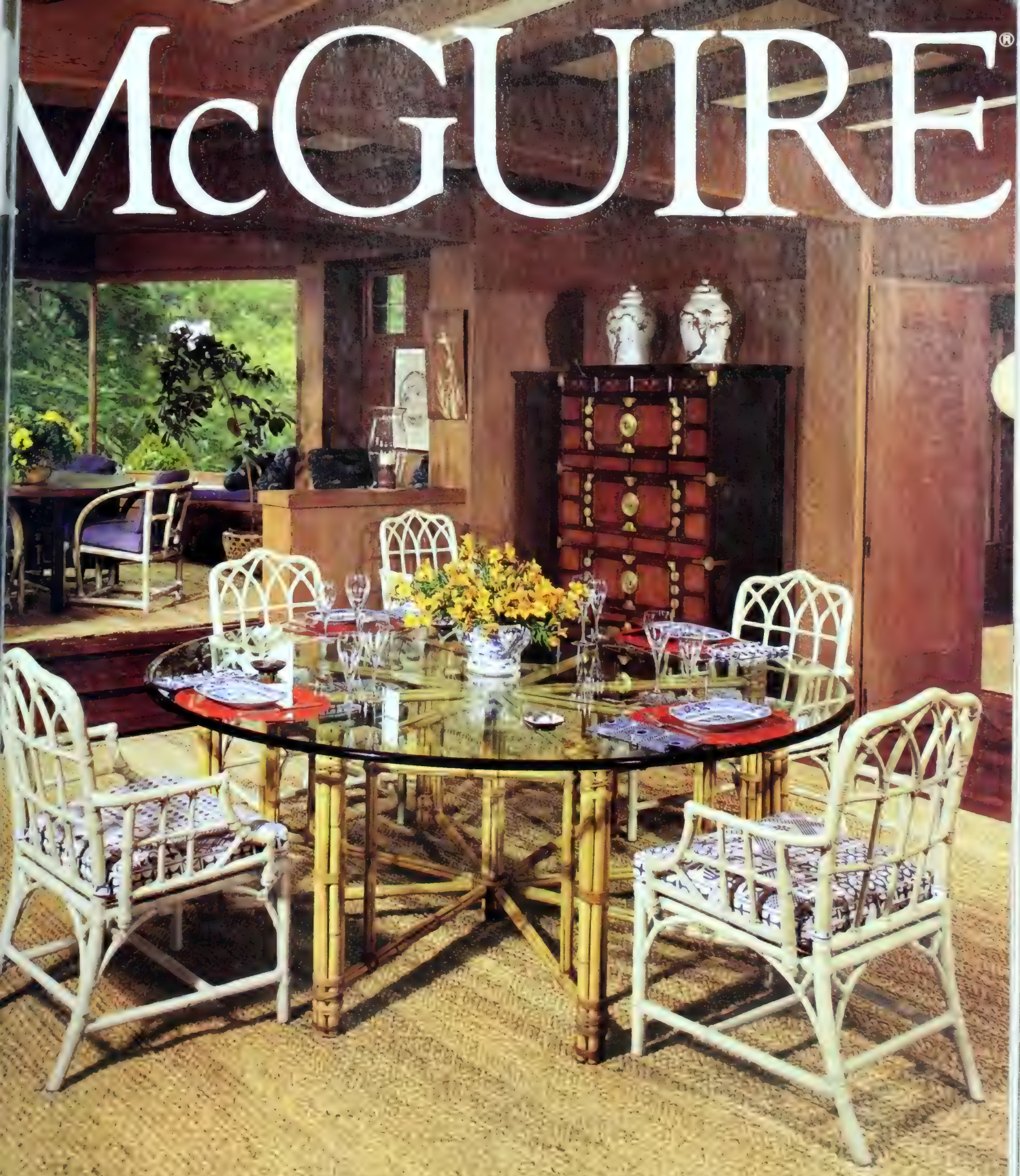
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Buchsbaum in a portrait by Joyce Ravid

tumn—came back with a photograph of randomly strewn leaves that was reproduced *en grisaille*. The resulting rug, called Serious Leaves, is clearly derived from nature, but so abstracted is the pattern that it is compatible with the least organic of urban interiors.

Since much of Buchsbaum's work has been in loft remodeling, he has often relied on furniture to provide architectural definition within those undifferentiated open areas. Thus Buchsbaum's larger-than-normal upholstered club chair for the Nevele lobby and his majestically proportioned Wintour table for Ecart International are in effect answers to one of his most persistent interior design problems: how to fill a big room with furniture without diminishing its scale. At one time he was forced to resort to lucky discoveries or clever improvisations, but now he has joined that distinguished minority of architects who can specify their own commercially produced pieces for their own spaces.

In a more important respect Buchsbaum remains a minority of one: his impressive body of work is representative of no larger movement other than that continuous process toward interiors that help implement, as well as reflect, progressive social attitudes. At a time of increasing retrospection in architecture and design, Buchsbaum's work shuns the simpleminded notion that we can return, even symbolically, to the past. But he does not romanticize the future either. Rather his eminently livable rooms are primarily about the very real pleasures of inhabiting the present, and those spaces celebrate the appreciation of that idea, which is shared by women and men as uncommon as the architect himself. □

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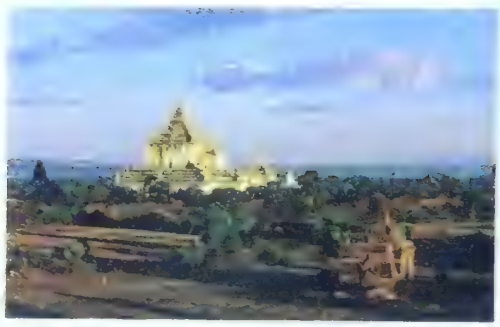
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JOURNEY TO PAGAN

By slow boat to Burma's city of 5,000 pagodas

By Andrew Harvey







In the courtyard of the Shwezigon pagoda of Pagan there sits an old fortune-teller. He has spectacles stuck together with cellotape, a dirty green striped lungi, and in between puffs on a foot-long cheroot chants in perfect Oxford English, "Come here and know the past; come here and know the future." I could not resist him. He fondled my hands, spat, and told me I would marry three times, have a house by the sea, and own a private plane. He did say one startling thing, however, worth the twenty kyats (four dollars) I was spending on him. "You have been coming to Pagan for a long time. Since long ago. Since a child!"

It was true. I have been traveling to Pagan all my life. I first heard the name Pagan when I was five years old. I was born in India and was living in Delhi; my godmother, Bella von Heinz, a Russian émigré married to an Austrian architect, lived in the flat above us, surrounded by Oriental bronzes and miniatures. Her favorite bronze was of a small standing Buddha. She kept it on a shelf above her bed. I can see it now with its bare unadorned torso, its smile, its right hand open in the gesture of protection. It came from Pagan and she had bought it on a visit there just before the Japanese invasion of Burma. "The three most powerful places in the world," she would say whenever she got the chance, "are Angkor Wat, Polonnaruwa, and Pagan. And of these the *most* powerful, the *most* mystical is Pagan. There are more pagodas there than anywhere else on earth." She knew the names, dates, and legends of all of Pagan's kings and buildings. She would rail against Kublai Khan for destroying it as if he had done so the week before. For her 1287, the date of the fall of the city, was almost as sad as 1917. The last time I sat with her on her balcony—five years ago, two months before her death—she said to me, "You have been to Polonnaruwa. You may never get to Angkor now. It is time to go to Pagan." And she read me Marco Polo's account of his journey to the city (which he calls Mien): "When the traveler leaves the province of Zar-Dandan [Assam], he embarks on a long descent. . . . At the end of the descent the traveler finds himself in a province called Mien. . . . He then proceeds for fifteen days through very inaccessible places and through vast jungles teeming with elephants, unicorns, and other wild beasts."

There were no unicorns on the Bangladesh Biman Airlines flight from Dacca to Rangoon, just a troupe of PE instructors from Sydney, and no elephants or wild beasts in the Great Socialist Capital itself, just large rats scuttling in the garbage and geriatric 1950s Fords and Chevrolets. Rangoon is a dirty dilapidated city; it has an air of corruption, of hopelessness and violence, that is reminiscent of Zagreb or Warsaw. The first night I was there I

Pagan's pagodas in many shapes and sizes, of bricks, gold stone, and white-washed masonry catch the first glint of morning sun or rise mysteriously out of the mist on a sixteen-square-mile plain by the eastern bank of the Irrawaddy River.







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saw two policemen beat up a youth on the side of the road while monks and businessmen strolled by casually under their parasols. The second night I sat under the erratic fans of the Strand Hotel and listened to a Burmese journalist tell of the death of all of his early student friends in prison. "Only two of our original group are still living. If you call it living." I was feeling ill, weak from two months in the Himalayas. I wondered why I had come. Then I remembered Bella saying, "Don't stay in Rangoon. There was never anything to do there but drink. Go to Mandalay. Spend an evening climbing up the steps of the hill temple and take the morning boat down the Irrawaddy to Pagan."

Which is what I did. Two days later I found myself at dawn on the steamer to Pagan with the troupe of PE instructors. They all looked as peaky as I did. Travelers in Burma very soon get a diarrheic glaze. The most bulldoglike of the Australians sank into a deck chair beside me and said, "Bring back the bloody poms. The trains here are the worst in Asia, the planes . . ." He gestured expressively. "Give me Thailand any day. At least the sheilas are allowed to . . ." He gestured again. I would like to have drawn his venom out further but I felt too sick to talk. Besides, the dawn was unshadowing the Irrawaddy and the large-breasted silver loveliness of the river shut me up.

As the boat began its journey, I realized with a sort of ghostly pleasure that I was in that state of exhaustion which is close to a state of grace—being without thought, memory, or feeling of any kind. I shrank into my deck chair and did not move for fifteen hours, except to unfurl my sleeping bag into a blanket against the fresh morning wind and look out between the pair of rails in front of me at the river. Here at last, on the banks of the slowly moving Irrawaddy, was the Burma I had come to see, the ancient and still-unspoiled Burma. Small villages of houses on stilts and pagodas with hats of green moss appeared; a tall monk wrapped in a flame of orange walked along holding hands with two small naked boys; fishermen in peaked rush hats passed in long low-lying boats, silent and still as Buddhas. Twice the steamer stopped at riverside villages and the villagers came out to wave to us, the men broad-chested and smiling in lungis they tied and untied compulsively, the women with fat cheroots and flowers in their hair. Fires from autumn fields behind them mingled with the smell of the river and chicken curry from the hold. Rangoon and Mandalay with their urban grime seemed centuries away. The steamer came into Nyaung-Oo, a village near Pagan, at about five in the afternoon when dusk was beginning in broad strokes of vermilion and molten saffron. The Australian exclaimed, pointing to the huge red sun in front of us smoking between the spires of two pagodas, "Well, *that* is worth it all." It was.

I realize now that the river trip was the ideal preparation for Pagan—both a purification and delicate expansion

Wildflowers, weeds, and low brush dot the sunswept fields among the pagodas the author saw as a kind of ecstatic religious fugue in stone and brick.





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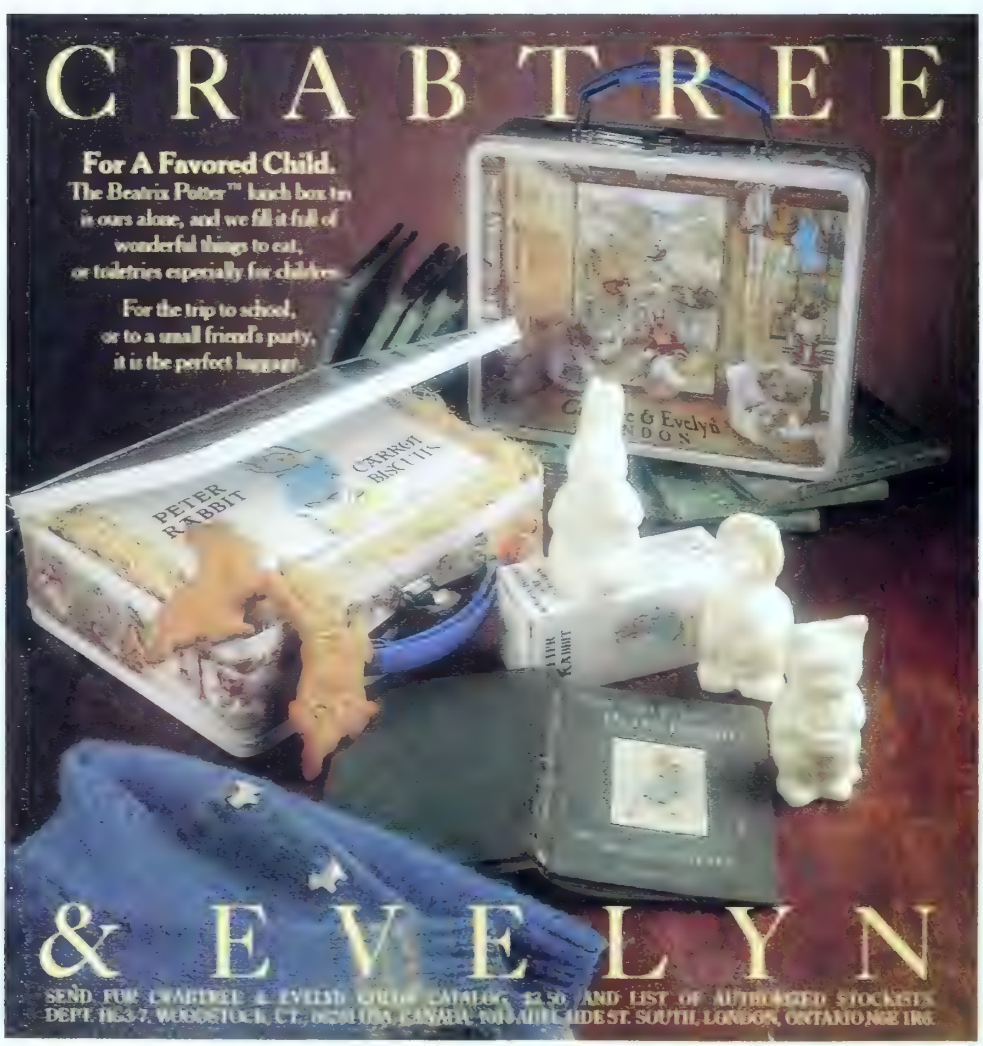
[illegible]hat I came ashore emp[illegible]nd already half-enchanted. Later [illegible] evening after I'd found a cheap hotel in the only street of modern Pagan, I went down to the river again, on the other side of town. The sun had set and three small pagodas gleamed at me from the dark as I sat on a rock ringed by hopping and croaking frogs. About thirty yards in front of me at the water's edge an old man in a vest with long white hair squatted on a cot. He was alone with only a huge old kettle and the darkening water for company. He was chanting and his prayers drifted to me across rocks covered with moss and newspaper and broken bottles. The night deepened around us, and a nearly full moon rose. He was still chanting when I left. I felt I was no longer a stranger, that the genius of the place had made me welcome; after a meal of rice and stringy vegetables I slept long and dreamlessly in my bamboo cage.

The site of ancient Pagan is a sixteen-square-mile red-earth plain covered with shrubs and yellow and purple wildflowers on the eastern bank of the Irrawaddy. Pagodas of various shapes and sizes, of red brick, deep magenta brick, gold stone, and whitewashed masonry dot the area on all sides as far as the eye can see. Of the original 20,000 pagodas, only 5,000 survive, most of them in ruins—either from the sack of the city in 1287 or from the large earthquake in 1975. You have to choose carefully where you want to go. The first building I visited the next morning was the Ananda Temple. I was led to it by a small boy, who took me out of the modern town through the winding corridors of a small wooden monastery on its outskirts into the deserted courtyard of the temple. He vanished: I had Ananda to myself. I had known "facts" about the building for years—how it was erected by King Kyanzittha in 1091; how it was modeled, so legend has it, on plans given the king by Indian Buddhist monks which were based on *their* monastery in the Himalayas. I had pored over its design and knew its geometric splendor. "It is a square of nearly 200 feet square, broken on each side by the projection of large gabled vestibules, which convert it into a perfect Greek cross." (From *A Pictorial Guide to Pagan*.) But nothing had—nothing could have—prepared me for the impact of the temple itself. When you enter the environs of one of the surviving great pagodas of Pagan, you are entering charged sacred space; you are being drawn into a contemplation of the truths the stupas celebrate. I know no other building that radiates so immediately and so simply a vision so complex.



The lively river life near Rangoon

The Ananda Temple itself symbolizes the "endless wisdom" (ananta panna) of the Buddha. And as soon as you walk around its bare inner walls, as you sit in meditation in front of the four massive Buddhas that adorn its corners, as you examine its exterior and delight in the doorways with their motifs of leaping flame, in the lightly diminishing terraces that culminate in the miterlike pyramid spire, you are yourself made aware—almost without knowing it—of something of that endless wisdom, of its marriage of severity and tenderness, inner emptiness and compassion toward the world. The inside halls of the Ananda are austere, lit by filtered cool light from small high windows; the outer terraces are filled with sunlight and the tall Buddhas at the corners raise their hands in blessing as bats fly squeaking in and out of their gold cloaks. All opposites meet in a unity that transcends them. I thought, as I walked around, of the paradox of Buddhahood "hard as diamond," as the song of Milarepa says, "and tender as a flower." The pagoda itself seemed not merely an image of enlightenment, but a place in which its power is stored, a place shaped by men who had been

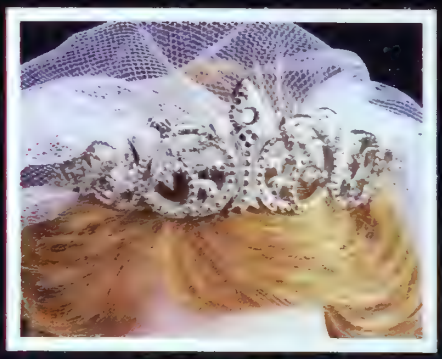


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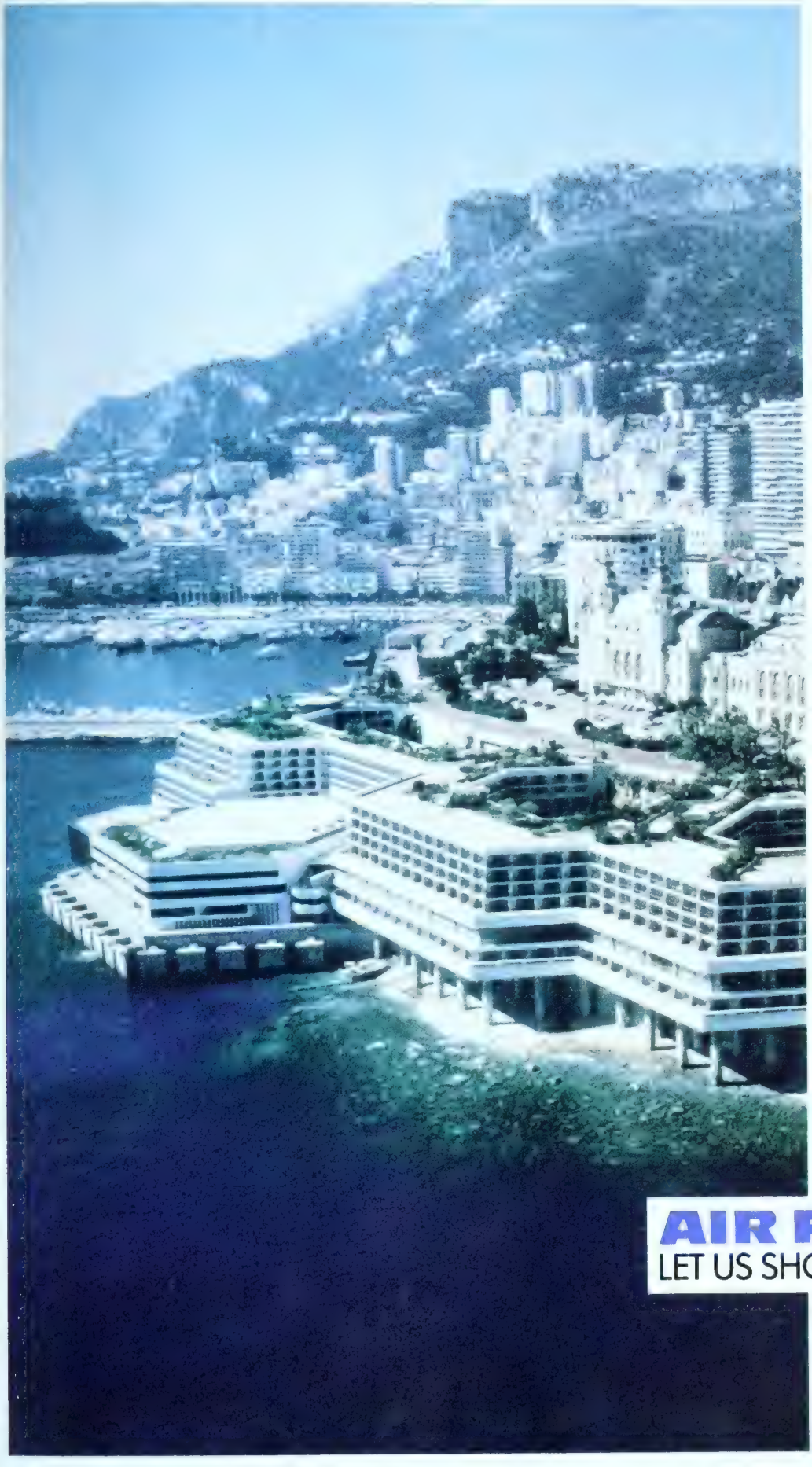
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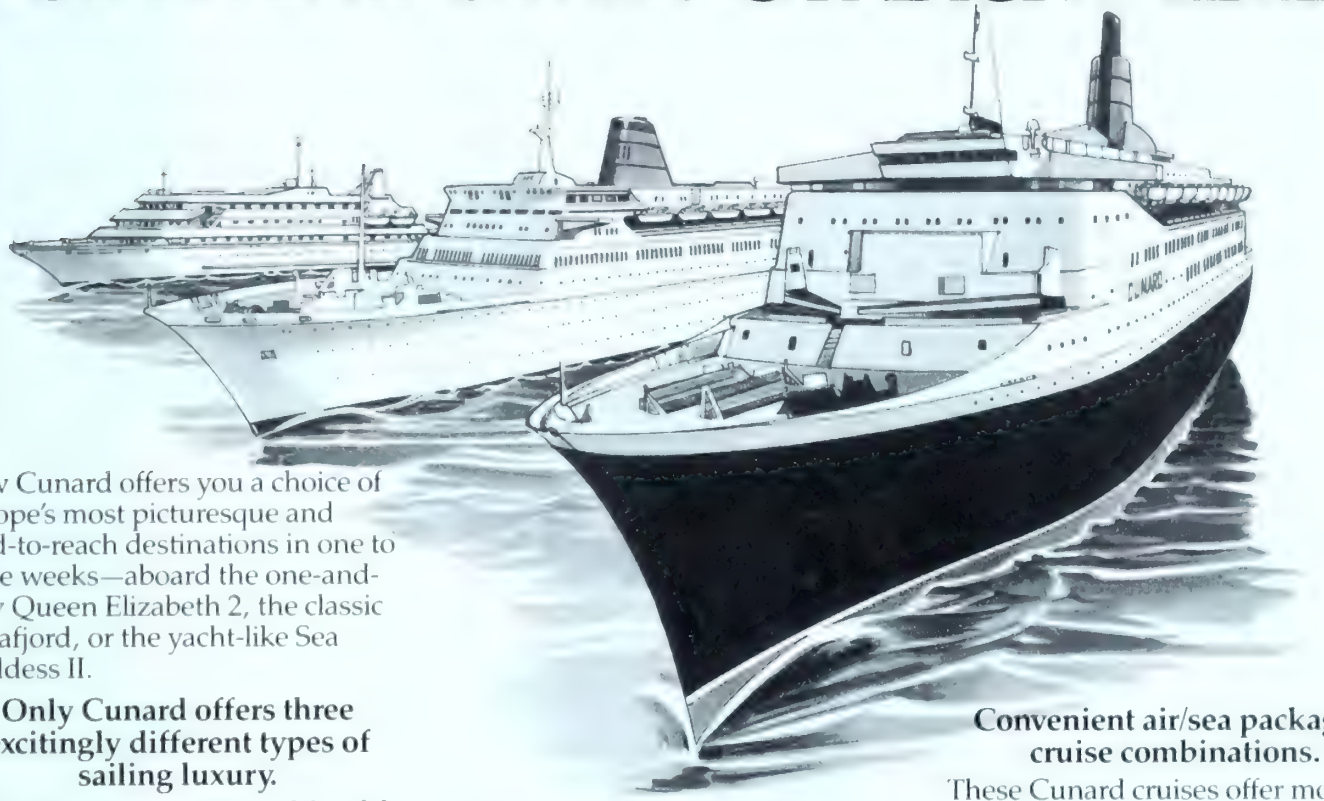
touched by nirvana, a large and beautiful form which at every turn and corner and detail draws the mind toward the formless, toward that ecstasy of which even a beauty so delicately and wittily sublime is only a shadow.

It would be worth all the difficulty of traveling to Pagan to see the Ananda Temple alone, but there is another building as remarkable 500 yards away—the Thatbyinnyu Pagoda. The temple, whose name means omniscience, was built in the middle of the twelfth century by King Alaungsithu, grandson and successor of the king who had erected the Ananda. Appropriately, since the building celebrates the all-encompassing, all-transforming awareness of enlightenment, the That-

Suddenly I felt I saw why the kings of Pagan had kept up their frenzy of building over two centuries

byinnyu soars above the other pagodas, rising to over 200 feet. Its general plan is not unlike the Ananda's, but it does not form a symmetrical cross. Only the eastern porch projects from the wall. It has two main stories and the Buddha image is seated on the upper floor. Climbing up one of the pair of stairs built within the thickness of the walls, you reach the top of the vestibule from where an external flight of stairs leads to the upper story. The high cubicles, the corner stupas on the terraces, the exuberant arch pediments, and plain pilasters give to the temple a sense of flight. From certain angles the Thatbyinnyu seems about to take off altogether, to become one vast ascending block of white fire. Its exterior walls, unlike those of the Ananda, are bare, as if impatient of any ornament, any distraction from total transcendence. Yet just as the endless wisdom of the Ananda has tenderness and wit in it as well as austerity, so the omniscience of the Thatbyinnyu is earthy and solid as well as soaring: its grand

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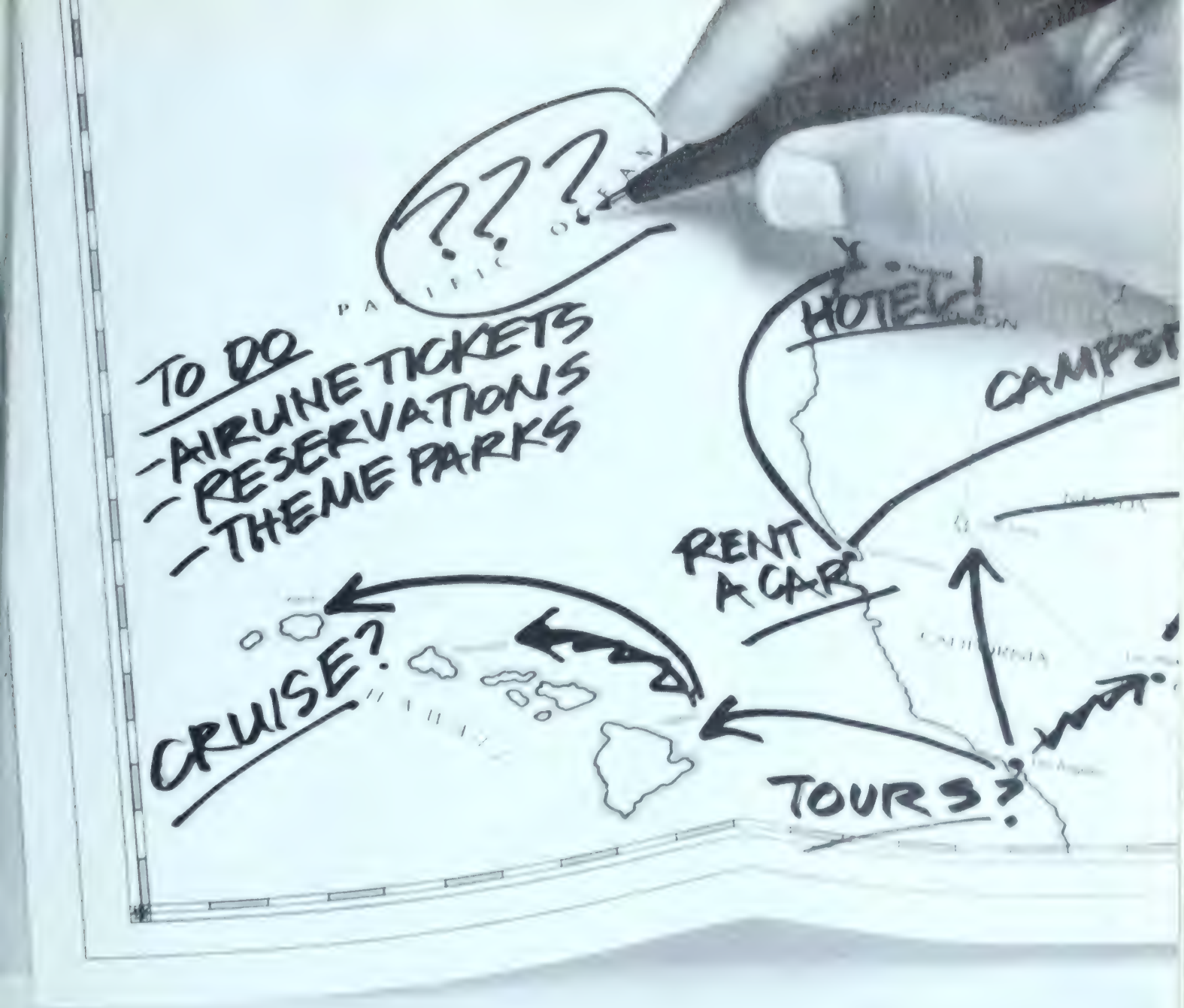
proportions and large square ba- ground it. The Buddha attained e- lightenment sitting on the earth. Bu- dhism unites a rarefied metaphysi- awareness with a stringent respect b- things as they are. The great pagodas- Pagan reflect the doubleness of th- wisdom they are inspired by: they a- bridges between eternity and time, th- emptiness of nirvana and the reality o- the world.

On my last evening, after three day- of wandering among ruins in the sun- swept, weed-choked fields of ancie- Pagan, I climbed for the first time t- the top of the Thatbyinnyu. The Au-

> The sun had set and three small pagodas gleamed at me from the dark

tralian PE instructor had beaten me to it. "What mad dog bit the buggers?" he asked, sweeping his arm across the plain. "Ten would have been enough." Suddenly I felt I saw why the kings of Pagan had kept up their frenzy of building over two centuries. From that height the pagodas did not seem separate, each with their different spiritual and historical significances: they were linked indissolubly by the forms and motifs that leapt from one to the other across the plain; they were phrases in a vast religious fugue of stone and brick. It is said by a Tibetan master that the state of enlightenment reveals everything as reflected in everything else and that, in it, the separateness and opaqueness of things apprehended by the ordinary mind dissolve into an ecstatic awareness of flawless interrelation. Standing on top of the Thatbyinnyu, I "saw" that Pagan is a most daring and poignant attempt to represent this timeless and formless perception in the forms of time—the mad dog that had bitten the kings of Pagan was the desire to manifest nirvana in matter.

The sun set below the hills across the Irrawaddy. I thought of Bella on her balcony, of the Buddha above her bed. I thanked them. I had found—been found by—what I came for. □



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LAURA ASHLEY

TEXTILE TENDING

Patsy Orlofsky's pioneering conservation workshop in South Salem, New York

By Elaine Greene







Textiles after treatment, *above from left:* Theorem (stencil) painting on velvet, dated 1791; detail of 17th-century Italian embroidery of silk and metallic threads on linen; American 1818 mourning picture painted and embroidered on silk.

A visit to the Textile Conservation Workshop in South Salem, New York, is—like the practice of textile conservation itself—a quiet, absorbing experience. In the vast white sewing room at the top of an old two-story country building, five or six conservators are usually present, bent forward under bright lights, each working with needles or tweezers or blades on a segment of a distressed fabric. Most sit alone at Ping-Pong–size tables whose Homosote tops are covered either with clean contact paper, which can be firmly pinned into, or with thick quilted pads topped by freshly washed white muslin. Textiles come here to be treated, and they are pampered at every stage.

Patsy Orlofsky, founder and director of the workshop, knows each procedure of textile conservation intimately, although, she says with a twinge of regret, she is not a bench conservator. Conducting a sewing-room tour, Mrs. Orlofsky suggests that a visitor touch—because one can barely see it—the superfine nylon net to be fitted over a deteriorated stripe of brown cotton on an eighteenth-century pocket—the kind of waist-hung bag lost by the unfortunate Lucy Locket. The netting has been dyed to match the stripes by the workshop's dye specialist, conservation technician Teresa Knutson. When it has been stitched into place, the net will be almost invisible to the naked eye, and the original fabric, which can no longer fall away, will still be seen. Sleepy Hollow Restorations owns this textile.

At another table a graduate-student intern, Stephen Collins, is treating an object owned by the Ukrainian Museum in New York. He is consolidating the loose warp threads—the weft has been lost—at the edge of a *rushnyk,* a Ukrainian ritual cloth. The procedure he employs is called couching: over the loose warp threads and a new backing patch (eventually to be covered by a lining) he is laying down short individual threads in the direction of the weft. He fastens one thread at a time to the backing with tiny stitches at regular intervals. It is a finicky job, one that would drive the average sock-darner mad, but a surgeon would be at home here and would be fascinated.

Meredith Montague, conservation technician, is couching, too. Her field is the edge of a beautiful but frail circa-1790 white trapunto quilt owned by the Westchester County Historical Society. The young Texan's powers of concentration are so total, her col-

MARINA S. HINE

leagues say, that she may not hear her name being spoken. Her explanation: "I get so involved with the textile, with every stitch. Should my needle go between these two threads or the next two? Which would be best for the fabric?"

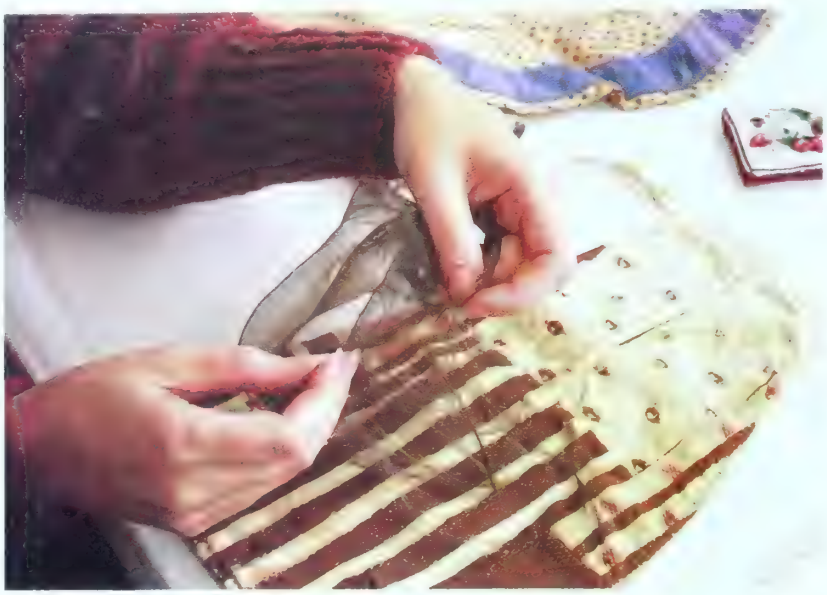
Equally precise and careful is the work done on the lower floor of the TCW building. There the conservators clean textiles: with water; with water and a neutral detergent called Orvus W A Paste, occasionally aided by a range of other solvents; with a minuscule dental vacuum cleaner; with a suction table; with fine brushes. The workshop uses deionized water, purified to equal water distilled 23 times. The shallow washing tank is big enough to accommodate a double-bed quilt spread out flat. The equally sizable drying screen on a nearby table brings blower-propelled air to both surfaces of a textile. The main floor also provides office space and room to store tools, thread, yarn, chemicals, files, photo records, and a library. Edie Stafford manages the office, and Marlene Jaffe spends a good deal of time here keeping a national textile registry up-to-date.

The space is perfect for the present purpose and has a surprising history. The workshop occupies a restored and barely altered 1868–70 building that once served this small village as a general store and post office downstairs, with a meeting hall upstairs. All the old main-floor counters and shelves, bins and cubbyholes, and the wide center aisle adapted beautifully. The town hall above, its tray ceiling preserved with difficulty and inventiveness at the owner's insistence, is an ideal sunny, airy sewing room. Patsy Orlofsky says, "This is just what we would have designed but it's better built and handsomer than anything we could have gotten today."

The former general store fronts on a quiet South Salem street; beside and behind it stands the splendid Victorian house that Patsy Orlofsky bought at the same time as the workshop (1967) with her late husband, Myron Orlofsky. He was an important collector of modern art in those days, while her interest was drawn to American antique quilts. Together the Orlofskys wrote the well-respected reference book *Quilts in America,* published by McGraw-Hill in 1974. The book grew out of their dissatisfaction with the meager scholarship in the field at the time. Three years later the conservation laboratory also grew out of a need, one that Mrs. Orlofsky felt as her textile collection enlarged and diversified, requiring safe storage and stabilizing or other forms of treatment. She found facilities and technical knowledge as meager as quilt scholarship had been.

Patsy Orlofsky is a born problem solver with a strong sense of responsibility—just what is wanted for a career dedicated to saving endangered historical objects. And it doesn't hurt that she is also a romantic who has a passion for the materials her laboratory treats—the remnants of past lives, as she sees them. She is a connoisseur of the patina of old cloth, of fading and mellowing, explaining, "I love the condition that textiles get themselves into, and it is sometimes a miracle that they have lasted this long. We try to stop time for them so they will continue to last."

Not many people or institutions do what the Textile Conservation Workshop is doing. Some museums have staff conservators of textiles; small historical societies are more likely to have well-meaning volunteers who improvise and may do damage. There is only one other large regional textile conservation laboratory in existence today in the United States, founded coincidentally in the same year, 1977. Three universities in this country grant graduate degrees in museum conservation: New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, the University of Delaware with Winterthur Museum, and the State University of New York at Buffalo







Top: Fine net will protect an 18th-century pocket. *Above left:* Textiles from Panama and Ghana in pretreatment study. *Above right:* Main floor. *Below:* Conservator Loreen Finkelstein, director Patsy Orlofsky, senior conservator Karen Clark examining 18th-century Torah Ark curtain.



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turn out perhaps thirty conserva- of whom specialize in good year when two textile majors complete their training.

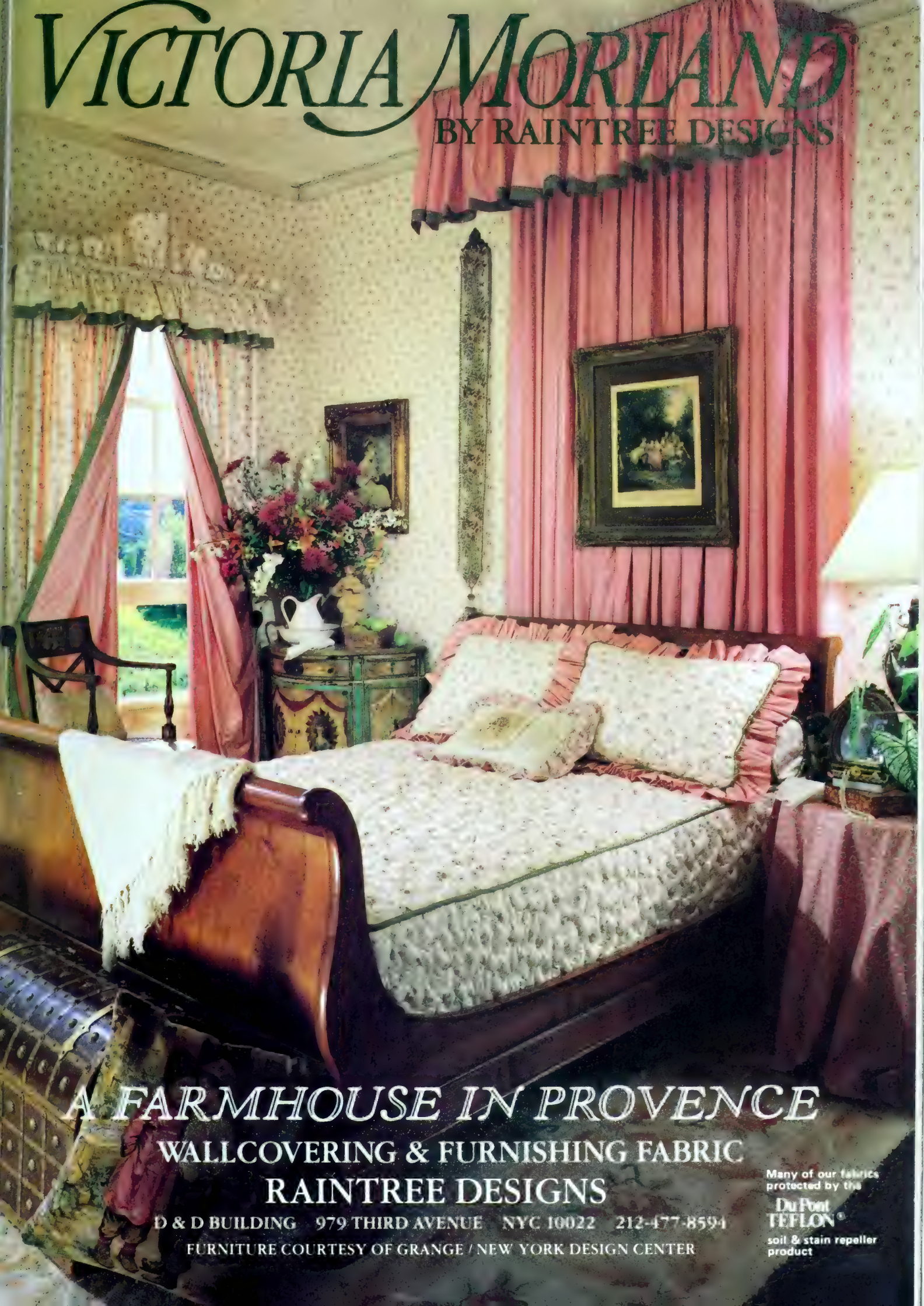
And so the problem-solving Mrs. Orlofsky set education as one of her goals when she and senior conservator Karen Nelson Clark opened the Textile Conservation Workshop for business a decade ago. This endeavor takes several forms: the welcoming of graduate-student interns (conservation technician Fiona Leek began this way); the willingness of the workshop directors and conservators to lecture and write on a scholarly level; and an outreach program for small museums and historical societies. Assistant director Phyllis Dillon manages the outreach program through which the workshop evaluates the small institutions' period textiles and storage and display facilities, recommending treatments and physical arrangements. The workshop, guided by a board of directors, is a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization depending partly on grants.

The workshop makes museum house calls when necessary. One such crisis is reported in the current newsletter, which is sent to the board of directors, professional conservators, and a long list of clients and museums: "A plumbing leak occurred at the Jewish Museum in New York which created a need for disaster intervention. The TCW's Director and Senior Conservator made a visit to deal with cleanup, drying, and relocation of the curtains in the storeroom. Wet linings of a few curtains had to be removed to facilitate safer, faster drying. Pieces needing complex salvage treatment were sent to our lab. Severe water staining on one Torah curtain was successfully reversed by immersing the silk top in deionized water. The success of conservation treatment performed in rapid response to disaster was borne out by the ease with which we were able to reverse the discoloration from fresh stains."

The pace is generally less urgent. E- ery textile received at the worksho whether it comes from a museum or private client, is given a complete e amination and its historic origin is r searched. The character and conditio of the piece are reported on and th proposed treatment and expecte results are outlined in detail.

The staff keeps an even keel in th changing currents of museum practic not only responding to the changes bu helping create them. For some years restoration (making an object look as i did when new) has been on the declin while conservation (preserving what ever remains of an old object and assur ing its survival) has been on the rise Realistic conservators sometimes ad minimal new material when necessar to recapture the spirit of a work or t stabilize it, but they do so openly an record it as part of the documented his tory. Whatever tomorrow brings i this emergent field, the Textile Conser vation Workshop means to retain its strong presence. □




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Cat and Bird, 1928

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Few of this century's artists captivate the public more consistently than Paul Klee (1879–1940), the perennially popular Swiss master who compressed a surprising amount of formal inventiveness, striking design, and engaging wit into complex pictures. Klee, who taught at the Bauhaus in the twenties, was both a pedagogue and a poet—not afraid to teach his viewers lessons in symbolic thinking but also not averse to igniting their imaginations. He ricocheted constantly between figuration and abstraction. But even when his images are figurative, they are far more conceptualized than naturalistic. His close-up portrait of a Buddha-like feline, *above*, seems to afford the viewer psychological entrée into the mind's eye of a cat.

Klee was one of the major influences on American painting in the thirties and forties. His improvisations with line earned him a reputation as a pioneer of the "automatic" drawing so admired by the Surrealists, and paved the way for the freewheeling calligraphic styles of Abstractionists such as Mark Tobey and Jackson Pollock. It's safe to predict that the current Klee retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art, through May 5, will be a tremendous crowd-pleaser. Perhaps the main reason for Klee's ongoing success is obvious: he makes viewers feel witty. *David Bourdon*



Mountain Village (Autumn), 1934



Fish Magic, 1925

SCULPTOR'S GARDEN



The flamboyant gravity-defying bronzes of Nancy Graves evoke a contingent of colorfully garbed circus performers—aerialists, acrobats, ethnic dancers, jugglers, and clowns. In format her whimsical open-form sculptures recall Klee's convoluted linear configurations. Like Klee, Graves veers between figuration and abstraction. She casts the components of her pieces directly from found objects—such as fans, lamp shades, sardines, noodles, bean pods, and scissors—but then combines them abstractly, improvising the composition as the units are welded together. Finally she patinates, paints, and/or enamels the bronzes in vivid hues, which contributes an optical dazzle to the already intricate surfaces. "Nancy Graves: A Sculpture Retrospective" is at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., from February 19 to April 26. *D.B.*



Penda, 1983, *top; Five Fans, Lamp Shades, and Lotus*, 1982, *above*.

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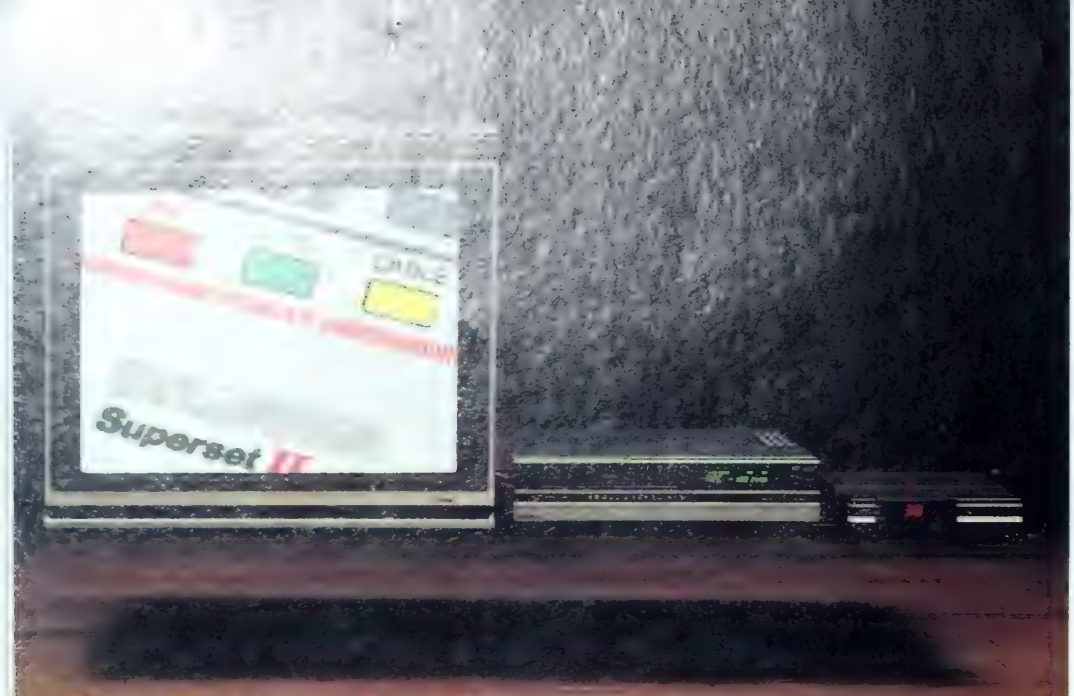


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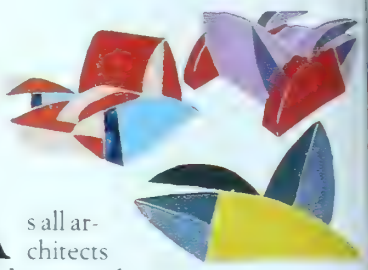
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Suzanne Stephens



Top: Chair studies, Peter Shire, 1981.
Above: House façade, J. Roggen, 1929.



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HOUSE & GARDEN DESIGN AWARDS

House & Garden announces the establishment of annual awards to recognize outstanding achievement in residential design within the United States. Submissions for the first competition are invited in two categories:

Architecture

Interior Design and Decorating

Winning works will be chosen on the basis of design excellence, creativity, appropriateness, and quality. The decision will be made by two separately constituted juries. An award of $25,000 will be given in each category.

JUDGING The juries will meet in May 1987, and a formal public announcement of the winners will be made in early June. An awards presentation ceremony will take place in the fall prior to the publication of the award-winning projects in House & Garden. The cash awards will be part of the presentation ceremony. The jurors for the separate categories, specially invited by House & Garden each year, will include leading figures in the design community. The jurors for the 1987 House & Garden Design Awards program follow.

ARCHITECTURE JURY

PHILIP JOHNSON
Partner, John Burgee Architects with Philip Johnson, New York.

THOMAS H. BEEBY
Dean, School of Architecture, Yale University, New Haven; Principal, Hammond Beeby and Babka, Chicago.

MARIO BOTTA
Architect,
Lugano, Switzerland.

MILDRED FRIEDMAN
Design Curator, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.

PHYLLIS LAMBERT
Director, Canadian Center for Architecture, Montreal.

INTERIOR DESIGN AND DECORATING JURY

MRS. HENRY PARISH II
Parish-Hadley Associates, New York.

CHARLES PFISTER
Principal, Charles Pfister Associates, San Francisco.

ANDRÉE PUTMAN
Designer, Paris.

ALICE COONEY FRELINGHUYSEN
Assistant Curator, Department of American Decorative Arts, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

PAUL F. WALTER
Collector, New York.

DEADLINE AND RULES Entries must be postmarked by April 30, 1987. If delivered, entries must arrive at House & Garden at the street address below no later than 5 P.M. that day. Address entries to:

Awards Editor
House & Garden
350 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

House & Garden is not responsible for late, lost, or misdirected mail. Entry fee is subject to state regulations and prohibitions. All taxes related to cash awards are the responsibility of the winners.

NTRY FORM: First House & Garden Design Awards
ease fill out all parts and submit with each entry according
instructions. Copies of this form may be used.

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) Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10017

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ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS
Residential projects completed in the United States during the two years prior to the entry deadline are eligible.

In the category of *Architecture* residential projects may include renovations, rental spaces, apartments and houses, as long as major living spaces are involved.

In the category of *Interior Design and Decorating*, any residential interior spaces, as long as major living spaces are involved. The same room may not be submitted in both categories.

In all cases House & Garden reserves the right to make the final decision regarding proper classification.

All work must be completed and occupied by the residents by the date of submission.

The designer's and the client's written approval and permission to photograph the residence must accompany each submission. The designer and the client must be the same person.

The design work in both categories of *Architecture* and *Interior Design and Decorating* must have been performed by professionals with active practices. The practices need not be located in the United States.

Any entrant who has a current professional connection to any of the jurors is ineligible.

The jury's decision is contingent upon eligibility being established. House & Garden reserves the sole right to determine a project's eligibility.

SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS
Entries are restricted to one submission per category. The category, *Architecture* or *Interior Design and Decorating*, must be clearly stated on each entry blank.

Each room must be firmly keyed to a 8" × 11" folder. All graphic material must have descriptive labels in English.

Complete anonymity is required on the presentation material for the jury. No names of owners, clients, or consultants may appear on any graphic or written material that is part of the presentation.

Each submission must include a description, in English, of not more than one typewritten page, placed on the first page inside the folder, giving the client's program, location, and a brief statement of principal features worthy of recognition.

Each submission must be accompanied by a signed entry form (reproductions of the form are acceptable). All five sections of the form must be completely filled out and received with an extended privilege attached to the entry form, one of the presentation folders.

An entry fee of $50 must accompany each submission. Payment may be enclosed with the entry form. Make the check or money order out to (cash please) payable to House & Garden.

Entrants must retain copies of all material submitted to House & Garden. House & Garden will return all entries but assumes no liability for loss or damage.

Architecture entries must include:
1 Floor plans: maximum size 8½" × 11" each. Elevations are optional.
2 Ten 35mm color slides, transparently labeled in English and placed in an 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheet. Thickness of the slide mount cannot exceed ½". Glass mounts are not acceptable.
3 No more than twelve 8" × 10" color transparencies, transparently labeled and placed in 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheets or not more than twelve 8" × 10" color and/or black and white photographic prints, transparently labeled and placed in 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheets.
4 Either transparencies or prints should show all exposed sides of the building in which architectural work has been involved.

Interior Design and Decorating entries must include:
1 Floor plans: maximum size 8½" × 11" with a graphic scale, plus color swatches and fabric samples, transparently labeled in English and mounted on a backing 8½" × 11".
2 Ten 35mm color slides, transparently labeled and placed in an 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheet. Thickness of the slide mount cannot exceed ½". Glass mounts are not acceptable.
3 Not more than twelve 8" × 10" color transparencies, transparently labeled and placed in 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheets or not more than twelve 8" × 10" color and/or black and white photographic prints, transparently labeled and placed in 8½" × 11" clear plastic sheets.

No other form of graphic material (models, blue, videotapes) will be accepted. Renderings and original drawings are not required. House & Garden cannot accept responsibility or liability for original work.

PUBLICATION OF WINNING ENTRIES
Once the jurors have made their decisions and the winners have been notified, he or she may not enter into an agreement to publish the award-winning project with another publication until at least three months after House & Garden has published it.

The winner is responsible for providing release for copyright and patent protection. The client must agree to conduct guided by professional photographs. The client must require permission of the published article.

AWARDS EDITOR House & Garden

I certify that I am the client for the submitted work and that owners of the apartment or submit it to the House & Garden Design Awards program. Should my designer win an award, I shall make my residence available for additional photography and give my permission for publication of photographs of the residence in the magazine and for publicity purposes. I agree that my photographs of the residence will be submitted exclusively to publications mutually acceptable to me and House & Garden's editorial staff for prompt

Signature _____

Please print or type name _____



CLASSICAL COOL

Mica and Ahmet Ertegun's town house reflects a discerning couple's original taste

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

A spectrum of cool whites in the sparely elegant second-floor living room. The focus here: Magritte's *L'Empire des lumières,* 1954. At left, an Empire chair.





Mica Ertegun, *left. Opposite:* One of a pair of brass Regency palms inspired by those in the kitchen of the Brighton Pavilion shades the modern-looking Jacob chair. The 18th-century mirror is Georgian; the mantel Classical. The contemporary French hurricane lamps are from S. E. E. Meilleur.

"Would you consider this a contemporary room?" asks the elegant Rumanian-born decorator Mica Ertegun. *Mica* means small in Rumanian, and small she appears, standing in the immensity of her living room—this latest metamorphosis of her living room—which takes up the entire second floor of the Erteguns' Upper East Side Manhattan town house. "It's very contemporary. And yet there isn't one modern thing in it," she points out triumphantly. "Most people who walk in here say, 'This is so modern.' But then, finally, it's not. Even the Kelly is becoming an old master," she laughs, with a nod toward Ellsworth Kelly's monumental *York,* which hangs over the William IV table.

Mica has allotted the generous space (the living room was originally three rooms) to create, along with the islands of privacy she was striving for, no less than five seating areas: gathering places for the passels of people the Erteguns regularly entertain. A social historian once described their parties as having about them a "sense of ambitious juxtaposition." Witness the array of signed photographs on display: Fred Astaire, Henry Kissinger, Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall, President and Mrs. Reagan, Ray Charles.

"My old living room had a problem," Mica says. "It's long and narrow and the seating in the middle didn't work. But when I found this pair of huge back-to-back sofas, that was the beginning of the new living room—I knew they would be the main seating area. They're Biedermeier, but I don't care what they are—they just suited me. I like them," she says with her easy frankness.

What George W. S. Trow Jr. wrote of her in 1978 in his two-part *New Yorker* profile of her husband, Ahmet, chairman of Atlantic Records and "the Greatest Rock-and-Roll Mogul in the World," could have been written today: "She is contained within a strong outline of easily handsome appearance which is able to resist dissipation—or diffusion of any kind. To Ahmet's dense strength she adds surface."

"I cannot stand the chintz look," she declares. "I think it has been done so much. I wonder if it's not on its way out. I knew that that was never going to be me. And I don't think it's good to go back into Victoriana or Napoleon III, although I admire and love old things."

Mica is driven by the will-to-perfection. "My husband accuses me of changing the house around every four years. But a house has to be a living thing—it should never be finished."

It's seventeen years now since she started—with her friend Chessy Rayner—the decorating firm Mac II. "It sounds more like a trucking firm," she jokes. (Mica's assistant is not only also Rumanian but also named Mica. The coincidence is astonishing, given that they're the only two Micas they've ever heard of.) The Spartan sense







The modern and the antique mix with ease in the second-floor living room, where an Ellsworth Kelly hangs across from a David Hockney, two Russian chairs sit under the palm trees, and a late-18th-century Russian table serves the Biedermeier couches from Juan Portela.





A fine 18th-century Russian secretaire is flanked by two tables made by the English 19th-century painter Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. English bench from Mallett's serves as a table in front of the big armchair.



of line and proportion—the crisp, the clean, the pellucid—the soothingly subdued are Mica and Mac II's signature.

"My houses are very bare compared to most people's. I tend to tone down everything. I tried a couple of colors. Gray was my past—the last time I redid the house I changed the furniture from white to a silvery gray. This time I asked Chessy's opinion because she has a marvelous instinct for color, and then I ended up with white. It's the way I like to live. I love my objects and I want them to stand out." They do: the brass Regency palm trees, scrupulously fruited with coconuts, that hold sway in the living room; the Russian tea caddy found in a bazaar in Istanbul; the lemonade jar discovered in Paris and now used for an ice bucket; the nineteenth-century book trays, perfect for passing drinks.

"Color I like in carpets and paintings," she explains. Not that the Erteguns, who have been collecting for years—Mica is on the board of the Archives of American Art—view their pictures as *(Text continued on page 218)*

A view, *above,* past the David Smith sculpture on the left into the dining room, with its German Directoire chairs, to the garden beyond. *Right:* Ellsworth Kelly's *York,* 1959, hangs above the William IV table from Juan Portela which serves as a bar; Russian tankard stands in as an ice bucket.







A collection of Russian Constructivist works hangs above the fireplace in the third-floor library. Part of the original fireplace, the antique frieze wittily refers to a mantel. The gilded dolphin-base table, behind the couch covered in fabric quilted in France, is English Regency.

BUILDING HIS OWN BRIDGES

Brian Alfred Murphy's magical, light-filled house in Santa Monica Canyon

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

So many drivers stopped to look at the house Brian Murphy designed for himself that he finally provided a bench in front for their viewing comfort: it is a spectator building. What they see from their perch is a faintly Palladian pavilion, pulled like toffee beyond sensible Renaissance proportions, to a height of five stories. The stucco structure is topped by a modest double-hipped roof, with a quaint cloud-lift form at the front, reminiscent of old Japanese-inspired Southern California bungalows.

But the main reason for the spectators' delighted grins lies between the house (which rises from the bottom of a hollow) and the hillside in front. Three long, white meticulously engineered bridges, supported on cross-braced steel columns, span the space in between, connecting three floors of the house to the terraced hillside. The bridges are gangplanks worthy of the *Queen Mary,* but here they serve a much more modest vessel, and there are three times more than the number necessary. They are magnificently irrational; you expect Marcel Duchamp to greet you at the doors.

The combination of the implausible bridges and the almost shy house is unexpected and appealing in its eccentricity, but it is more than an architectural joke. When friends of the designer chose to have their wedding reception here not long ago, the garden terraces, the angular bridges, the light-filled house, the overhanging trees—all created a setting that was magical, am-



Night lighting emphasizes the ship imagery of the structure with its portholes, decks, and "gangplank" approaches.





Converging near the center of the house, Murphy's bridges, seen from above, *this page,* and from below, *opposite,* provide access to various levels. Walkways of galvanized wire mesh allow light to fall on lower floors and the garden below.



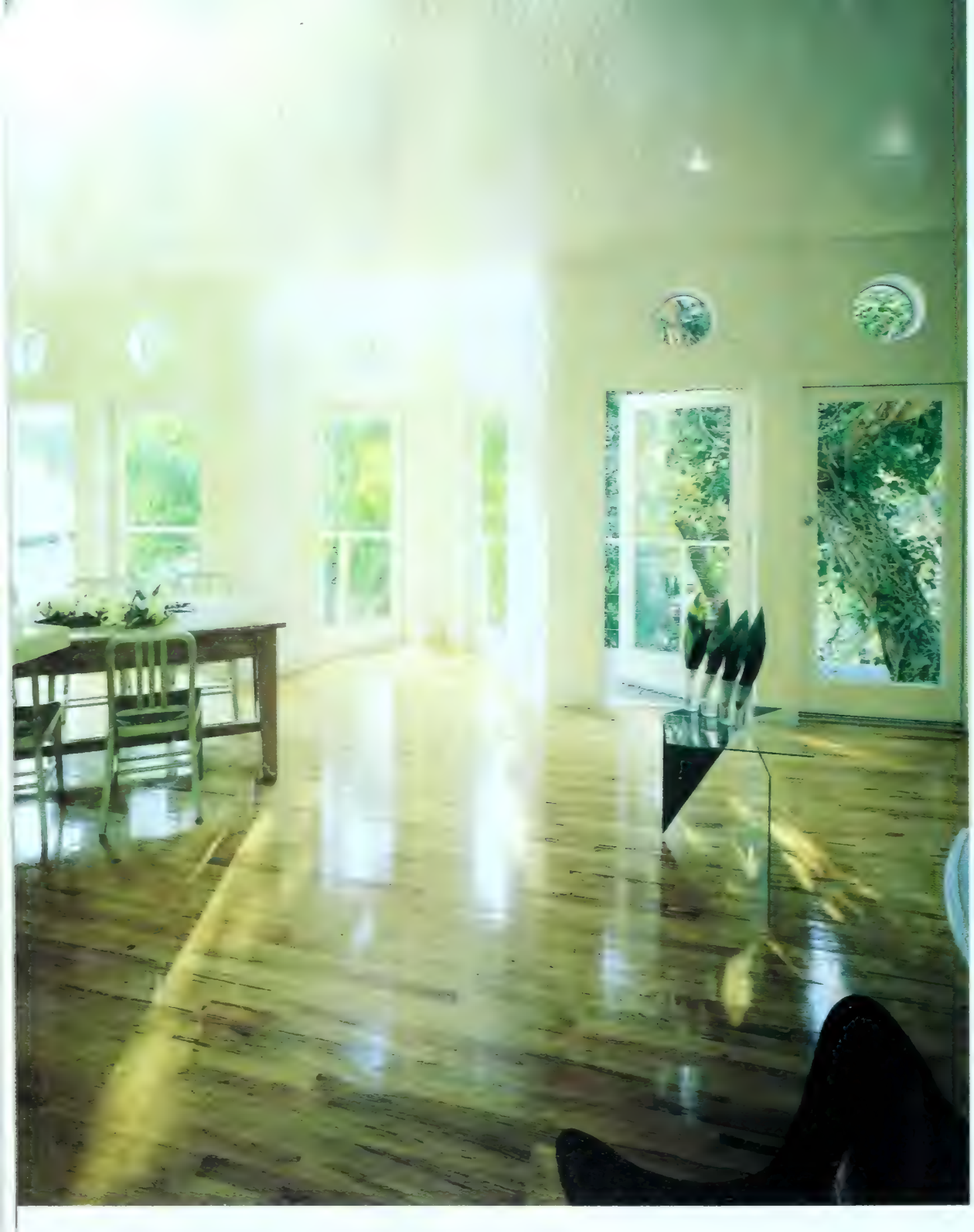




A sleeping loft, *this page*, tucked under a curved roof reminiscent of early California bungalows, is reached by a spiral staircase from the living room, *opposite*. Murphy improvised the coffee table from logs strapped together with wire cables.



Two original fireplace settings: in the dining-kitchen area, *this page,* cut logs provide framing; glass table by Ron Cooper and Robert Mangurian. *Opposite:* Inspired by L.A. artist Jim Ganzer, Murphy drew wall art around fireplace with burnt logs.



Eucalyptus trees, reaching up through the bridges, *opposite*, contribute to the airy tree-house feeling. *Left:* In the triangular alcove, the hanging sculpture formed from Christmas tree lights reflects Murphy's penchant for making the extraordinary out of the ordinary.

phitheatrical, and appropriate for the occasion. Guests paused on the bridges; they circulated up and down the five floors, in and out the 47 French doors, and they walked among the nasturtium, lobelia, and impatiens in the terraced garden. They talked every which way—from the first bridge to the third, the second bridge down to the garden, the garden to the fourth-floor deck, the living room down to the dining room, and the living room up to the sleeping loft. Light filtered through the eucalyptus leaves, it filtered through the galvanized wire screens on the bridges and front decks, and it struck the white walls, white rails, and white floors outside, bouncing back into the house.

What became evident as people climbed all over the house was a level of architectural intention beyond cleverness and quaintness. Brian Murphy has created an extraordinarily spirited and sensuous environment. The house and its surroundings work together in what is a reinvention of the best of Los Angeles's architectural traditions—the outside is a "room"; the inside is open to it. The French doors, located at both front and back of the rooms on each floor, turn the entire house into a pavilion of breezes and sunlight.

Much of the architectural wealth of Los Angeles is in its hillsides, and Murphy's own house is the latest addi- n to an especially rich *(Text continued on page 207)*





A PASSION FOR HISTORY

American historic documents and American literature are the focus of Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard's wide-ranging collection

BY JOHN FLEMING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Unlike the libraries of many major private collectors, Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard's library does not instantly announce all the treasures it contains. But it is very carefully engineered to care for them. Architect Robert Raley and the decorating firm of Parish-Hadley, who collaborated on its creation from what had been a small downstairs bedroom suite, had to provide a whole new system of temperature control since the house was not air-conditioned. Concealed vents were placed at the back of the bookcases, and the ornamental wire grillwork on the doors was chosen to permit the air to circulate throughout the room. According to Mr. Raley, it was Charles Ryskamp "who suggested that the shelves be glass as they are at the Morgan Library. Mrs. Engelhard wanted the shelves lighted and suggested we look at the lighting in the Beinecke Library at Yale. We ended up using the same engineers who had done the Beinecke." In the course of the conversion the space was almost totally rebuilt, only the fireplace wall remaining the same. The result, furnished with a generous center table, is a comfortable but not traditional working-reading room and a supper room as well, what Albert Hadley calls a "little jewel of a room." Without any such suggestion in the architectural detailing it has the air of a cabinet in a Parisian *hôtel particulier.* *(Text continued on page 212)*

Softly lighted bookcases with decorative wire grillwork doors, *opposite,* conceal a sophisticated protective system for books and manuscripts. The center table is Chippendale, chairs Russian, rug 17th-century Chinese, and the portrait's story is still being researched. *Above:* Niches hold bronze busts of Washington and Franklin.





"It's so interesting to find one more letter nobody has seen. I don't know how these documents and manuscripts happen to be around. They always astonish me, and I wonder why we've not seen them before. And how many are still hiding—a bit of a mystery story"

The original clay model of Houdon's bust of Benjamin Franklin, *this page,* done from life in Paris about 1780. *Opposite:* First editions and presentation copies in Morocco cases stacked behind the original Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase with the Large Seal of the United States and the signatures of Jefferson and Madison.





VOLUMINOUS OBSESSION

"You can never be too thin, too rich, or have too many books"

BY CARTER BURDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

I've always loved books. To have and to hold and most of all to read. When you grow up fat and self-conscious in Beverly Hills, reading is essential. The most exciting event of my misspent youth was the arrival of a new Salinger story in *The New Yorker*.

I've also always loved to collect. I started at the age of six with baseball cards and toy soldiers and moved on to contemporary art, Indian miniatures, drawings, bronzes, treen, Obadiah Sherratt, Gwen John, Frank Stella, glass bells, wooden snuffboxes, and antique ballot boxes. No matter how much money you gave me, I could spend it.

Since I love books and collect everything else, why it took me nearly forty years to put the two together is a mystery—and, my wife might add, a blessing. Collecting books is not like collecting anything else. There are just so many pictures and objects and so many walls and tables to put them on. But there is no limit to the number of books you can buy and, if you're clever, places to keep them.

Thomas Carlyle, that wise man, ranked his friends according to the size of their libraries. A man with 3,000 volumes was worth a good deal more, in his estimation, than a fellow with 1,000. The legendary bibliophile Richard Heber bought estates all over Europe to house his collection of 300,000 volumes, and when he died he was surrounded not by his family but by his books. I may be a piker compared to Heber, but by Carlyle's standards I'm a man to be reckoned with.

At last count my library contained approximately 70,000 books by 6,000 authors. Books do not merely furnish my rooms, they engulf them. They are everywhere—in my study, the library, the kitchen, the

A mixture of inherited and acquired furniture and objects, the library, *opposite,* was designed in 1966 by Parish-Hadley with touch-ups over the years by Mark Hampton. *Above:* A very few prized books.



"I like to think that impulsive first purchase was part of a carefully considered master plan for the creation of a library of American literature. It wasn't, but it certainly stimulated my acquisitive instincts"



The George III oval mahogany counting-house desk belonged to Burden's great-grandmother and was left to him by his great-aunt/godmother, Ruth Twombley. Over the tiered Regency bookcase is one of the many Indian miniatures in the room and to the right several pieces from a collection of Georgian and Victorian ballot boxes, mementos of his years in city politics.





"I take pride in my books, but I also worry about them. I keep asking myself: will they take over my life completely? Will the pugs chew them, the cable-TV repairman steal them? Will their acidic pages disintegrate?"

A place to read in perfect comfort, the oversize chaise, *above,* has an antique American eagle needlepoint across the back, a Victorian reading stand beside it. *Opposite:* One of two bronze lions by Barye strides through a collection of marble, ceramic, wood, ivory, and crystal balls.

corridors, the bathrooms, the children's rooms. My family is rebellious, but I don't care. As far as I'm concerned, you can't be too thin, too rich, or have too many books.

I am not alone in this. Throughout history, book collecting has been synonymous with obsession, madness, and disease. The Duveen of booksellers, Dr. Rosenbach, put it this way:

> I have known men to hazard their fortunes, to go on long journeys halfway about the world, to forget friendship, even lie, cheat and steal, all for the gain of a book.

The malady appears harmless at first. In my case it started with one book by Henry Miller. I can't read Miller now; he's one of those authors, like Thomas Wolfe, who must be consumed during puberty. But I cared enough to write my college thesis on him, and when I saw a copy of *Tropic of Cancer* in an auction catalogue, I decided, for nostalgia's sake, to buy it. Little did I imagine then that six years later I would own 256 additional books and publications by the same unreadable author.



I like to think that impulsive first purchase was part of a carefully considered master plan for the creation of a library of American literature. It wasn't, but it certainly stimulated my acquisitive instincts. At first I simply set out to buy other favorite books by authors, like Miller, who had been important to me in the past. *The Red Badge of Courage, Black Boy,* Faulkner and Hemingway, *Gatsby, Something Happened,* Eliot and Stevens, Zuckerman and Rabbit. Only then, after accumulating several hundred volumes, did I finally decide to commit myself to the more demanding and serious business of making a collection.

My appetite for books was insatiable, but even I realized it was impossible to emulate Richard Heber and collect everything. To have any impact, I knew I had to restrain myself and concentrate my resources on a limited and defined field. And it was obvious from the kinds of books I'd been buying that the field that interested me most, as both a reader and a collector, was modern American literature. It had several distinct advantages, compared with other areas of specialization which also appealed to me. Prime material was readily available, prices were reasonably cheap, and competition, with a few exceptions like Mrs. Engelhard, was relatively weak.

Since "modern" and "American" are flexible terms, subject to a variety of interpretations, I was able to define them to suit my immediate needs and preferences. I defined modern to mean from about 1870 to the present, primarily because I didn't want at this late date to begin collecting Melville and Whitman. On the other hand, I defined American as broadly as possible because I did want to collect writers of disputed nationality like James, Eliot, and Auden. It goes without saying that I wanted my entire collection to meet the highest bibliographic standards. I insisted on first editions, pristine condition, original dust jackets. I wanted all the rarities and high spots, but more than anything, I sought comprehensiveness and depth. I was determined to collect not just the acknowledged giants of American letters but writers like Booth Tarkington and Pearl Buck, whom nobody *(Text continued on page 214)*



Matisse's room, *Intérieur à la boîte à violin*, 1918–19, in the Hôtel Méditerranée, with the recurrent dressing table and mirror. Matisse, an accomplished violinist, practiced every day.



Matisse probably made use of the nearby flower market for *Les Glaïeuls,* 1928

MATISSE

AN INTIMATE SPLENDOR



Henriette Darricarrère, b. 1901, modeled for Matisse, 1920–27, often in a variety of costumes.

Reflecting the vivid colors and intense light of the Riviera, Henri Matisse's paintings of his rooms in Nice were inspired by his "storehouse of dreams"

BY RICHARD SHONE

Great painters of the past have often been collectors, acquiring works of art as inspirational touchstones or objects and furnishings whose tested familiarity became constants in their work. Such things did not have to be valuable in themselves, of course, but they might mean everything to the artist who owned them. The faience jug, modest Meissen lidded pot, and silver goblet which make innumerable appearances in Chardin's still lifes would have been infinitely more precious to him than all the finest products of contemporary workshops patronized by La Pompadour. Again, what a humble collection of objects greets a visitor to Cézanne's dusty studio at Aix—bottles, olive jars, a blue gingerpot, making their appearance in his still lifes like so many supporting actors in an old film.

In the exhibition of the works of Henri Matisse from the early years at Nice (1916–30) on now at the National Gallery in Washington one sees an often-repeated collection of furniture and objects in the paintings of interiors. The more representational style, which Matisse adopted from about 1918 onward, makes it possible to follow the fortunes and transformations of a burgeoning range of studio "properties," from elaborate hangings to the simplest butter dish or coffeepot. Though Matisse certainly owned some valuable pieces of furniture and several fine pictures (by Courbet, Cézanne, and Renoir), he was by no means a systematic collector. The antiques shops of Nice and its environs were his main hunting ground, though his earlier travels abroad were responsible for several prized objects and textiles. He fell in love with such things because they answered some inner need, fulfilled a rhythmic or decorative conception held in his mind's eye. Regarded singly, such pieces rarely appear extraordinary or outstanding. Seen together on a studio table or at the elbow of a model, they acquire a mysterious and compelling unity. Once introduced among all the rest, with Matisse's customary tact, a new object stepped with assurance into the scheme of its surroundings. Its real life had begun.

Matisse was well known for the fastidious care with which he chose his models and the abrupt manner with which he could dismiss them, once his interest was exhausted. His studio props had longer lives, coming and going over the decades, mutely available, their individual curves, colors, and associations selected at given moments to satisfy their portrayer's voracious appetite. "I have at last found the object for which I've been longing for a whole year," Matisse wrote to the poet Louis Aragon in 1942. "It's a Venetian *(Text continued on page 198)*



Matisse's small room in the Hôtel Beau-Rivage, *Intérieur,* 1918



Henriette is the subject of *Intérieur à Nice,* 1921, in the artist's studio, place Charles-Félix



Henriette posing for Matisse's *Liseuse au guéridon,* 1923, against the familiar Moorish screen in the studio, place Charles-Félix.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART WASHINGTON D C



A contrived corner of the top-floor apartment, place Charles-Félix, with elaborate wall hangings, a sleeping model called Zita, and the often-painted checkerboard in *Harmonie jaune,* 1928.



Matisse and his wife, Amélie, 1929, in dining room of the apartment, place Charles-Félix.

Model Antoinette Arnoux posed for *Le Petit Déjeuner,* 1920, in the Hôtel Méditerranée. The red striped tablecloth and dressing table and mirror figure frequently in pictures of her.



NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.



MUSIC, ART AND COUNTRY PLEASURES

Château de Lully, the eighteenth-century home of tenor Hugues Cuenod and his artist sister

BY NAOMI BAILEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM P. STEELE



A world-renowned tenor, Hugues Cuenod has gathered many souvenirs on his operatic tours, such as the bibelots on the table and on the escritoire in his bedroom, *above*. *Opposite:* The entrance hall to the château, with printed and hand-painted wallpaper from the 1830s.

On a recent visit to the Swiss home of tenor Hugues Cuenod, he was heard to say: "A debut at the Met at my age. That's one for *The Guinness Book of World Records*. I will be 85 in June."

On March 12, when Cuenod appears as Emperor Altoum in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Turandot,* an asterisk will mark his name on the program roster: it denotes newcomer to the house. The "debutant" finds it droll after sixty years on the great stages of the world—La Scala, Covent Garden, La Fenice, Glyndebourne, Geneva, Brussels, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Munich—as well as many appearances in the United States. He says with typical modesty: "My agent made me say yes because, after all, the Met is the Met. But I do feel a bit stupid since I don't have a big voice."

Yet cognoscenti concur that Cuenod uses his voice with such intelligence that he makes it heard in unforgettable fashion. He has had a career of dazzling diversity. Famous in Switzerland as the Evangelist of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion,* he is universally respected for his renditions of Renaissance and Baroque vocal music. During a three-year period he gave 150





The salon of the Neoclassical château, *both views,* is the scene of lively candlelit soirées. Wall-size allegorical murals, dating from 1785, were commissioned for the salon from Louis Auguste Brun, a Swiss artist at the court of Louis XVI. An exquisite Louis Philippe–style piano and English gilded harp, *above,* are both by Erard. The ubiquitous roses, from Hugues Cuenod's garden, are cut from stock brought from England more than a hundred years ago.





recitals in Europe and America with Nadia Boulanger, the last high priestess of music, who tolerated nothing but the best. Nevertheless, when the reader asks at his 1952 Carnegie Hall début, he tells you with glee, his real New York début took place in 1929, at the Ziegfeld Theater, when he appeared as one of the Green Carnations in Noël Coward's *Bitter Sweet*.

Hugues Cuénod continues to sing as he has throughout his career with the unforced ease of a man who always greets the Creation afresh each morning. Which is also the way he lives, particularly in the relaxing confines of the château de Lully, the family's ancestral heritage near Vevey in the French-speaking region of Switzerland. Here, accompanied by his sister Danielle, a painter, who is known to everyone as Ninny, he takes his ease from the rigors of the concert stage.

The Cuénod lineage is Swiss patrician, but a visit to Lully will quickly contradict any stultified image of chatelain and chatelaine. On any one day Hugues might be decked out in rugged Provençal smock and trousers, perched high atop a rickety ladder picking rich ripe fruit from the orchard for dessert or be out in the family vineyards discussing and analyzing this year's harvest with their vintner. Ninny may well be tending [Text continued on page 202]

Swiss-made copper pots from the 18th century line a wall of the well-used château kitchen, *above,* complete with late-19th-century wood stove. *Opposite:* The dining-room floors, pine with oak inlays, are painted to simulate marble; the Victorian window shades are of hand-painted linen. *Below:* From the orchard a partial view of the garden and an Art Nouveau solarium, the only later addition to the house.







Floral-patterned 19th-century papier peint, colored with cobalt and silver leaf, dominates the Blue Room, *right,* furnished with several periods of Swiss Vaudois furniture and an original tile stove. The fabrics are 19th-century French imports. *Above:* Wicker tea table and chairs, seen from the solarium.





The façade of Llanda Villa *above*, San Jose, California. *Right*: A wax effigy of widow Sarah Winchester, who acted as her own architect. *Far right*: The many skylights were thought to have been built to dispel the bad spirits' shadows.

MYSTERY MANSION



Séances with spirits convinced heiress Sarah Winchester immortality was assured if additions never ceased on what has become a 160-room California landmark

BY JOHN ASHBERY PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



A wall of cupboard doors was ideal for quick exits to fool the bad spirits



The eccentric, rambling mansion built by Sarah Winchester stands amid the sun-drenched gloom of a commercial strip on the outskirts of San Jose, California. Hemmed in by a shopping mall, movie theaters, and Mexican restaurants, it has itself become a tourist attraction, though when construction began in the 1880s it stood in open country and was soon surrounded by towering hedges that shielded it from public view. Ironically its popularity with tourists has obscured its importance as an architectural monument. Among my Bay Area acquaintances who are architecture enthusiasts, I found very few who had ever been to see it (two notable exceptions are the poet Robert Duncan and his friend the painter Jess). Most had long ago written it off as an *attrape-nigaud* for large families in Winnebagos, a sort of pre-Disney Disneyland. Yet, by a further twist of fate, this reputation has undoubtedly saved it from the wrecker's ball or worse. A crumbling near-ruin in the early 1970s, the house is now maintained by a private group of investors that oversees both its exploitation and its (for the most part) thoughtful restoration.

Unfortunately exploitation has brought with it embellishments such as a "museum" displaying waxworks and collections of Winchester rifles, a large souvenir store that dispenses T-shirts and tote bags with the Winchester Mystery House logo, and a snack bar dubbed Sarah's Café. Horrified as she might justifiably have been by these posthumous additions, Mrs. Winchester might also have appreciated the respect shown by the restorers, who have gone so far as to leave unfinished parts of the house which may well have been intended to remain that way. And, all in all, she might be glad that her labyrinthine palace, which was seen by very few people in her lifetime (even Teddy Roosevelt was refused admittance when he came calling unexpectedly), is now giving pleasure to so many people.

Sarah Pardee was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1840; at eighteen she married William Wirt Winchester, whose father manufactured the repeating rifle that helped "win the West." Obsessed by the death of an infant daughter and by the premature death of her husband a few years later, she concluded that the ghosts of victims of the rifle, Indians in particular, were out to get her. Her fears were confirmed by a medium in Boston, who told her she would be safe only if she undertook to build a house on which work would continue eternally, night and day, in which case she could expect to live forever. Such a project was not beyond her means in 1882, when she disposed of a fortune of $20 million and an income of $1,000 a day. Accordingly she transplanted herself from Connecticut to the Santa Clara Valley—it is not known why she chose this particular location—and began remodeling an existing eight-room farmhouse, a project that would last until her death in 1922 finally stilled the continual noise of the hammers.

Since no one really knows why Llanda Villa, as she named it, was built as it was, *(Text continued on page 208)*



A custom staircase for the diminutive Mrs. Winchester



A view to one of many unfinished rooms



Slats added to prevent a two-story plunge



One of scores of airshafts on the roof



small door by a devil-chasing
ndow leads to a closet



Hooks held Mrs. Winchester's
robes for séances with spirits



e switchback staircase
s seven turns



Stairs to nowhere with
a cupboard for crawl space



BEACON HILL SPIRIT

Decorator Honora Haley Hillier brings an 1827 house back into harmony with its history

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM P. STEELE



On a hilly Boston street 160-year-old attached houses, *left,* have four stories in front, five on the garden side. *Far left:* One of two 54-inch skirted tables that furnish the dining room. Clarence House chintz; Scalamandré trim; walls of Lee Jofa moiré fabric.



This Beacon Hill row house was built along with several identical neighbors in 1827. Owing to the small size of such buildings early in the century, each of these houses has remained under single ownership while many of the later, larger Victorian row houses in Boston were ultimately divided into apartments or boarding houses and most recently into condominiums. Single ownership tends to prevent serious abuse of surfaces and details, but it did not prevent this house from being superficially "contemporarized," as its most recent interior designer, Honora Haley Hillier, describes it.

When she took over the redecoration in 1980 for the new owners, the ceilings were riddled with track lights, and wall-to-wall shag carpet covered the floors. Original chandeliers had been removed, but fortunately all the mantelpieces and most of the trim had been left in place. The five-story plan, two rooms to a floor with the stairway between, was largely intact, eminently

A green parlor, *both views*, faces east and is a favorite morning room. Unlined taffeta curtains topped by an unlined valance of many colors filters daylight prettily—a trick learned by the designer from Nancy Lancaster's work. Nora Hillier had the mantel given a faux-marble finish to add interest. Brunschwig chintz, Lee Jofa taffeta, Rosecore carpeting. English needlepoint rug from [illegible]ury.







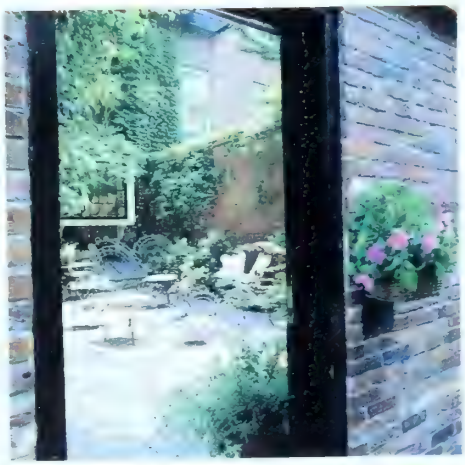


livable throughout its 160 years.

Nora Hillier wanted to bring the house back into harmony with its history and its essential style but without "turning it into a museum"—a not uncommon Boston mistake, she notes. The designer began by ripping out the carpet and lights. A store of inherited French furniture and antiques bought during the owners' travels was a helpful starting point. From there she went into color—the kind of clear, strong hues common in the Federal period.

The decorator not only favors strong wall color, but she likes it glazed if possible (in the library the walls were not up to fancy painting, so she found a wallpaper that simulates the look). Decoration with paint is a special Hillier interest, seen in the green parlor's faux-marble mantelpiece and the painted sideboard in the dining room. Another Hillier strength is window treatments: the curtains are different in every room here. Certainly the original occupants decorated in a primmer way but the current owners feel that the spirit of the house and their own taste are in a most agreeable accord.

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



The rich red library, *left* and *top*, is lined with wallpaper from Louis Bowen which simulates paint glazing; the mantelpiece was then glazed to match. The rare eight-panel Chinese screen was a travel find. Lee Jofa chintz, Stark rug, fabric on open armchairs from Brunschwig & Fils. *Above:* Looking into the garden furnished with French wire tables and chairs.

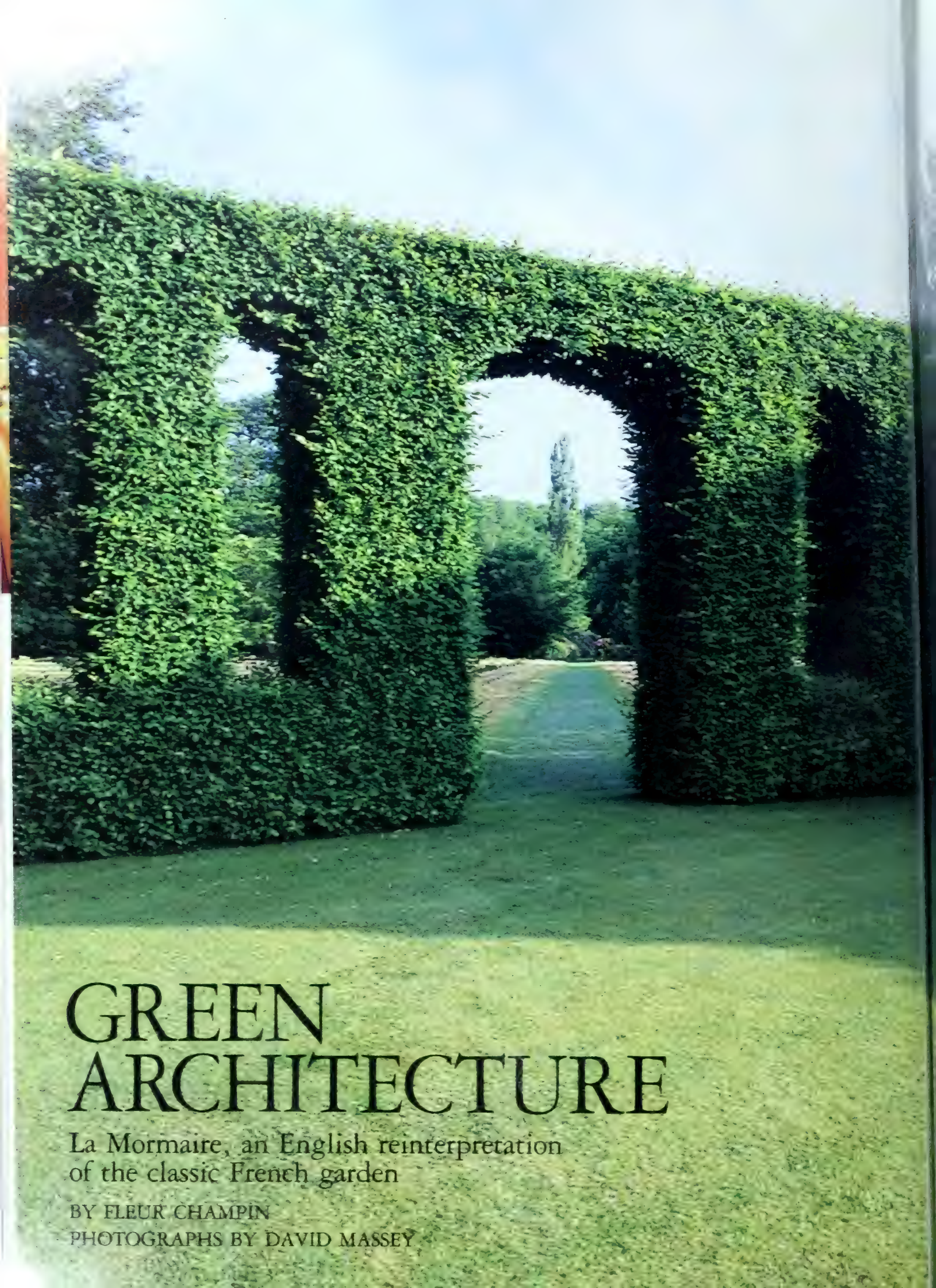




In remodeling the kitchen, *right,* the designer found the extra brick-lined space behind a wall. Window seat pillows in Pierre Deux fabric. *Top:* Main bedroom lined in Clarence House wallpaper is filled with rosy touches. Brunschwig slipper-chair stripe; birdcage from March Hare, Boston. *Above:* Twin dressing rooms.







GREEN ARCHITECTURE

La Mormaire, an English reinterpretation of the classic French garden

BY FLEUR CHAMPIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MASSEY



Arcaded hornbeam walls with lanceolated windows define a garden room for entertainment or quiet contemplation according to the mood of the day.





Yew trees reinforce the corners of the hornbeam hedge for better winter effect, *above*. Also lovely in winter, boxwood in sculptured trees and low hedges keeps the summer color riot in order. *Left:* Grass mowed in panels at two heights seems to lengthen the drive to the château with its 17th-century façade, top-heavy 19th-century roof. *Opposite:* Avenue of lawn leads through garden rooms at different levels and past a blue cedar to a distant gate.



In the mild climate of Île-de-France, La Mormaire is a staggering illustration of Charles Willard Moore's axiom that the "fundamental principle of architecture is territorial." In a rural setting the estate features fields, woods, and pastures, a farm, a small seventeenth-century château, and a serene garden recently rescued from both the overintelligent ideas of the eighteenth century and the lavish expenditures of the nineteenth.

Since time immemorial this particular bit of country has been a melting pot. Romans and Gauls cohabited and cultivated there while Druids gathered mistletoe in the oak forests. Norsemen eventually settled there. In 1492 the rich Comté de Montfort belonged to Anne de Bretagne and gave her an income of 280,000 gold coins! Later the king hunted there and members of the royal household started buying and building all over the place. To this day, villagers, dukes, and farmers keep adopting new settlers into their community, be they writers, foreigners, or even weekenders.

La Mormaire, built in 1609 by a minor official, was bought in 1952 by Gordon Turner, an Englishman who had come to live in the neighborhood in 1948. This great gardener since boyhood has cultivated a strong disinclination for weeding, pruning, or digging as well as an equally strong passion for organizing landscapes, an eye for the plants that would "do," and a sound knowledge of garden history. With the help of the late Charles Niepce, another great gardener who since boyhood had enjoyed growing plants and clipping them, Turner has contrived a living architecture, in turns Classical or Baroque but always peaceful, colorful, and fragrant.

Driving through rich-looking fields and unexpected corners of the woods, you come to a man-made clearing. To the left an avenue through the forest has become a favorite haunt for does and wild boars. The house is down below on the right, and the steep drive, though shorter, brings back memories of Marly. The size of the moat is unexpected, and there is a theory that *mormaire* might mean dead waters. Past the bridge the pillars made of cu-



A waist-high horizontal box hedge and a handful of verticals—principally busts on pedestals—turn a stone passage into a summer sitting room with the long vista, the hornbeam hedge, and the oak wood behind it



icated stone from a nearby
the view of the courtyard.
ally the first of five different
On either side of the gravel
s patches are mown on two lev-
practical way of underlining the
ctive. You park your car in front
of gray stone steps punctuated by pots of white-leaved artemisia and tubs of orange trees that come out in the summer. Two minute pavilions and long walls hide the kitchen garden on one side and the new formal garden on the other. Neatly trimmed pyracanthas grow on the walls between pilasters made again of naturally rusticated stone, a Baroque touch in a severely Classical architecture.

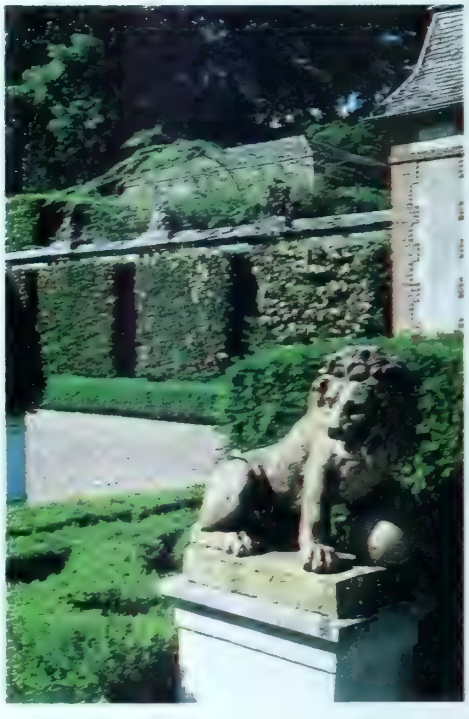
On the other side of the house the main façade opens on exactly what you expect in front of a French château: a long vista emphasized by lines of clipped hornbeam hedges, leading to a great urn used as a focal point, and distant fields in the background. That kind of landscaping had been in the seventeenth century a celebration of peace after the turmoils of the religious wars and the Fronde. Ever since, it has brought a deep sense of well-being to generations of natives, scholars, and poachers alike. So much so that Miles Hadfield in discussing French gardens wonders "what connection deep down in man's subconscious mind links these sophisticated ranks of limes and horse chestnuts with the megalithic avenues of standing stones."



The avenues still existed in 1764 and are shown on a map of the surrounding royal forests. Soon afterward disaster struck in the form of an anglomania whose motto was, Death to straight lines! One hornbeam hedge and the small oak wood behind it somehow managed to survive, but the other one and the central avenue disappeared, innocent victims of fashion. In 1952 restoring them was a top priority for the new settlers.

Only then, with a main axis to lean on, could they start on a new garden, original and egotistical. Thirty years later it is a topiary Pliny would have been proud of, a garden architecture Androuet du Cerceau would have had engraved, a succession of green rooms Le Nôtre would have used. It is full of reminiscences from both Hidcote and Sissinghurst. It is a garden for Nureyev to dance in, a setting for fabulous parties, or simply a garden to dream in—it is a work of art!

A side door opens on a gray stone terrace dotted with busts—and garden furniture—and wrapped in a waist-high box hedge. On your left is a green room of noble proportions. There, the hornbeam hedge, mixed with yew at the corners "for better winter effect," has been turned into a living wall *(Text continued on page 217)*



A few surviving Mediterranean cypresses, *top,* alternate with balls and cones of yew along the lawn avenue between the blue cedar and the gate to the pastures. *Above:* Panels of clipped pyracantha line up rhythmically along the side walls of the entrance courtyard.







Even in winter the moat is host to a dazzling display of activity, *top*. *Above:* Beautifully clipped yews stand guard over the dormant kitchen garden to one side of the entrance. *Left:* More topiary sentinels in yew flank the archway in a hornbeam wall.





The moat in summer. Rusticated stone pillars and wrought-iron gates mark the entrance bridge. Flowers for cutting, among them lupines and iris, share the lavishly planted kitchen garden with vegetables and espaliered fruit trees.





AN EYE FOR COMPLEXITY

Armin B. Allen collects with a scholar's fervor and a taste for the decorative

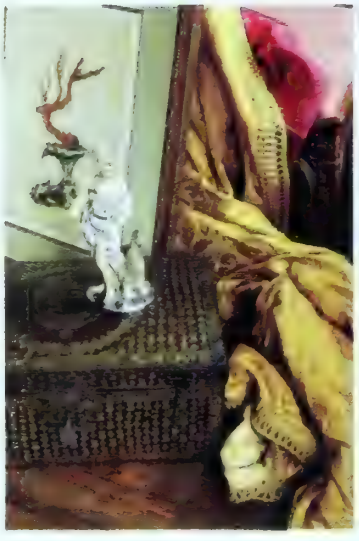
BY OLIVIER BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HALL

From the very beginnings of civilization, small, rare, and beautiful objects have been sought, collected, and cherished, perhaps because they can be held in one's hand and are yet evocative enough to represent a whole culture. Through them, in fact, the past comes alive, and that is one of their chief attractions for Armin Brand Allen, a dealer-collector with a sharp eye for quality and the unexpected.

Armin Allen, an American who has just moved to London—"I had the opportunity," he says, "of taking over a shop just around the corner from Christie's"—is well aware that his double occupation has its pitfalls. Thus he sells ceramics and ornamental and botanical drawings but collects a variety of decorative objects from many periods. "You cannot deal and collect in the same area," he explains, "because you would be in conflict with your clients." Indeed his point is well taken: wouldn't the dealer be likely, after all, to keep the best?

That would strike at the heart of the client-dealer relationship. "People," he says, "come to you for your taste; the client evolves along with you and you along with the client." Perhaps it is a measure of the modern mass-oriented aesthetic that this statement sounds new. At the beginning of the century it would have been taken as the merest commonplace that eclecticism and individual taste were the norm. Then came decades of specialization among collectors and a homogeneous look to modern interiors. Today, however, blending styles and periods is again becoming popular. In a resurrection of what used to be known as *le goût Rothschild,* people are now willing to put a Renaissance bronze, a Rococo porcelain, and a piece of Neoclassical crystal on the same table, and there can be no doubt that the very difference of form and feelings adds a resonance that a single object rarely has.

Successful dealers, whether in objects or paintings, are those who participate in this evolution of taste. As they help collectors to understand a hitherto neglected style or period, they shape the look of their own time. And that is just what Armin Allen does. In his case a love of beautiful objects goes together with a natural response to the constraints of the market. "I was interested at first in Baroque and earlier sculpture," he notes, "but now the material is so limited, while significant nineteenth-century works are still available." And so it is that a Carrier-Belleuse sits next to a seventeenth-century bronze dolphin and a 1760 Sèvres jardiniere in a striking summary of their owner's catholicity of *(Text continued on page 204)*



A Strasbourg allegorical figure, c. 1750, *left,* atop a casket made for the Grand Dauphin, c. 1650; behind, a 17th-century south German watercolor design.



A pair of majolica drug jars, *left,* made in 1735. *Left below:* A Sèvres cocoa set, 1835, painted with views of Mexico, commissioned by Queen Marie Amélie. *Opposite:* Against the background of a late-17th-century marquetry panel, an oil sketch on wood by Fortuny y de Madrazzo and a portrait of an Irish peasant by Erskine Nicol. Arranged in front: a Régence lacquer box, a Dutch East Indian shell bottle, a Charles X cut-glass cup and saucer, and Charles X ormolu tiebacks.









A pair of white Mennecy figures of tradesmen flanking a Chantilly crocus pot, all c. 1750; foreground left to right, a Saint-Cloud trembleuse cup and saucer and pots de crème, c. 1735; an 1860 micro-mosaic gold brooch made in Rome; and an Italo-Flemish gilt-bronze figure, 1610.



The drawing room, *opposite below*, opens into a courtyard garden, *opposite above* and *this page*. The stone watchdog is one of a pair Mrs. Hoffman fell in love with as a child at a château near Poitiers.



STYLE OF A LIFETIME

Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman's distinguished house in Georgetown

BY MARY McDOUGALL
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

Mrs. F. Burrall Hoffman, widow of the notable architect, has been known and admired for many years for her own taste and style and has decorated in an informal way for friends in the United States and in Europe. Since she has lived in Paris a great deal, she worked on the American embassy seven times; it became almost as familiar to her as her own house. In the late seventies she decided to sell her house in Paris and move to Washington.

Mrs. Hoffman looks at her tall red-painted house in quiet Georgetown and says, "It is a mongrel house on a street of mongrels." But it is a mongrel that has appealed to some of the great names in Washington's history: Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter lived in it; so did Cyrus Vance. When Mrs. Hoffman first moved in, a spaghetti of wires filled the garage from the many hot lines and security attachments of the previous occupant, Henry Kissinger.

In those days the little house must have been bulging with activity. Mrs. Kissinger used to cook in the downstairs kitchen while six or eight security men stood guard in the other basement room. Now all is quiet and serene. As you enter the hallway, you look past the stairs to the drawing room and the French window, which opens onto the courtyard. In the drawing room light







dappled by the leaves of the trees outside filters through onto the gentle green silk hangings, which curtain the windows and cover the walls of the room. There is no strong color. On one side of the room is the bust of Marie Antoinette and two seventeenth-century portraits from the Harcourt family she had wanted for years and finally bought in part because of their near-grisaille coloring. On the other side is the gray green and beige of the Brussels tapestry, the brown and beige of the fur rug on the sofa, and the soft rust velvet on the chairs. You feel as if you might be in a clearing in a forest in czarist Russia when the grand duchess Maria Pavlovna used to take out chairs, rugs, cushions, even bridge tables for her picnics in the woods. At the same time the flattering silk and velvet make you feel protected like a jewel in a box. "This is my nest," says Mrs. Hoffman, "and wherever I am, I always long to return to it."

Mrs. Hoffman bought the house in 1979 and sent for the possessions she had acquired in her years of living in Paris and New York. Quantities of crates and boxes arrived, and in three weeks the house was to be let for the winter. A friend asked a young man named Tom Hanson to help her. The boxes *(Text continued on page 206)*

The Italian "natural green" silk on the drawing-room walls, *both views,* hung in the Hoffmans' library in Paris for 25 years before the move to Washington. The Brussels tapestry, behind the couch, was bought in the rue des Saints-Pères, Paris. The Florentine bronze horse on the table came from a Rothschild collection in Vienna. Above the bust of Marie Antoinette are portraits of gentlemen of the Harcourt family, purchased in part for their near-grisaille coloring.





On the dining-room table, *left,* Nymphenburg china and French Régence gilt candlesticks; over the altar table, two 18th-century Chinese silk paintings. In the upstairs library, *below left,* is an oval portrait of Mr. Hoffman by Ned Murray and, above the desk, a Spanish portrait of a boy and dog sent to Mrs. Hoffman as a surprise by a friend in whose house she had admired it.



The Louis XVI bed in Mrs. Hoffman's bedroom, *right,* is the one she slept in as a child, and the Louis XV desk belonged to her mother. *The Garden at Suisnes,* under the canopy, is by Prince Henry XXXIII of Reuss. The Hoffmans purchased the painting of the girl by Corbellini in 1940.







CASTLETOWN, COUNTY KILDARE

The first great Palladian house in eighteenth-century Ireland was built by Speaker Conolly, the son of a Donegal publican and the richest man in the country

BY THE KNIGHT OF GLIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNAUD ANDERSON





The Hall at Castletown in an 1890 view by Robert French, who worked in Dublin for the firm of William Lawrence around the turn of the century. The huge Victorian desk with built-in letterbox sold for £5 when many of the contents of Castletown were auctioned in 1965. *Preceding pages:* A less familiar view of Castletown shows its Roman palazzo–like rear façade.

Ireland's country houses both great and small hold a peculiar fascination, but for some people of Irish descent in the United States they often arouse mixed feelings. This is quite understandable, as the nineteenth century saw waves of tragic Irish immigrants washed up in the land of liberty and promise. It can be argued that the Irish aristocracy has had an undeservedly bad press, for the economics of famine and overpopulation was frequently beyond its control. The folk myth of the wicked landlord in his great house surrounded by its park and lands enclosed by forbiddingly high walls (walls that, as it happens, were often enough built to provide famine relief) lives long in the memory, and the present-day Irish-American does not always look at the architecture of the eighteenth century with much sympathy, forgetting that the architects, craftsmen, and landscape gardeners were Irishmen and that as works of art in a historical context, the country houses are as worthy of a place in the history of Irish culture as a megalithic tomb or a round tower.

Michael Hartnett, one of Ireland's most brilliant younger poets has also touched on this subject in his poem "A Visit to Castletown House." It echoes the feeling of alienation from the big house and demesne; the poet thinks only of the hardship that went into their making. He walks up the lime avenue from the village of Celbridge to Castletown:

> The avenue was green and long, and green
> light pooled under the fernheads; a jade screen
> could not let such liquid light in, a sea
> at its greenest self could not pretend to be
> so emerald. Men had made this landscape
> from a mere secreting wood: knuckles bled
> and bones broke to make this awning drape
> a fitting silk upon its owner's head.

Strong words but misguided ones. Building and land-



Castletown's Hall today still has Irish Palladian architect Edward Lovett Pearce's Ionic columns, gallery, and plaster paneling, recently repainted plain white according to scrapes made from the original paintwork. The English "slab" table was a gift to the house by Mrs. George F. Baker of New York; Houdon's bust of George Washington was always in the house.

scaping provided badly needed employment, and many estates in the eighteenth century, particularly Castletown, were run on the most enlightened lines. It can be said that all the great monuments in the world have been built with human blood and sweat, and today we should be able to step back and admire them for what they are and not continually exhume the skeletons from the political graveyard of the past.

Castletown's "fitting silk" was unusual for the early eighteenth century in Ireland since it was woven for a native-born Irishman and not a member of the colonial English ascendancy. William Conolly (1662–1729) was the son of an Irish provincial publican from Ballyshannon in County Donegal. He amassed through the law huge wealth from the forfeited estates after the Williamite wars, and it is the resettlement and redistribution of Irish people's lands in the seventeenth century that has left such a bitter legacy in Irish history. Conolly went into politics and lived to control many parliamentary seats. In 1715 he became Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and two years later was appointed one of the lords justices who ruled the country during the frequent absences of the viceroy. A shrewd political manipulator, he became a staunch Hanoverian but always remained an active promoter of Irish interests in government and backed the careers of Irish-born officials. He characteristically refused any English title; indeed he could probably many times have bought out most of Ireland's mushroom nobility.

The building of Castletown between 1719 and about 1729 was motivated by political patriotism and this is summed up in a letter about Conolly and Castletown written in August 1722 by Bishop Berkeley to his friend Sir John Perceval:

I am glad for the honour of my country that Mr. Conolly has undertaken so magnificent a pile of building, and your



Speaker Conolly's Long Gallery was completely redecorated in the Pompeian manner in the 1770s. Conolly's great-nephew Thomas brought back from his grand tour a book of colored prints after Raphael's Vatican Loggia; over the years he and his wife employed Charles Reuben Riley and Thomas Ryder to copy Raphael's grotesques on the right wall, combining them with a variety of Classical sources from Herculaneum and Bernard de Montfaucon's *L'Antiquité expliqué*.







Speaker Conolly never finished the interior. *Opposite:* The staircase, its balustrade made up of small brass Doric columns, was not completed until 1760, nor were the details of plasterwork incorporating family portraits, *above,* by one or both of the LaFrancini brothers. *Below:* A Vierpyl bust of Niobe in the Long Gallery. *Overleaf:* Lady Louisa personally planned and stuck up all the prints in the Print Room over a period of years in the 1770s. The suite of Louis XVI–style furniture, upholstered in a French 18th-century tapestry illustrating Aesop's fables, was the gift of Mrs. Douglas Auchincloss of New York.











The paneled Blue Bedroom, *above,* has a magnificent yellow-and-blue tester bed—made about 1740 for a villa near Lucca—bought from the late Geoffrey Bennison and the gift to Castletown of the Dallas chapter of the Irish Georgian Society. *Opposite:* Another bedroom, with a generously coved ceiling, has another tester, this one English in the Louis XVI style, c. 1860. On the wall is a rare Irish naive painting by Galway artist J. Ryan.

advice has been taken upon it. I hope that the execution will answer the design, wherein one special care must be to procure good masons. . . . You will do well to recommend to him the making use of all the marbles he can get of the production of Ireland for his chimneys, for since this house will be the finest Ireland ever saw, and by your description fit for a Prince, I would have it as it were the epitome of the Kingdom, and all the natural rarities she can afford should have a place there. I would examine the several woods there for inlaying my floors, and wainscot with our own oak, and walnut; my stone stairs should be of black palmers stone, and my buffet adorned with the choicest shells our strands afford. I would even carry my zeal to things of art; my hangings, bed, cabinets and other furniture should be Irish, and the very silver that ornamented my locks and grates should be the produce of our mines.

As Maurice Craig, Ireland's foremost architectural historian, has noted, we may label these sentiments as colonial patriotism but it was patriotism nonetheless.

Castletown is Ireland's first great eighteenth-century country house, and nothing as splendid was ever to eclipse it in the history of Irish architecture. With its central block, wings, and pavilions it set the fashion for country-house building for the rest of the century. Its building history is complex, but the basic facts are that the Florentine architect Alessandro Galilei came to Ireland in 1718 with Viscount Molesworth, a friend of Conolly's, and designed the two main fronts and sketched in the general plan of the curved colonnades and wings—a drawing by Galilei in the Florence archives gives a rough outline of these ideas. But he returned to Italy in 1719 and later became celebrated for his façade of St. John Lateran in Rome. Castletown was still being built in 1722, as we know from Berkeley's letter, and the general execution of the plan was left to a brilliant young Irish architect, Edward Lovett Pearce. *(Text continued on page 196)*



1941 Pearce had [illegible] in Italy and worked with Gali[illegible]s an intermediary for Conolly. When Pearce returned to Ireland in 1726, he continued his work at Castletown. The two façades of the central block are inspired by the monumental regularity of Italian town palaces, and the combination of the Palladian colonnades and wings can all be credited to Galilei. Pearce must have been the author of the plan of the central block, the lateral passages, and the upstairs long gallery; he must also have been responsible for the orchestration of the colonnades and pavilions. These wings are built of a coarse limestone and contain to the west the kitchen and offices and to the east palatial vaulted stables. The color and texture of the wings with their shallow breakfronts form a subtle contrast to the silvery white limestone of the main façade, a façade on the scale of the Farnese Palace.

Conolly did not long enjoy his new house, for he died in 1729. Castletown can be seen as a symbol of his confidence in a country that had been torn apart by civil war only thirty years before. He had no children and his widow, Katherine, lived on in the house and was undoubtedly responsible for partially finishing it. John Loveday, an English tourist who went there in 1732, admired the large and finely proportioned rooms and considered them well furnished, though he also mentioned that the house was not complete throughout. A few pieces of Mrs. Conolly's furniture survive, notably a lacquer cabinet on a gilt stand which she inscribed and gave to a great-niece, Elizabeth Burton, at the time of her marriage in about 1723. The painted drawers, copies of prints of Italian landscapes, were probably decorated by Mrs. Conolly. She may also have executed the lacquer doors, for painting and lacquering furniture was a common lady's pursuit at the time. A set of upright upholstered chairs with gilt-gessoed feet are also known to date from her period.

Old Mrs. Conolly continued to live at Castletown until her death, and remained alert to the politics of the day and devoted herself to charity. One of her most imaginative acts in this line was to build the eye-catching, multi-arched obelisk that closes the long vista, stretching two miles from the back



Detail of the Print Room created by Lady Louisa Conolly.

of the house. The building of it employed many workmen during the famine caused by a particularly severe frost in 1739. Contemporary descriptions note her down-to-earth qualities, as her charmingly spelled note of 1745 to her husband's niece Lady Anne attests:

> I know you did never wear nor like long hoops [hooped dresses] but here some ladys run in to such munstrance wans that any 3 ladys fills my room soe much as nobody can come in or goe out, pray say doe they wear such with you, for you know all the fine ladys in Irelande must run to the hight of every fashion.

That fascinating diarist Mrs. Delany gives the best description of Mrs. Conolly after her death at a great age in 1752, and this quotation is of particular value because it describes her daily routine at Castletown:

> We have lost our great Mrs. Conolly. She died on Friday and is a great loss. Her table was open to all her friends of all ranks, and her purse to the poor. She was I think in her ninetieth year. She had been dropping for some years, but never so ill as to shut out company. She rose constantly at eight, and by eleven was seated in her drawing-room and received visits till three o'clock; at which hour she punctually dined, and generally had two tables of eight or ten people each. Her own table was served with seven courses and seven and a dessert, and two substantial dishes on the sidetable, and if the greatest person in the kingdom dined with her, she never altered her bill-of-fare. As soon as dinner was over, she took the ladies to the drawing-room and left the gentlemen to finish as they pleased. She sat down in her grey cloth great chair and took a nap, while the company chatted to one another, which lulled her to sleep. Tea and coffee came exactly at half an hour after five. She then waked, and as soon as tea was over a party of whist was made for her till ten. Then everybody retired. She had prayers every day at twelve, and when the weather was good she took the air, but has never made a visit since Mr. Conolly died. She was clever at business, wrote all her own letters, and could read a newspaper by candlelight without spectacles. She was a plain and vulgar woman in her manner; but had very valuable qualities.

After her death her husband's nephew William inherited the estate but lived only two years and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who was then underage and living in England; Castletown remained deserted until he married Lady Louisa Lennox, age fifteen, in 1758. It was she who turned all enthusiasm to decorating and completing the interior of the house. Louisa knew Ireland well, as her sister Emily was married and living at nearby Carton with her husband, Lord Kildare. The Kildares had strongly held opinions that Irish landlords should be resident, and they did much to persuade the flighty young couple to settle down at Castletown. Lady Louisa grew to be a remarkable woman, wise, generous, and kind, but her husband was generally considered an amiable booby; nevertheless they were devoted to each other all their lives.

Conolly's sporadic political career need not concern us, but with an income from his Irish estates alone of well over £15,000 a year the couple had the necessary resources to beautify Castletown. The first thing they did was to build the great stone staircase. Simon Vierpyl, an Anglo-Dutch sculptor and stone mason, put up the finely sculpted shallow treads in 1760, and

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brass Doric columns that form the balustrade are proudly signed four times by "A. KING DUBLIN 1760." The swirling Baroque plaster decoration is by one or both of the LaFrancini brothers, plasterers from the Ticino on the Swiss-Italian border. They had worked for Lady Kildare at Carton, and the portrait busts incorporated into the plasterwork are said to represent members of the family. Lady Louisa then created the dining room out of two rooms to the west of the entrance hall, and the Inigo Jones–style ceiling and the Doric white marble chimney piece were almost certainly designed by the English architect William Chambers, who was already working for the Duke of Richmond, Lady Louisa's brother, at Goodwood.

Upstairs Lady Louisa was to decorate the long gallery and it became her favorite room. Its massive compartmented ceiling dates from Pearce's period, but in 1776 she embarked on a particularly elaborate scheme of fresco decoration in the Pompeian style and employed Thomas Ryder and Charles Reuben Riley to execute it. It is a marvelously garish riot of arabesques, plaques taken from antique sources, and delicately decorated niches all colored in brilliant blues and crimsons reflected in great pier glasses and heightened by three vast glass chandeliers that Lady Louisa specially ordered from Venice, but much to her chagrin she found, when they were unpacked, that they were the wrong shade of blue. This great room with its ten windows was to become what we would call a living room, a novel idea in the late eighteenth century, for it was not until 1816 that Humphrey Repton described the vogue in verse:

No more the Cedar Parlour's
formal gloom
With dulness chills, 'tis now the
Living Room,
Where guests, to whim, a taste, or
fancy true,
Scatter'd in groups, their
different plans to pursue.

Servants brought in meals at one end in no way disturbing guests who danced or played instruments or billiards at another, and contemporary visitors all described that none of these pursuits seemed to interrupt one another. A splendidly robust suite of mahogany seat furniture in the Chinese taste, including four square-backed sofas and twenty open armchairs, were made in 1764 and were probably part of the comfortable furnishings of the long gallery. They are fortunately still at Castletown and now disposed in different rooms. Other pieces of Lady Louisa's furnishings include the superbly carved Irish bureau-bookcase in the Red Drawing Room and the elaborate gilt mirrors and pier glasses of the dining room and the Red and Green Drawing Rooms.

Lady Louisa's most personal creation at Castletown was the Print Room, which she planned in 1762. A drawing, presumably by her, still survives and shows the disposition of the prints, their borders, and the surmounting decorative garlands. Progress was slow, for she was still asking another of her sisters, Lady Sarah Napier, for prints six years later. However, she and Lady Sarah completed the laborious task, carefully trimming the prints and sticking them up.

The constant "improvements," the gay and careless days at Castletown were ended by the 1798 rebellion, and because Lady Louisa's sympathy was fo the peasantry of Ireland, she was ofte much at odds with her husband's loya British views. The arrest and death o her favorite nephew, Lord Edwar FitzGerald, and the interrogation an arrest of twelve of the Castletown ser vants weighed heavily on her. She live on until her death in 1821, always look ing after the local people; she was well-known figure with the pockets o her gray pelisse bulging with parsnip and carrots to give to the poor. She died sitting at a tent in front of the house she loved so much and had sig nificantly written about earlier: "I do not get any idea of the beauty of my house if I live in it, I get perspective and contemplation if I can gaze upon the house from afar off."

The past century saw the Conollys and the Carews living there, but their interests were hospitality, horses, and hunting. In 1965 the Carews sold the whole property, and in 1967, only in the nick of time, Castletown was saved from decay and vandalism by Desmond Guinness and the Irish Georgian Society. Today it is run by a charitable foundation dedicated to preserving its fabric, conserving the interiors and collecting Irish decorative arts for its many rooms. The help of gifts and grants from the United States and the awakening interest of the politicians, cultural organizations, and people of Ireland give us all hope that the old prejudices rehearsed at the beginning of this article will be successfully swept away and that Castletown will again be the epitome of the best aspects of Ireland's eighteenth-century thoughts, which Bishop Berkeley had envisaged over 260 years ago. □

Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

MATISSE: AN INTIMATE SPLENDOR

(Continued from page 134) Baroque chair, silver gilt with tinted varnish, like a piece of enamel. . . . When I found it in an antiques shop a few weeks ago, I was quite bowled over. It's splendid. I'm obsessed with it." He drew it, painted it, had it photographed, scribbled its form in the margin of a letter. It had joined his "palette of objects," as he termed those things that "have been of use to me nearly all my life."

The period in which Matisse collected most intensely was the early 1920s, when he began an association with Nice which was to last until his death. He first painted there in the winter of 1917–18, staying at the Hôtel Beau-Rivage on the quai des États-Unis. His room was long and narrow, containing only the basic requisites; the presence of his suitcase in paintings of this room suggests his restless and investigatory mood. He moved next door; he then took a villa for a month or so and explored the landscape behind Nice. In November 1918 he was back again and in the Hôtel Méditerranée on the celebrated promenade des Anglais: "An old and good hotel, of course! And

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tiling!" he recollected. "...I stayed there four years for the pleasure of painting nudes and figures in an old Rococo sitting room....Everything was fake, absurd, amazing, delicious." Here Matisse remained for three successive winter-spring visits until 1921, taking different rooms in the hotel, painting their interiors with his models Antoinette and Henriette lazing away the day on a chaise longue or seated on the balcony overlooking the baie des Anges.

It seems that some pieces of furniture moved with him from one room to the next, in particular a curtained dressing table with an attached mirror, which makes no less than eighteen appearances in the Washington exhibition. It is an Empire-style oval dressing mirror, in a gilt swan's-head cradle, the curving necks of the birds echoing the handles of flower vases, the elaborate wallpaper, the back of a bentwood chair, and the languorous contours of reclining models. But the mirror's role is not simply decorative. Matisse works it hard: it ties floor and wall together like a hinge; it opens up the space of the room by reflecting sometimes its surroundings, sometimes the sea and sky through the window; most often its surface is painted a rich black to neutralize the variety of color and pattern around it. It has a talismanic quality, a recurring image in a poem, a repeated melancholy phrase in music.

Matisse found cosmopolitan Nice to his liking. There was a plentiful supply of models, friends enjoyed visiting him, the light was inspiring, and it was an ideal refuge from Paris. Most important, it was a place where solutions seemed within his grasp, where his art could take on a new direction after the difficult period of near abstraction at which he had arrived in the years 1914–16. By 1921, Matisse felt sufficiently clear in his aims and sure of his needs to rent a third-floor apartment in an eighteenth-century building at 1, place Charles-Félix. He worked there for five years (with summers spent elsewhere) and then moved to the more spacious, light-filled apartment above, on the top floor, where he remained until 1938.

It was in these apartments (more especially in the first) that Matisse constructed an unusual artificial world,



Seated model in *Intérieur à Nice,* 1920

which was to culminate in the great series of interiors with odalisques of the late 1920s. This *grande songerie,* a storehouse of dreams, paralleled the complexion of the painter's imagination. It was, in John Elderfield's words, "the rational creation of a romantic dream," a dream of how Matisse wished his pictures to look and, in another sense, a dream almost commonplace in its sensuous confectionary. Like Delacroix before him, he had experienced Moroccan life in 1911 and 1912; it had confirmed his romantic longings—this precise, portly, square-bearded man with the air of a successful Parisian stockbroker in his good suits from Charvet. In place Charles-Félix, Matisse could at last create, from a completely made-up world, works of palpable reality.

In his hotel rooms Matisse had occasionally added a vase or a length of fabric to an otherwise restricted setting, whereas in his own apartment he could run riot. A painting of 1924, *Pianiste et joueurs de dames,* rich yet sober in effect, gives some idea of his decorative elaborations. The patterned nineteenth-century wallpaper remained constant. The model Henriette is at the piano, her two young brothers playing checkers. The room is shown windowless, confining us to a high, inclusive viewpoint; passages of black and white offer some stabilization within the farrago of pattern on carpet, wall hanging, and tablecloth. On the chest of drawers a cast of Michelangelo's *Dying Slave* rears up among pictures by Matisse on the wall. The low pink armchair adds a cooler note in the center of the composition. On the table the red-and-white-striped cloth, which seems familiar, is not in fact the one seen in so many other Nice interiors but forms part of one of Henriette's costumes. Flexibility was the keynote; Matisse's enormous collection of hangings, c pets, and stuffs—mainly Spanish, P sian, and Moroccan—could be us for all occasions. They were suspend from movable wooden screens or fro pulleys like backcloths in a toy theat or draped over crapauds, couche and fat fauteuils. Generously floweri fabrics appear throughout his work backgrounds; a three-part Moori hanging often divided one studio fro the other in the third-floor apartmen as did a perforated Moorish screen.

It is not always easy to follow t progress of pieces of fabric from o picture to the next. Matisse continual manipulates color and pattern to ga maximum decorative and emotion charge within each work, freeing hi self from the too-insistent facts befo him. The early *Dinner Table—Harm ny in Red* of 1908 was initially gree then changed to blue before Matisse f nally settled on red. So with the orn mental hanging of *Harmonie jaun* which appeared in the same year i other pictures in a different combin tion of colors; here its pink flower ech oes the peonies in the center in the gray green glass vase with its serpentin handles. It was another of those "use ful" objects which first made an ap pearance nearly ten years before an was with Matisse to the end of his life still laden with flowers in his studio.

The motif of an interior with a win dow preoccupied Matisse for twent years, beginning with his Fauve perio in 1905. In Nice the complex machin ery of interior curtains, usually tw pairs, in front of French windows which in turn have louvered shutter hemmed by a balustrade, obviously en tranced him. When the sun shone, i allowed maximum variety, from dramatic bars of light filtered through slats to light silvered by lace curtains o generally glowing as reflected from the sea below. In about 1925, however, the window virtually disappears from his work, and color itself becomes the source of light. The interiors are increasingly claustrophobic, patterned and perfumed as the indolent odalisques gain ascendance. But by 1928–29 it is clear that dissatisfaction was in the air. Gaps and chinks appear in this "fabricated world." Many of the hangings were drawn aside to reveal the stark tiled walls of his fourth-floor apartment; Matisse divests his models



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MATISSE: AN INTIMATE SPLENDOR

their Oriental clothes, allowing only a gauze peignoir, their figures isolated against more austere backdrops. It was time for change, and in 1930 Matisse embarked for the United States and Tahiti.

Matisse's acquisitive habits, however, were too ingrained to be subdued. Later larger living spaces permitted interiors of extravagant sensuous pleasure, the *grand bonheur* of his evocations of private life. During World War II, in his suite in the old Hôtel Régina (itself a wedding cake of plasterwork) in Cimiez above Nice, one room was devoted to over three hundred tropical birds in elaborate cages; in another there was a tremendous humid display of exotic plants "watered by automatic sprinklers." It was here too that the now elderly painter, recovering from serious operation, could contempla the splendid *chaise de grotte* with reptilian arms and his brass Morocc tray or paint once more the fluted pe ter jug that had made its first appea ance during an earlier war. It was wi such objects that Matisse, in uneasy o cupied France, created a window on a world worth saving. □

MUSIC, ART AND COUNTRY PLEASURES

(Continued from page 144) about the immense wine cellar under the château, rearranging last year's wine bottles to make room for this year's nouveau cru, or rustling through their tenant-farmer's hayloft—an antique Swiss bowl of warmed milk in hand—trying to locate a new litter of kittens she has just adopted.

Lully has always been a central force in their family's long history. No one is quite sure why their ancestor Louis de Montricher quit his monstrous thirteenth-century château in the Jura and moved 25 miles away to build Lully, but for everyone concerned it has worked out very well indeed. Le Château, or simply "the house," as the Cuenods call it, built in 1782, is typical of many of its period in the region. It is idyllically located about a fifteen-minute walk from beautiful Lac Leman (Lake Geneva) in the sunny winegrowing area of the Canton of Vaud.

Hugues and Ninette's father was a banker, and at the turn of the century, when the Banque Cuenod-Churchill was still family-owned, the house bustled with family members, friends, and business associates from all over the world, invited for an evening or the weekend. (The many gift samovars throughout the house came from Russian bankers of pre-Revolution days.) Today entertaining may be less formal, but it is still done with flair. International guests most often gather in the salon—perhaps the only grand room in the house.

Here there are large canvas murals on three walls painted for the room two years after the house was completed for Louis de Montricher. Hugues rediscovered the name of the painter when he noticed that a small seated figure in one of the landscapes was staring at a pedestal on which the artist, Louis Auguste Brun, had discreetly put his signature. "Later we found out," says Hugues, "Brun was a Swiss who had actually worked at Versailles."

Also in the salon is a splendid concert grand made about 1840 in Paris by Erard. "Sounds like a harpsichord. Not too bad if you can accept a quarter tone lower than it ought to be." Nearby is a harp made in the 1860s by the English branch of the Erard family. Hugues tried to have it restrung but the frame can't take it.

Because of their lineage, the Cuenods are the custodians (their word) of a marvelous and eclectic collection of French, English, and Swiss antiques. Male forbears have several times married English women, one of whom was Hugues and Ninette's great-grandmother, Susan Churchill, daughter of the fifth Duke of Marlborough. (Hence the name of the family bank and the Cuenod's collection of eighteenth-century Marlborough silver as well as other reminders of the English connection at the château.)

"I remember one of my English aunts," says Cuenod, "spending the summer on her hands and knees painting flowers on the worn places of the carpet. Must have been fifty years ago. Hmm. I see that the paint is all gone."

Many things in the château are a bit worn, which adds to the charm and countrified comfort of the house. And everything—objects, books, bibelots, souvenirs from Hugues's opera tours—are easily accessible. "Best way to keep things," says Hugues. On a console in the living room, for instance, is a set of rare eighteenth-century buttons with delicately painted hunting scenes. In a corner of the din ing room is a handsome collection Swiss German pewter, dated 175 Elsewhere sits a small cowbell next to Russian samovar. And the house i filled with family portraits.

Hugues picks up a small photograp from the piano of a former Miss Carle ton taken in her later years. "Anothe great-grandmother. Straitlaced, for bidding old lady. We had a valuabl second edition of Voltaire's collecte works. She threw away eight of the vol umes as wicked and unsuitable to hav in the house. That's why there are only 87 volumes instead of the 95."

On another shelf he points out a se of false books, cleverly whittled from wood with fine paper pasted on the spines. In a careful hand a great-grand father had penned titles that amused him: "The Inhospitality of the Genevois Toward the Vaudois," "Pastimes of Old Maids," "Card Games and Gossip."

Lully was conceived as a self-supporting domain with its fields, woods, orchards, vineyards, cow pastures, vegetable gardens. Even today, the château bottles its own wine and produces its own cherry and plum brandies. "From the strawberries in June until the plums in September there isn't a day we are without fruit," says Ninette. To keep himself busy, Hugues makes great quantities of jams.

The beautiful porcelain tile stoves that once heated every room at Lully are no longer in use. As a result, the château has become a summer house for family and friends. You don't see many places like this anymore: two hundred years of an unostentatious family's personal history filling a spacious house with the love of living. □



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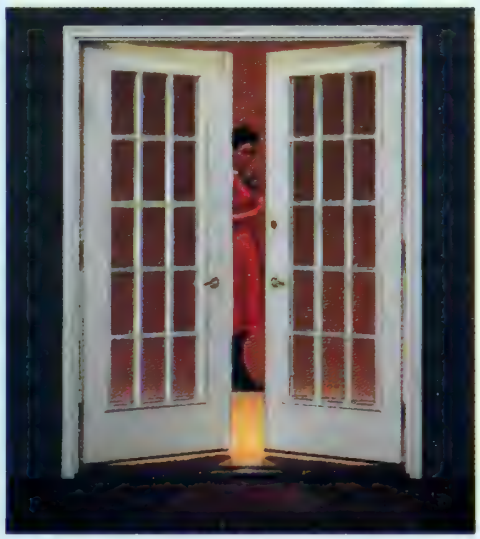
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taste. Allen [illegible] Arts Architecture. But large buildings can hardly be purchased, let alone displayed on a shelf, so he satisfies his taste with the relatively abundant sculpture of the nineteenth century.

Becoming a specialist in first-rate, but often highly disparate, objects is not in itself an obvious career choice. Originally Armin Allen wanted to be an architect or a painter, but at age sixteen a summer job in the now-defunct Frank Partridge Gallery changed all that. "To my surprise," he says, "it was the eighteenth-century furniture I fell in love with, not the school of Paris paintings."

Given his early enthusiasm, it was the most natural thing for him to work at Sotheby's after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1969. He rose to be head of the porcelain department and went on to be a director of Sotheby's in charge of European works of art. "I learned much from working with Peter Wilson," he says, "because he was equally inspired by an Egyptian antiquity, a piece of silver, or an Impressionist painting." Then in 1980 Allen set himself up as a private dealer in New York.

While Allen's clients, both private collectors and museums, are mainly American, most of the objects he sells come from Europe. That was one of the decisive factors in his recent move to London. In a world where there are more buyers than sellers and where really first-rate objects are in increasingly short supply, finding is infinitely harder than selling.

Indeed travel is an essential part of this search. He relies on a variety of private sources, and, like many of his colleagues, he watches the auctions and frequently buys from them. For instance, the splendid Sèvres chocolate set made in 1835 for Queen Marie Amélie and adorned with images representing the culture of cocoa he found at an auction in Stockholm. Painted by Develly, the set was made on special order from the queen after she had seen an almost identical, but unava able, one at the yearly Sèvres exhib tion. With the Revolution of 184 during which Marie Amélie and h husband, King Louis Philippe, fl Paris in disguise, the cocoa set, lik many similar objects, must have bee stolen from one of the royal residence How it ended up in Stockholm no on can tell. But the quest for such detail very much a part of Allen's life.

Knowledge of history and style is ob viously crucial to a man whose life con sists in identifying beautiful objects "First, I have a gut reaction to th piece; then I do the research." And h adds that he takes real joy in findin objects of extraordinary quality an passing them on. "Clients come to m because they hope to see things tha will be more interesting than thos found elsewhere and will even chal lenge them a bit."

Perhaps they also enjoy Allen's para doxes. Although he likes good porce lain or faience for its sculptural quality he sometimes prefers a drawing of an ornamental piece to the piece itself— especially, he notes, if it is silver. This apparent contradiction, however, fits right in with his most important moti vation: for him, the fascination of an object is in direct relationship to its power to evoke a period. Thus, if he owns a splendid leather box made for the Grand Dauphin, the son of Louis XIV, it is not because he prizes the link with that rather bovine prince but be cause it has the flavor of late-seven teenth-century France, and in the same way, a pen-and-ink design of a silver ewer by Jean Guillaume Moitte, in all its purity, can bring us close to the French Neoclassical style—closer, perhaps, than the object itself.

When it comes to intrinsic quality, Allen takes an uncompromising stand. For instance, he loves early-nine teenth-century ceramics, but he re fuses to collect porcelain objects made much past the 1830s because, he feels, they are no longer true to an earlier aesthetic and are often mass-produced. Given the current vogue for Victorian pieces, that is a courageous attitude indeed. But then it is by setting standards and defining precisely what is worth collecting that Armin Allen can best remain true to his double vocation. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

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everything seemed to fall into place. "Tom has innate taste," she says. "In a few days I could return to my husband and our house in Florida. In three weeks everything was ready. It was like fairyland." Tom Hanson was later to use his skills as a painter, turning the lift into a marvelous red-lacquered box and the downstairs cloakroom into a "powder room for a palace."

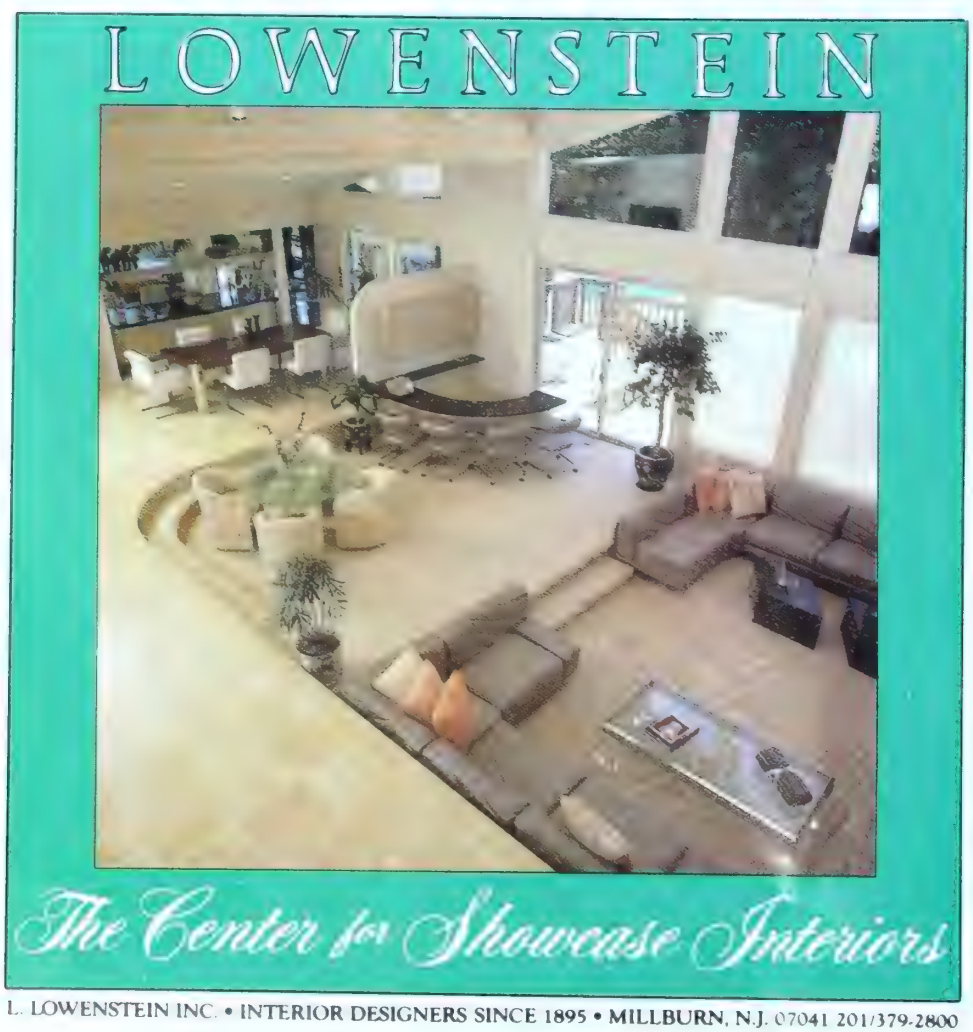
Mrs. Hoffman seems to have extraordinary luck. The old furniture fits as if by magic into the new house. There is just enough of the silk taffeta bought 25 years before for a room in her house in Paris to cover the walls of the drawing room. The perfect young man appears out of the blue to help. But what makes it seem easy is that Mrs. Hoffman has no hesitation in her taste. She knows immediately what she wants to buy and how she wants things to look.

Her house holds the fruits of many happy years of browsing in antiques shops. Sometimes she bought on impulse: the beautiful tapestry with the garlands of roses in the spare bedroom was found at Jansen in Paris. "I had no intention of buying a tapestry. I just fell in love." Sometimes after months of admiration. "The laughing Buddha in the dining room was in the window of a shop in the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré. I thought if it was in the window it must be too expensive. Finally I asked the price, thought it right, and bought it. But I kept it hidden from Burrall, who was inclined to think anything Oriental looked like a traveler's souvenir. But when he saw it, he loved it."

When Mrs. Hoffman really loves something, it seems that fate arranges for her to have it. In the apartment of a friend in Paris during the thirties she admired the chairs now in the dining room. After the war she asked him what had become of them. He had given them to his sister-in-law, the actress Alice Cocéa. After Alice Cocéa's death Mrs. Hoffman was able to buy at auction the chairs she had first coveted over twenty years before. She was a child when she first saw the two stone dogs that stand guard in the courtyard at the back of the house. They belonged to a château between Tours and Poitiers. After her marriage she told her husband about them and he suggested they try to buy them. "But we can't just be vulgar Americans waving dollar bills," she worried. "So he said, 'Let's employ a dealer to be vulgar for us.' " The dealer was found, the château happened to be for sale, and a bargain was struck.

There are other memories of childhood. In her bedroom the Louis XVI bed is the one she slept in as a girl, and the desk the one at which her mother wrote letters every day in their house in the rue Spontini in Paris. "It was pulled down to make way for the rue Thiers. Nothing remains but one tree from the garden." And there are memories of friends: her favorite possessions are the two Florentine bronze horses from a Rothschild collection which were given to her by the financier Jean Lambert. The andirons in the dining room are models of the ones that belonged to the Duchess of Windsor. "I didn't like the way she dressed, but she had wonderful taste in antiques. Too much on every table but very, very good." Mrs. Hoffman herself has not kept most of the bibelots she had in Paris. "There you can find people to clean them, and no Frenchman would screw his cigarette out on fragile porcelain. Things are different here."

Mrs. Hoffman's house in Washington is decorated in a rather European mixture of coziness and grandeur, which is very fashionable at the moment. Denning & Fourcade, for instance, advocate using grand-looking furniture "on a very daily basis," and Mrs. Parish likes comfort and luxury "but you must feel everything has been used." Mrs. Hoffman has loved and used everything in her house. Almost every object brings back memories of friendships and happiness. This is what gives the house its allure, for it is a reflection not just of her taste but of her special warmth and charm. "The first and last and closest trial question to any living creature," John Ruskin wrote, "is 'what do you like?' Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are." □



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ontinued from page 120) pocket of idential architecture in Santa Moni- Canyon. To arrive there, you pass e famous Modernist house done by arwell Harris in the late 1930s for nn Entenza, the editor of *Arts & Ar- itecture* magazine. From the bridges u spy a house done by Richard Neu- a. The architecture critic Charles ncks lives up the hill in a house re- odeled and expanded by Charles oore's Los Angeles firm, Moore Ru- e Yudell. And nearby, a Frank Gehry ork is being remodeled by San Fran- sco architect Mark Mack.

Murphy's house, which he built for mself acting as a contractor, adds to is distinguished architectural com- any the precedent of architecture ased on attitude rather than on the- ry. He has invented not an architec- ural language that he applies from ork to work but an attitude he brings every design and remodeling project e undertakes. This involves a humor- us "take" on the givens, such as the ite, and some cultural comment, usu- lly in the form of materials culled from ne streets of Los Angeles. His build- ngs echo Dada's techniques of comic erision and its interest in chance and ntuition. For example, in a Spanish Colonial house he remodeled (House Garden, March 1985) he created a trikingly beautiful chandelier out of hattered automobile glass and police lashlights. He carpeted a house in earby Venice in Astroturf—it was the est solution for the budget. Also in Venice, in the studio-home of fashion hotographer Philip Dixon (House & Garden, February 1984), he featured a alvaged piece of broken onyx over a replace; backlit, its veins and color ere exquisite.

Like a magnet picking up filings, Murphy drives through L.A. acquiring naterials and images. He has appro- riated asphalt shingles, Formica, andbag walls, and corrugated Ornyte nd used them all in his designs, with reat powers of connotation: you sense Pico and Olympic boulevards in the ving room. The transient character of he materials underscores the sponta- eous quality of his work. In his former tudio, he decorated with the help of he *I Ching* (it advised him to complete nly half the floor). He catches the mo- ent, conceiving a building on the hrow of an idea.

Beneath the fun, Murphy is in fact a very practical designer. Son of a build- er-designer, he worked as a member of a construction union as a teenager, and after a degree in fine arts from UCLA and a year in architecture school, he gradually earned his reputation as a contractor who could bring in difficult projects for architects on time and on budget. If, like an artist, he is able to catch spontaneity in a building, it is be- cause he knows the trade. As he walks through his own house, he checks to see if the sills are properly joined.

The great tease in his house, in fact, is the tension between the apparent in- souciance and the practicality of the building. If the bridges are monu- mental whims, the plan of the 3,000- square-foot house is systematically organized, with perfectly reasonable rooms centered on each floor, serviced by bathrooms and closets at the sides. If it has idiosyncrasies such as 47 French doors, the rooms are clearly and neatly stacked: a sleeping balcony is above the living room, which is over the dining room, which is over the mas- ter bedroom, which is over the other bedrooms. The oddity of the bridges and the quaintness of the façade set up expectations of more eccentricities in- side, and visitors speed their way through the house as though on an Easter egg hunt only to find, to their surprise, that they could live here quite easily. It is remarkably well behaved.

There are many qualities of the Mur- phy house that make it suitable for viewing from the front bench: the sur- prise, the exaggeration, the cheek. But what made it the perfect environment for a wedding reception was its blithe spirit. You are up under a canopy of leaves, over a bowl of flowers and plants, in a lookout. It is a house built much in the enthusiasm that has al- ways prompted children to climb up branches and occupy secret, rare, very private places that are all their own and up in the air. The bridges are the branches of what is, after all, a very large, very sophisticated tree house. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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(*Continued from page 151*) one is forced to rely on tabloid articles distributed at the house. Sarah Winchester, the story goes, wanted to keep out nasty spirits but encourage friendly ones, and made a number of overtures toward the latter. Among these was the suppression of mirrors in the house (only two in the 160-odd rooms); a "séance room" reached through a secret door in a cupboard, where apparently the friendlier spirits gave her nightly advice on how to proceed with the building; and a belfry whose tolling bell reminded them when to appear and depart. Many of the odder devices are explained by the guides as booby traps meant to confuse evil spirits. These include certain doors too small for anyone but the proprietress (who was four feet ten); others with bars across them to trip up the ghosts; stairs with risers only two inches tall, which mount to nowhere and then descend; and another stairway which rises to a ceiling and ends there. Surely the spirits weren't all that dumb, however, and Sarah, who by some accounts was a sensitive and cultivated person, fluent in four languages, must have suspected this. A more commonsense explanation of the low-rising stairs is the severe arthritis from which she suffered, which made climbing stairs painful (the house also boasts three elevators, one rising but ten feet). This would account also for the accumulation of fireplaces and hot-air registers in a room dubbed the Hall of Fires by the management, since the dry heat there no doubt brought her some relief.

The house seems to have gone unnoticed by architecture historians except for Susana Torre in her *Women in Architecture*. Ms. Torre makes a laudable attempt to demystify the house and its designer, suggesting for example that the dead-end stairs were eventually destined to lead to rooms for nieces who never came to visit. But she offers no more evidence for her assertions than the promoters of the house do for theirs, and in the absence of any testimony from Mrs. Winchester it is unlikely that we shall ever know what she had in mind. Like the character Orlando in William S. Wilson's novel *Birthplace,* Sarah could have said of herself: "I feel that I belong to a secret society of one, and that the secret is all too safe with me."

Meanwhile, paradoxes abound in the house as it survives today. (At one time there may have been as many as 750 rooms: since the workmen had to be kept busy, destruction, or perhaps de-construction, was as important an activity as building.) Columns are installed upside down, perhaps to befuddle further those easily confused evil spirits. Accretions of thirteen occur throughout: thirteen steps here, thirteen palms lining the driveway, thirteen skylights in the greenhouse, and so forth. But at least in the case of a sink drain with thirteen drainage holes arranged in the form of a daisy, Mrs. Winchester could have satisfied her penchant for symbolism at the local hardware store, since the drain was a common model frequently found in homes of the period.

Today the highest point of the house is an observation tower four stories high. But old photographs show a forest of minaretlike towers, some as many as seven stories high. This was before the 1906 earthquake, which did extensive damage to the mansion and apparently caused Mrs. Winchester, who was trapped by debris in one of the bedrooms for several hours, to rethink her construction plans. We are told that she viewed the earthquake as a personal admonition from the good spirits, angry that too much money was being lavished on the front of the house. On the other hand, it is possible that having realized the site's potential for earthquakes, she altered her project accordingly. At any rate, she sealed off the elaborate front door with its Tiffany panels and devoted her energies to expanding the back, prudently directing this stage of building from a houseboat anchored in San Francisco Bay.

The maze as it stands today (viewed from the air, it looks like a late-Victorian village) seems a purposeful hodgepodge. One visitor described his tour of the place as "like wandering through the corridors of a schizophrenic mind." This is perhaps true of some of the gloomier parts, where windows give directly on walls, and doors open on cupboards barely an inch in depth. But elsewhere there is a strange joie de vivre: in the conservatory, for instance, with its ingenious devices for watering plants and recycling the water for the garden; in the "grand ballroom," with its dazzling marquetry and daisy-patterned stained-glass windows set with "mysterious" quotations from Shakespeare. One of the pleasantest, brightest spots is the back door of the original farmhouse through which one perceives an airy vista of cozy and quite ordinary domestic interiors; any weirdness is the result of their random, seemingly effortless proliferation.

It is too bad that Robert Harbison didn't include the Winchester house in his marvelous book *Eccentric Space*, for it certainly belongs there. But his remarks on the space in paintings by the late-Baroque painter Francesco Solimena precisely evoke the mansion's air of lugubrious comedy. "For a number of reasons it is almost impossible to remember afterward what the subject of a Solimena is," he writes. "It is almost impossible to remember this when one is standing in front of it. They are indecipherable not because they are so crowded . . . but because they are deliberately decentralized and unfocused." The impossibility of orienting oneself in the Winchester house is, improbably, part of the charm. Another element is the lack of strong color. Such notes of it as there are come mostly from the exotic woods buffed to a steely glitter and combined in elaborate marquetry patterns whose effect is often one of simplicity, like the herringbone-paneled walls of the ballroom—run-of-the-mill Victorian board-and-batten gone sybaritic and slightly berserk. The impression one retains is of a strong absence of color or a color like that of ectoplasm: even the Tiffany windows are mostly restrained and pale, while certain other windows made of large sheets of Belgian optical glass slightly magnify the palms and shrubbery outside and draw into the rooms what can only be described as an intense pallor.

The exterior of the house is now painted a rather stifling combination of olive green, ocher and tan (Victorian colors, the guide assures one). Perhaps the colors chosen by Mrs. Winchester were similarly lurid. In any case the multiplication of forms, stately at first but increasingly frenzied as one circles the house, upstages the paint job. The front façade is close to traditional Queen Anne and the isosceles fronts of San Francisco with their "Palladian" and bull's-eye windows, their balco-



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MYSTERY MANSION

and oriels for surveying the scene below. The two main gables overlay slightly, and this perhaps accidental "mating" produces strange progeny: two large turrets on either side and between them a jumble of minarets and belvederes whose inspiration seems by turns Hindu or Greek or a combination of both. Behind these the profusion of towers, skylights, and ridgepoles, all without apparent aesthetic or functional raison d'être, is staggering. The grandiosity of "paper buildings" like Brueghel's Tower of Babel, Boullée's funerary temples, Piranesi's prisons, or Sant' Elia's futurist power stations has been realized, and by an amateur, a fanatically motivated little lady from New Haven whose dream palace was crafted with Yankee ingenuity.

Some have suggested that the incongruities of the house are due to Sarah's ineptitude as an architect. How else account for skylights built where the light of the sun would never strike them; for doors that open on blank walls or sheer drop; for a chimney, connecte to several fireplaces, that rises four st ries and stops just inches short of th roof? Perhaps. But in my opinion ne ther the ghostbuster nor the hopeles amateur theory can account for th house: one senses immediately on en tering it that Sarah Winchester, with her peculiarities, was an artist. For h house is an enchantment, and th could be exactly what she intended a along. □ *Editor: Marilyn Schaf*

A PASSION FOR HISTORY

(Continued from page 122) Perhaps it is the busts of Washington and Franklin above the doors or the great Houdon bust of Franklin in the antechamber or simply the proportions. It is fitting since Jane Engelhard was educated in France and lived there for many years. Although she insists, and rightly, that her collection is more American than French, many works and authors have a French connection.

"Actually it's only in the past seventeen years that I have collected in the sense of having a collection," Mrs. Engelhard explains. "Before that it was bits and pieces from people I loved, and I kept their books. All my life I've loved reading. I don't have any books from my childhood, I admit. But don't forget, I went through the war. When we left Europe for Buenos Aires in 1940, we had nothing with us except our passports and our personal belongings. That's where I met Victoria Ocampo. I thought she was just magic. And when I left the Argentine, she came and stayed with me at the Waldorf-Astoria. Hence I have letters and inscribed books from her. James Michener lives right next door to me in New Jersey and comes to stay with me in Florida. I have every one of his books and, as you know, he is a very prolific writer. Alan Moorehead was another great friend. I had been introduced to him in South Africa by Field Marshal Montgomery. I invited him to come to the States, but by the time he came we were in Florida. So he came to our house in Boca Grande and there he wrote *The White Nile*. Then about a year and a half later he came back and wrote *The Blue Nile*."

Letters and books by Martin D'Arcy, Basil Hume, and Jerome De Souza reflect both her friendship with these Catholic intellectuals and her concern for the church. Public service has brought still more friendships, and through these friendships many more books, letters, and manuscripts. She served on the Trust-Fund Board of the Library of Congress from 1966 until 1985 and came to know the present Librarian of Congress, Daniel J. Boorstin. "So I set out to collect first editions of every one of his books, and I have them all except one, *America and the Image of Europe*. We advertised for it, but you can't find it, at least in fine condition. That gives you even more courage to pursue your collecting."

When she began in mid-life to collect rare books and manuscripts seriously, Jane Engelhard started with a few favorite authors: English, French, and American. In a short time she had corralled practically all of W. H. Auden's publications in presentation copies. Soon afterward she completed her T. S. Eliot collection, which includes his *Poems* (1919), hand-printed and hand-bound by Virginia and Leonard Woolf.

In a few years she began to concentrate on Americans. "After my husband died, I had more time. He liked to collect silver, china, and horses, and I had collected five children in the meantime. I decided I would do something we hadn't done too much together. That was American literature."

One American writer with a special appeal for her was Ernest Hemingway. "I lost three friends in the Spanish Civil War. Hemingway was very important to me because he was saying what I wa thinking but couldn't say. So I've trie to collect everything he did. They' fine copies—all first editions and mo of them signed." Her collection als contains works ranging from Heming way's high school newspaper, *The Tr peze,* to an eight-page preliminar sketch for *The Old Man and the Sea*– the novel for which he received the No bel Prize—as well as an importan group of autograph letters. She has presentation copy of his first book *Three Stories & Ten Poems,* printed i Paris in 1923, and her copy of *In Ou Time* is inscribed in his typical manner

> To Harry Sylvester, the big plain-clothes Jesuit and molder of champions from his old pal E. (One Punch) Hemingway, Heavyweight Champion of the Bahamas, Key West 1931.

F. Scott Fitzgerald is well represente by all of his publications in presenta tion copies, as is William Carlos Wil liams with, among others, his rares publication, the privately printed *Po ems* (1909). And there is a series of letters from Robert Lowell that coul inspire a poem: "Lives of great men remind us of letters we ought to burn!"

Also in the collection is the recently discovered Henry James rarity "Daisy Miller: A Study. Four Meetings." This is the very copy in which James had made numerous manuscript revisions and which was used by Ford Madox Ford in his study of James.

American literature, however, does not have the only claim on Jane Engelhard's collecting energies. They are as much if not more directed toward original documents in American history.

The earliest, signed by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, dated November 23, 1493, concerns the admiral who was supposed to meet Columbus on his return from the Americas. Her copy of the 1511 edition of Ptolemy contains the first printed map showing any part of America. A military letter by Lafayette was written from Camp Ruffin's Ferry, Virginia, August 30, 1781, the day that Admiral de Grasse arrived off Yorktown. She has a first edition of Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* and the two-page manuscript of George Washington's April 1789 inaugural address.

But the glory of the collection and the most important American historical document in private hands is the original Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase signed by Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and bearing the Large Seal of the United States. Many people would subscribe to Henry Adam's opinion that "the annexation of Louisiana was an event so portentious as to defy measurement; it gave a new face to politics, and ranked in historical importance next to the *Declaration of Independence* and *the adoption of the Constitution*—events of which it was the logical outcome." How did such a document happen to be in the private domain? Scholars surmise that it remained in the possession of the editor who prepared it for newspaper publication.

Not satisfied with having the document legalizing the great event, Jane Engelhard has searched for the documents leading up to the most peaceful and greatest real-estate deal in history. Her collection contains the Louis XIV letter of September 20, 1712, written to the Parlement of France granting Antoine Crozat the monopoly of trade with Louisiana; the Louis XVI document dated October 3, 1776, appointing Henri Jacques de Milhau commissioner of Louisiana; the highly important document signed on May 23, 1803, by Barbé-Marbois (Napoleon's agent), Robert Livingston, and James Monroe, presenting the treaty to sell Louisiana to the American envoys; two related conventions ratified by Napoleon and signed by Talleyrand; James Madison's letter of 1802, signed as secretary of state, to Rufus King, minister to Great Britain, acknowledging King's report of the cession of Louisi-

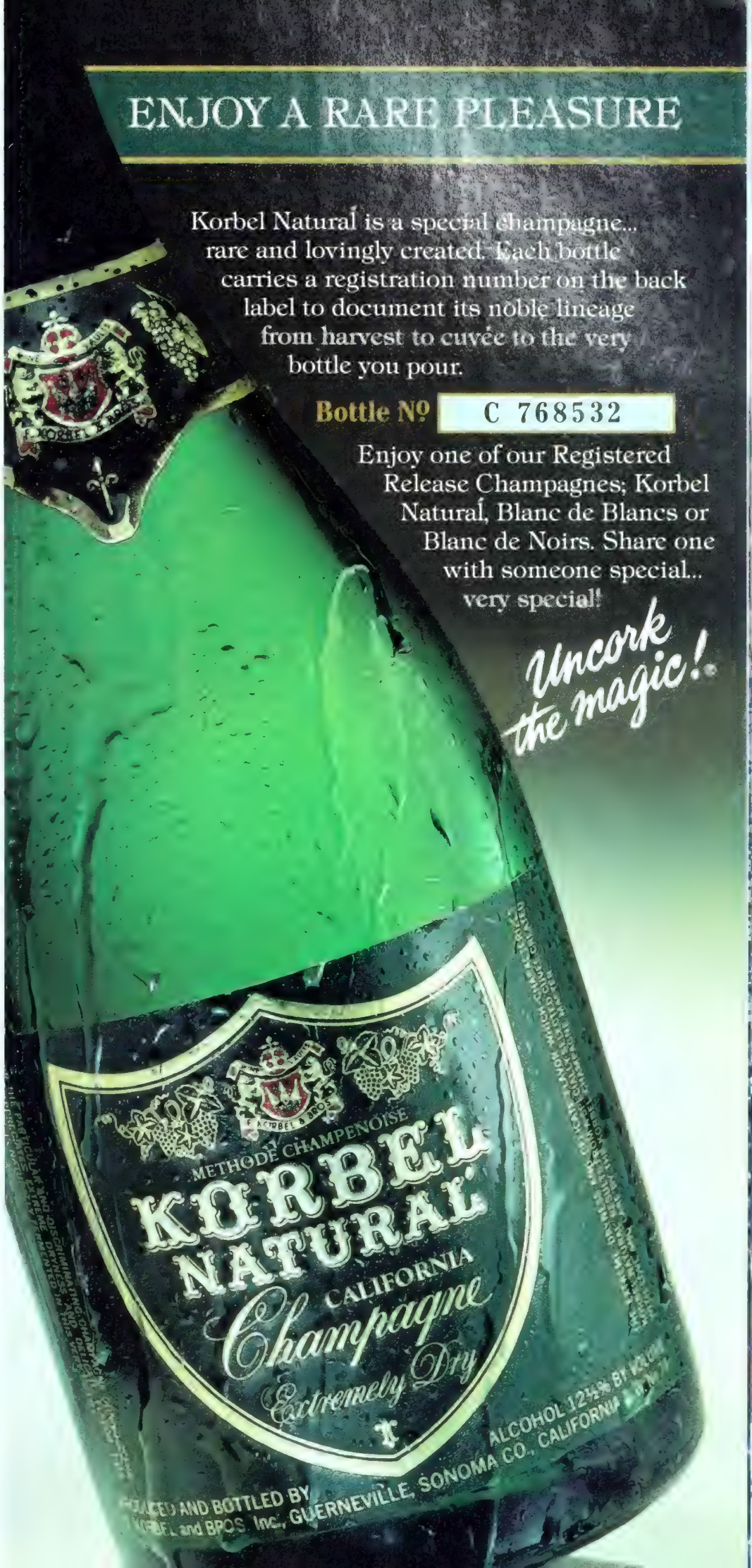
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from Spain to France; a Jefferson r to Napoleon dated April 18, relieving Robert Livingston of his post in France so that Monroe—by his secret instructions—could negotiate for New Orleans.

Only a few months ago Jane Engelhard added still another letter. "It's so interesting to find one more letter nobody has seen. I don't know how these documents and manuscripts happen to be around, frankly. They always astonish me, and I wonder why we've not seen them before. And how many are still hiding—a bit of a mystery story."

These may not be the high points of history, they represent the nitty-gritty that makes great history possible. But another of Mrs. Engelhard's recent acquisitions rivals the Louisiana Purchase in personal impact, the original never-published manuscript of George Washington's autobiographical remarks, addressed to his secretary Colonel David Humphreys, who was working on a biography. Washington begins in a personal style—"My father died when I was only 10 years old"—but when he comes to describe his 1755 campaign with General Braddock against the Canadian French and their Indian allies, he refers to himself in the third person or as G.W.:

A circumstance occurred wch. involved the life of G.W. in as much jeopardy as it had ever been before or since. . . . It being near dusk and the intelligence not having been fully disseminated among Colo. Mercer's Corps, and they taking us, for the enemy who had retreated approaching in another direction commenced a heavy fire upon the releiving [sic] party which drew fire in return in spite of all the exertions of the Officiers one of whom and several privates were killed and many wounded before a stop could be put to it, to accomplish which G.W. never was in more imminent danger, by being between two fires, knocking up with his sword the presented pieces.

Will Mrs. Engelhard continue to collect with the same intensity? She is not sure. "With patience I have been collecting and researching and amassing beautiful objects for over thirty years. They have been fascinating years with rare opportunities, especially meeting the enlightened human beings who advised and located the rare books and manuscripts that now rest in this small library. My thanks and gratitude to Mary Hyde, Arthur Houghton, the librarians of Congress, Ambassador Mansfield, Charles Ryskamp, and you, John Fleming. All of you have advised, taught, and encouraged me. As I am growing older, I need time to enjoy this lovely collection, so this project might very well be my 'last hurrah.' " □

Editors: Brooke Astor and Babs Simpson

VOLUMINOUS OBSESSION

(Continued from page 131) has paid attention to in years. Not just novelists, poets, and dramatists but critics, humorists, detective writers, science-fiction writers, Western writers, black writers, political writers. Moreover, I was committed to collecting the work of every important writer in depth—proofs, limited editions, variant issues, pamphlets, broadsides, English editions, magazine appearances. Just keeping up with some authors, I discovered, can be a full-time occupation. John Updike, for example, a writer still very much in his prime, has already produced 448 separate collectible items. Is it any wonder collectors can't wait for their favorite authors to die?

My library is now too large and diverse to describe in detail, and the best I can offer here is some highlights. Carlyle notwithstanding, it's quality not quantity that counts.

Probably the most valuable volumes in my collection are first books by Faulkner, Auden, Pound, Williams, Nabokov, Mencken, and Lardner, among others. These first books are valuable not because they're good—indeed most are terrible—but because they're rare. Rare because they were published privately, subsidized by rich patrons or indulgent parents, and printed in very limited numbers. Few copies were made, and even fewer survived the ravages of time, fire, flood, and shipwreck. Frequently the author himself, out of shame, tried to destroy any remaining copies. As a result, Pound's *A Lume Spento,* Williams's *Poems,* and Faulkner's *The Marble Faun* are authentic modern rarities and cornerstones of my collection.

There are several other so-called rarities in my collection which, I believe, have even greater intrinsic interest. James's own annotated copy of his play *The American,* one of only nine copies printed. The original mimeograph version of the seminal postwar American poem *Howl* by Allen Ginsberg. The only known copy of Norman Mailer's true first book, *The Foundation,* predating his first commercial publication by several years. The Latin textbook of twelve-year-old Ezra Pound; Faulkner's college yearbooks. These documents are significant not merely because they are rare but because they have important textual content.

The books that appeal to me the most are ones with personal associations—books an author has handled, written in, and presented to someone he loves and admires. Like my copy of *Dr. Martino* in which the author, in his minuscule script, has written: "For my Mother with love Billy."

Faulkner is not the only devoted son to be found in my library. There are many others, including Robert Duncan, Robert Creeley, and James M. Cain. Nor are mothers the only literary dedicatees. I also have *Sister Carrie* inscribed by Dreiser to his sister; books presented by Henry to Alice James; presentations by E. E. Cummings, Robert Lowell, William Carlos Williams to their wives; books from George S. Kaufman to his mother-in-law; JFK to his brother-in-law; Christopher Isherwood to his nanny. The most popular presentees—by far—are mistresses, and I have several choice examples from Faulkner, Fitzgerald, and John Berryman.

Like family presentations, books with literary associations have a special interest and cachet. Hemingway's *Three Stories & Ten Poems* is a scarce book under any circumstances, but my copy is unique because it is inscribed by the author to his first mentor and champion, Edmund Wilson. My copy of *Ash-Wednesday* has resonance because it is "inscribed for Stephen


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Spender from his friend T. S. Eliot." So, too, my copy of *The Education* presented to "H. Cabot Lodge with the regards of Henry Adams." John O'Hara's inscription in my copy of *Butterfield 8*—"To The Maestro"—is eloquent proof of the enduring influence and importance of Maestro Hemingway. Just as *Golden Boy,* inscribed by Clifford Odets to his star, Frances Farmer, is a poignant reminder of their disastrous love affair. Who can resist books inscribed by Scott Fitzgerald to Herman Mankiewicz, Emma Goldman to John Reed, from Pep West to Dash and Lil, from Red Warren to rival fugitive Allen Tate, from Gertrude Stein to fellow lesbians Natalie Barney and Romaine Brooks, from Edith Wharton to her gardener, E. B. White to S. J. Perelman, or, for that matter, from Damon Runyon to William Randolph Hearst and from Booth Tarkington to Groucho Marx. I certainly can't. For me such associations add essential spice and flavor to the literary stew.

Another feature of my library—and one of its strengths—is my collection of original unpublished nonbook material. Manuscripts, typescripts, and letters are the jewels in every collector's crown, and they are increasingly difficult to obtain. Ever since the manuscript of *Ulysses* was stolen at auction by Dr. Rosenbach, writers have been sensitive about the market value of their product. Many prefer to sell or donate their papers to institutions and universities.

Under the circumstances I am lucky to have important book-length manuscripts by Thomas Merton, Stanley Elkin, James Purdy, Grace Paley, Nick Delbanco, Elmore Leonard, and Craig Nova, as well as more modest works by Steinbeck, Bellow, Wolfe, Agee, Lowell, and Elizabeth Bishop.

I'm also fortunate to be the custodian of an extensive archive of unpublished letters, many of which provide unique insight into the writer and his work. Like the letter Henry James wrote to William Dean Howells describing his first impressions of London; Sylvia Plath's letters to William Merwin expounding the joys and terrors of childbirth; John Cheever's war letters to his wife; the reclusive Thomas Pynchon's chatty correspondence with his literary agent, now ex-agent.

Finally I should mention the material that to some extent represents a new field of collecting—screenplays and playscripts. At one time or another almost every important American writer has toiled in the vineyards of Hollywood or Broadway. They churned out a great deal of schlock, but occasionally a great writer produced a true work of art. Like Faulkner's adaptation of *The Big Sleep,* Fitzgerald's work on *Gone with the Wind,* Steinbeck's *Viva Zapata!,* Hammett and Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine,* Welles and Mankiewicz's *Citizen Kane.* These writers' screenplays are all part of my library. And there are other film writers, who, I believe, are equally deserving of recognition and respect: Ben Hecht, Dalton Trumbo, Billy Wilder, Terry Southern, and Woody Allen, among others. No collection of American literature can be considered complete without examples of their work, and most of their work remains unpublished.

In the same way, for every published book by playwrights like Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Sam Shepard, and David Mamet, there are half a dozen unpublished works in the form of rehearsal scripts, story outlines, teleplays, radio plays, scenarios, and film treatments. No one, including the bibliographers, really knows how much material there is. I own more than fifty important unpublished dramatic works by Tennessee Williams, and they represent only a small percentage of his total output. Finding and assembling this kind of material is one of the greatest challenges and opportunities facing the modern collector.

Creating a library is an absorbing and gratifying experience. It's given me great pleasure and not a few anxious moments. I take pride in my books, but I also worry about them. I keep asking myself: will they take over my life completely? Will they force my wife to leave or, worse, our housekeeper to quit? Will my son hold them for ransom? Will the pugs chew them, the cable-TV repairman steal them? Will their acidic pages disintegrate? Will I go bankrupt buying them, and if I



bn't, what will I do with them in the nd? It took Sir Thomas Phillips's eirs nearly a century to dispose of his brary.

Most frightening of all is the realization that I'm only just beginning. Great braries take a lifetime to build. I've een at it for less than six, and the wentieth century isn't even over yet.

And, of course, the nagging question about any collection of mostly living authors, as opposed to long-dead nes, is knowing who really is important, who will be remembered and read hundred years from now. I'm willing o bet on a few of my writers: James, Faulkner, O'Neill, Eliot. Influential oets like Williams and Pound. Genre writers like Baum and Burroughs, Hammett and Chandler. But I seriously doubt that all 6,000 authors in my collection are assured literary immorality. After all, how many nineteenth-century American writers do we remember?

I should worry about that I suppose, but I don't. No self-respecting, anally compulsive bibliophile ever worries about having too many authors or too many books. The only things that really concern me, as my library approaches 80,000 volumes, are the books that got away. □ *Editors: Brooke Astor and Babs Simpson*

GREEN ARCHITECTURE

(Continued from page 168) with high narrow windows—almost lanceolated but they have barely escaped the Gothic touch out of place in a French garden.

Stone steps and slopes filled with sun-loving plants and ground covers, including the convenient lungwort, link rather than separate the green rooms on three different levels. The lower level, centered on the side of the house, is more formal with its box-outlined eighteenth-century pool and parterre of sculptured boxes, the cool green lawn, and the still water setting off the rainbow of the summer beds.

Farther on, the lawn avenue leads to a faraway iron gate with placid cows behind it. Healthy huge clipped yews stand like sentinels among the old roses, the lomatia, and other new discoveries. Halfway to the gate a rondel in the best Sackville-West tradition is made, astonishingly, of Mediterranean cypresses trying to go round an enormous blue cedar. A relic from the romantic garden of the nineteenth century, that tree is a personage without whom the avenue—however mysterious the gate—would be much less tempting. Between the circle and the gate a hundred cypresses had been planted: they lasted five years, and today seven survivors grow among the yews. Henry IV too had tried cypresses in Paris: they did not survive the terrible winter of 1609. About fifty years later, John Evelyn claims he was the first man in England to have brought yews into fashion to replace the more tender cypresses.

Retracing your steps, you discover the white camellias you had missed, the peonies, the collection of fuchsias, and lots of other, if less showy, plants. But on your left what had looked like another meadow turns out to be another garden. Uncouth and engaging in its puppy stage, obviously promising a brilliant future, this shrub garden with a water background is really a baby arboretum—without labels, which makes it quite a challenge!

Past a really big lime and a good-size copper beech comes a collection of dogwood, then, bypassing the white *Spiraea veitchii* and the white *Leptospermum cunninghamii,* a succession of fragrant white-flowering trees and bushes—*Olearia* × *haastii* and *O. ilicifolia, Viburnum carlesii,* sarcococca, and the fabulous *Styrax hemsleyana,* to name a few. An offshoot from the weeping willow on Napoleon's grave at Saint Helena grows on the banks of the moat, planted by the preceding owner; a small island harbors flag irises, not far from the expected gunnera. In this romantic setting a couple of tufted swans defend their young against visiting foxes. Red-crested pochards, shelducks, pintails, and New Zealand scaups, flying or floating over and under the entrance bridge, add a flurry of life and color to the landscape even in the mid-



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...of winter. Crossing the courtyard after them, you come into the kitchen garden.

The last garden is a traditionally ordered space, especially remarkable for its squares of old boxes kept knee-high and guarded by tall yew "chessmen." The vicomte de Noailles, who in the early days came often to see the progress in the garden, kept saying: "Not too many roses." Yet 'Clair Matin' intertwined with clematis looks beautiful against the brick wall of the orangerie.

...the element of surprise, so dear to the heart of Harold Nicolson, is provided by a man-size grotto glittering with whiskey bottles (now broken) and seashells, which helpful guests had been drinking and eating from for years. Then come the hothouse, no longer heated, which still shelters succulent grapes, and the 1880 greenhouse behind apple trees *en cordon*.

Everywhere a rich mixture of loam and cow manure from the adjacent farm promises magnificent crops. Obviously neither Gordon Turner nor Charles Niepce believed in Virgil's theories: it is in a very fertile soil indeed that they have planted the old Cilician's "cabbage and white lilies, verbena, and the flimsy poppies."

In love with the place and full of confidence for the future, new owners are moving in. Their priority is to get rid of the top-heavy, badly insulated nineteenth-century roof and to restore the seventeenth-century architecture.

Editor: Mary-Sargent Lad...

CLASSICAL COOL

(Continued from page 108) wallpaper. If ever there was a house where art is a living force, this is it: Miro's *Amour*, Max Ernst's *Bird Who Sits and Does Not Sing*, Hockney's *Still Life on Glass-Topped Table*, Morris Louis's *Gamma Iota*, paintings by Gottlieb, Picabia, Clyfford Still, Kenneth Noland, Magritte's *L'Empire des lumières*, diffusing its mysterious radiance in the living room, and up on the third floor an important collection of Russian Constructivist works.

When it came to redoing the library, Mica contemplated her modern glass bookshelves and "all the old books we had," then decided she wanted something that looked "not contemporary." "We were in the Dominican Republic for Christmas two years ago, at Oscar de la Renta's—they have the most beautiful mahogany in Santo Domingo and Oscar has this carpenter who is a genius. He built my bookcases there, from my design. They came here in two parts—I was petrified they wouldn't come up the staircase, but they just made it. I flew the carpenter up to adjust them."

Two floors below, the kitchen was decidedly too small for the scale on which the Erteguns entertain (as often as not, thirty for dinner, with thirty more coming in afterward). Mica had it enlarged, but this took away from the existing dining room. Now she had to enlarge the dining room. "The house is narrow, so there was only one way to go—backward. Into the garden." *Mica* may mean small, but she certainly ... small: to make the skylit enclosure—a two-story expanse of greenhouse dining room—she used the same company that had built the space for the Temple of Dendur at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The walls of the enclosure are stucco "because this is kind of outdoors—and I like the texture." The floors are American stone, out of a quarry in the South. "I searched a lot because I didn't want to have marble—a little bit too pretentious for my taste. I used to have black slate—too dark. This stone is uneven. Even the man who put it down for me said, 'Do you mind—it's light here, dark there.' But I *like* the fact that it's not all one color. It's also a very easy floor to maintain. Listen, we live in the twentieth century."

With that in mind, Mica reiterates her plea for the pure, uncluttered look. "If you've got a table covered with a hundred boxes, then you don't see anything. I mean, why fill your house with things? If you've inherited or been collecting for generations, that's a different matter. But then, if you *have* inherited, you should have more houses—a lot of houses," she smiles.

The Erteguns themselves own two other houses: a turn-of-the-century Victorian in Southampton, Long Island ("There I have the same kind of concept I have here—simple, white—though we live in it in a different way; every place you go should have its own tempo"), and, in Ahmet Ertegun's native Turkey, in the small port of Bodrum, on the Aegean, two old thick-walled stone fishermen's houses they joined, carefully restored, imaginatively added on to, and modernized—a stone's throw from one of the seven wonders of the world, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. "Marble blocks and carvings have literally tumbled down into Mica and Ahmet's backyard," says William Rayner, a frequent houseguest in Bodrum. Mica adds, "I did the house only with things you find in Turkey. I have banquettes and pillows. I consider it to be very Turkish but most Turks don't; I guess they don't like to live that way. Never mind—the house received the Aga Khan Award for Architecture." She confesses, "In Turkey, Ahmet and I argued a lot about the decorating. In New York, he just says, 'It's comfortable,' 'uncomfortable,' 'ugly,' or 'not ugly.' "

Contrary to what one might expect, Mica the decorator gives Mica her client no preferential treatment. "It took me a year and a half to do the house in New York—I'm sure I would have gotten it done in only eight months if I'd been doing it for someone other than myself. If I say to the upholsterer, 'Do my curtains,' and he has another client's to do, I say, 'Go ahead, do theirs first.' Also, if I'm looking for a special carpet for someone and I find it and then I see it would be perfect in my own living room, it goes to the client—I don't cheat."

Is Mica's house "perfect" now? Is it finally finished? "Believe me, this is not the last time I'm going to do this place," she laughs. "But for now I am satisfied. After all, I can't demand more than what I have chosen for myself."


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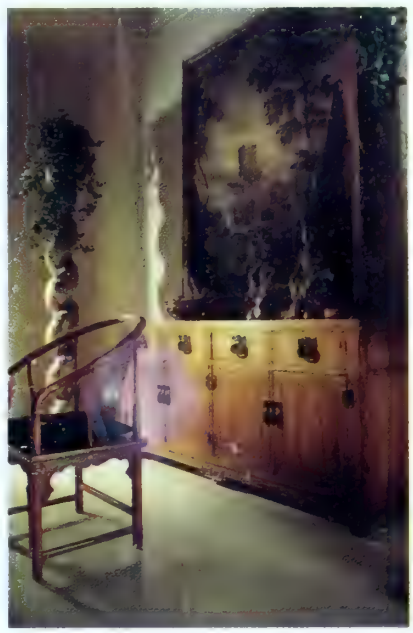


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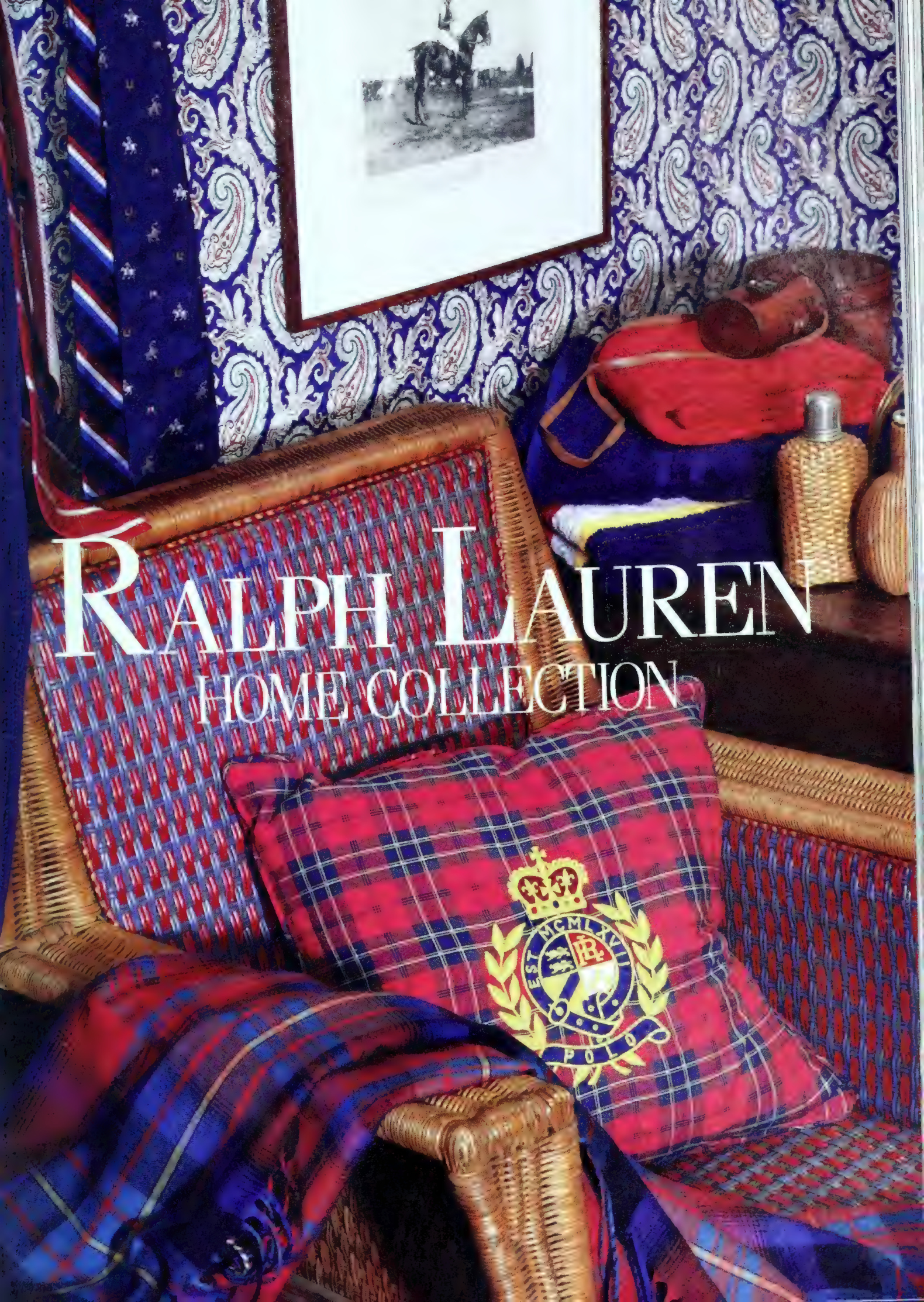
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A French country breakfast in the kitchen of the Fouret mill near Dourdan outside Paris. Story page 138. Photograph by Karen Radkai.

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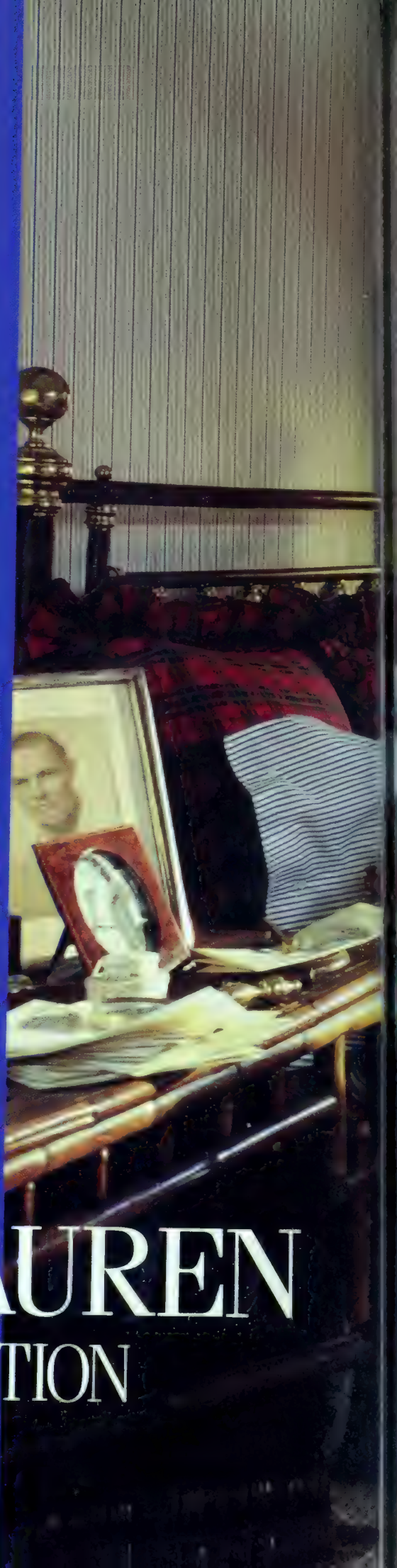

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CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

MOSETTE BRODERICK teaches architectural history at New York University.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN writes columns for *The Nation* and *The Wall Street Journal.*

CHRISTOPHER GIBBS is a London art dealer and a longtime contributor to British *Vogue* and *The World of Interiors.*

ALICE GORDON is a writer and editor who lives in New York.

EDWARD LEBOW is working on a biography of the late Marian Willard.

CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE was associate editor of *The Paris Metro* and has worked for *The International Herald-Tribune, Le Monde,* and *Paris Hebdo.*

SIR FITZROY MACLEAN served as a member of Parliament 1941–74 and as under secretary of state for war 1954–57. He was the chief consultant for Ted Turner's forthcoming television series *Portrait of the USSR* and author of the book of the same title.

TOM DEWE MATHEWS is a journalist who lives in New York.

SIR JOHN PLUMB was until recently master of Christ College, Cambridge. His many books on the eighteenth century include *England in the Eighteenth Century* and *The First Four Georges.*

EDWARD W. SAID is a professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia University. His most recent book is *After the Last Say: Palestinian Lives.*

PAUL SPIKE, the author of *Photographs of My Father* and other books, currently works in Oxford, England.

ANNE TREE lives in London and writes about her travels and gardens around the world.

SUZANNE WINCKLER is a contributing editor of *Texas Monthly* and writes frequently about the environment for *Audubon* and other magazines. She is currently working with artist John P. O'Neill on a book about Texas birds.



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In a photograph by Robert Mapplethorpe, a detail of Richard Meier's latest house.

We can't wait for April showers to pierce the "droghte of March," and with Chaucer we "longen . . . to goon on pilgrimages." The longing for spring surely affected us as we plotted the pages awaiting you in this issue: for example, the shower of apple blossoms on page 138, the pointillist landscape, page 178, and the "chintz chair" of briar rose, page 190.

I don't think we've ever published a photograph as amusing as the one of the topiary bedroom in Michael and Anne Tree's garden, page 192. It has a double bed of box with a canopy of vines, a dressing table of yew, and a large armchair covered in briar rose, which Anne Tree describes as the "prettiest chintz in England for the two weeks it flowers." We're glad photographer Mick Hales was there when it did.

Photographer Karen Radkai found the field of apple trees on a mill property outside of Paris, where Birgitta Fouret escapes from her Left Bank antiques shop Haga. The field of poppies out front, page 145, makes me weep even as I refuse to remember how many times I have unsuccessfully tried to create one on our property in Quogue.

Equally simple and equally beautiful is the field of flowers cultivated by Tori Thomas near her landscape design studio, a farmhouse in the Blue Ridge foothills of Virginia. The bands of daisies and blue flax weaving so artfully through her landscape, page 180, took us back to the Pointillist paintings we admired in the Musée d'Orsay on our visit to Paris's great new nineteenth-century museum earlier this year.

Whether your attempts at fields of poppies succeed or make you weep, it's definitely the time of year for pilgrimages to flower shows: in New York, March 7–15; Philadelphia, March 8–15; Boston, March 14–22; San Francisco, April 8–12; and the Virginia Historic Garden Week, April 18–26.

Senior editor Babs Simpson and photographer Oberto Gili took another kind of pilgrimage when they were given the assignment to photograph some of the handsomest houses for horses here and abroad. The fruits of their pilgrimage can be seen on page 148 where Alice Gordon, House & Garden copy editor until she turned full-time writer this year, reports on The Thoroughbred Way of Life.

Christopher Gibbs's homage to the late Geoffrey Bennison is must reading for all devotees of the English style in decoration. Bennison's last and most personal rooms, page 170, certainly do "heighten, broaden, and deepen our understanding of the way we could live now."

To illustrate how strong a personal statement can be in a mood miles from Bennison in both locale and style, turn to page 182 and drink in the beauty of Max Palevsky's Beverly Hills house, handsomely reworked by the Los Angeles architect Coy Howard. As we say in our text, the Palevsky house gives the lie to the common claim that one just cannot find craftsmen anymore. As this impressive project demonstrates, what's really needed is the kind of patronage the talented Coy Howard found in his discriminating client. Conversely it is the kind of discrimination that clients also hope to find in their architects, and do when they turn to professionals like Richard Meier, as Martin Filler's report on Meier's newest residential project, shown here and on pages 162 to 169, will confirm.

Every age has its tastemakers, and who they are isn't always as obvious as the more popular media might have us believe. Who of us know, for example, of a woman with the marvelous name of Eugenia Errazuriz? To find out why Cecil Beaton felt the "whole aesthetic of modern interior decoration . . . can be laid at her remarkable doorstep," turn to page 76.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief



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CAIRO RECALLED

Growing up in the cultural crosscurrents of 1940s Egypt

By Edward W. Said

Since Cairo," I have often said to my mother, "since Cairo" being for both of us the major demarcation in my life and, I believe, in hers. We gave up Cairo in 1963 as a family resident in it for three decades, two parents and their five children, although I had already made my last visit there in 1960; it was fifteen years before I returned as a melancholy tourist who stayed in a Cairo hotel for the first time in his life. A second visit in 1977 might have been to any large third-world city, so sprawling and demographically uncontrolled had Cairo become, its services crippled, its immense mass so dusty and crumbling. I stayed for five days, too unhappy and too sick at heart to last any longer. I left. I have no wish to return.



Part of the city's hold over my memory was the clearness of its nearly incredible divisions, divisions almost completely obliterated by Gamal Abdel Nasser when in 1952 he and his free officers overthrew the grotesque reign of King Farouk and assumed power. Nasser made Cairo into what it had principally always been: *the* Arab and Islamic metropolis par excellence. Cairo in Arabic is *al-Qāhira* (the city victorious). While I was growing up in it in the 1940s, a decade earlier, however, its Arab and Islamic dimensions could be ignored and even suppressed, so strong was the hold over the city of various European interests, each of which created an enclave within all the others. Thus there was, of course, British Cairo, whose center was the embassy in Garden City and whose extensions covered academic, juridical, military, commercial, and recreational activities. French Cairo was there too, a useful foil and opposition for its historic colonial competitor, found in schools, salons, theaters, ateliers.



Colonial habits: tea in the garden, *top*, at the Mena House Hotel, Cairo, late 1930s. *Above:* Edward and Rosemarie Said at home, 1940s.

So malleable did the city seem, so open to expatriate colonies existing in separate structures at its heart that there was a Belgian, an Italian, a Jewish, a Greek, an American, and a Syrian Cairo, lesser spheres all of them, each dependent on all the others, each manipulated or indulged by the major colonial power. American Cairo was limited in our awareness to the American University—a minor version of its counterpart in Beirut—the Mission, a mixture of Presbyterian, Baptist, and Evangelical clerics with solid outposts in the form of a church at Ezbekiah (opposite Shepheard's Hotel, a region that also contained the city's well-known red-light district), and in Upper Egypt a school and mission office in the town of Assiut.

We lived about two blocks

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the fabled Gezira Club, on an is- in the Nile called either Gezira the Arabic word for island) or Zamalek. The club itself was an enchanted place, quite unlike any sports or country club I've seen anywhere else. It was carved out of the island's center, a pure creation of the colonial imagination: there were polo fields, cricket pitches, a racetrack, football fields, and bowling greens, all grass, all perfectly tended by armies of gardeners whose intensive labors kept the club at a level of beauty and calm designed to reproduce someone's idea of a vast and noble meadow basking in the sun of an English summer's day. In addition, twenty or so squash courts, at least forty red-clay tennis courts, a magnificent pool with a Lido area, a large clubhouse, and gardens made the Gezira, as it was known, a perfect place for sports and meetings, insulated from the outside world of fellahin, bustling casbahs, and generally tiresome realities. White was the prevailing color of dress, and the dozens of dressing-room attendants, suffragis, and "boys" quietly fulfilled the members' requirements of service and smilingly unobtrusive compliance.

At the Gezira one felt English and hence orderly, perhaps even superior. Only the upper ranks in the British army were permitted entry, as were diplomats, wealthy foreign businessmen, and a handful of Egyptian aristocrats. The Gezira encouraged me, I remember, to feel that the logic of the place and what it stood for overruled what to me seemed like the unforgivable messiness of my true reality. Only in *that* Cairo, at that time, could my family and I have made sense, with our carefully subdivided existence and absurdly protected minority status.

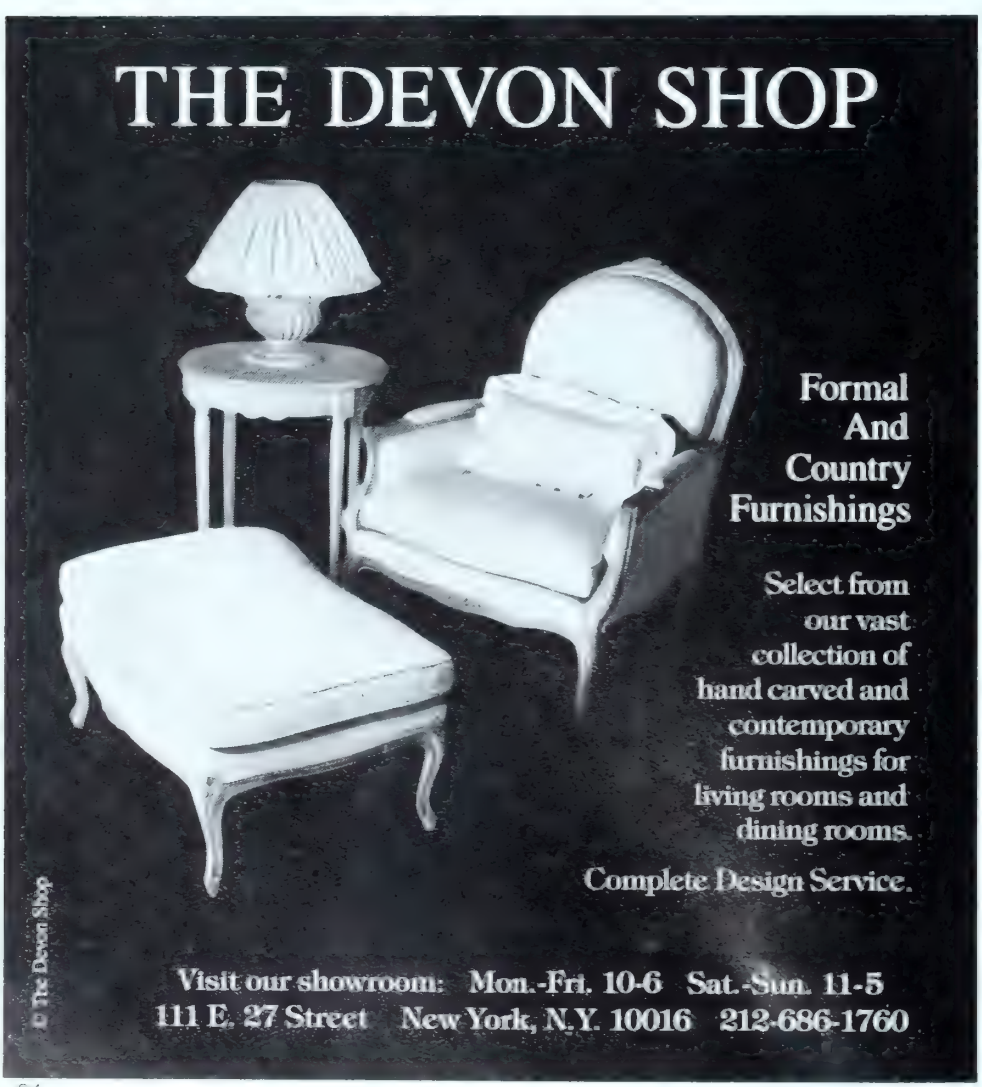
Both my parents were Palestinian and Protestant, he from Jerusalem, she from Nazareth. My guess was that both their families had converted in the 1870s or 1880s, my father's from the Greek Orthodox church, my mother's from the Greek Catholic, or Melkite. The Saids became stolidly Anglican, whereas my mother's family—slightly more adventurous—were Baptists, many of whom later studied or taught at places like Baylor and Texas A&M.

Until World War I, Palestine was an Ottoman province, its natives more or less ignored by Constantinople except for taxes and military conscription. In 1911 my father, fresh out of school, ran away from Jerusalem to avoid being drafted to fight for the Turks in Bulgaria. He found his way to the United States and during World War I enlisted in the AEF in the belief that perhaps a unit would be sent to fight Ottomans in Palestine. He ended up in France—wounded and gassed. Two years after war's end he returned, an American citizen, to Palestine and the small family business. Enterprising and immensely energetic, he expanded it to Egypt, and by the early thirties, prosperous and well established, he had married my mother, who had been educated in American mission schools and colleges in Beirut.

So there I was, a Palestinian, Anglican, American boy, English, Arabic, and French speaking at school, Arabic and English speaking at home, living in the almost suffocating, deeply impressive intimacy of a family all of whose relatives were in Palestine or Lebanon, subject to the discipline of a colonial school system and an imported mythology owing nothing to that Arab world among whose colonial elites, for at least a century, it had flourished. Its main tenet was that everything of any consequence either had happened or would happen in the West: insofar as Arabs were concerned, they had to deal with the challenge or the discipline of the West by learning its ways or, where it was impossible to do otherwise, by copying them.

The comic, not to say ironic, results of such a situation for me are only now beginning to be apparent. For the colonial power, as for my schoolteachers and parents, Cairo was assumed to be a potential danger of the extreme sort. Crowds, for example, were believed to be disease-carrying and rabidly nationalistic extremists. Left to itself, native society was supposed to be irreducibly corrupt—lazy, sexually promiscuous, irresponsible, dedicated only to pleasure and sin.

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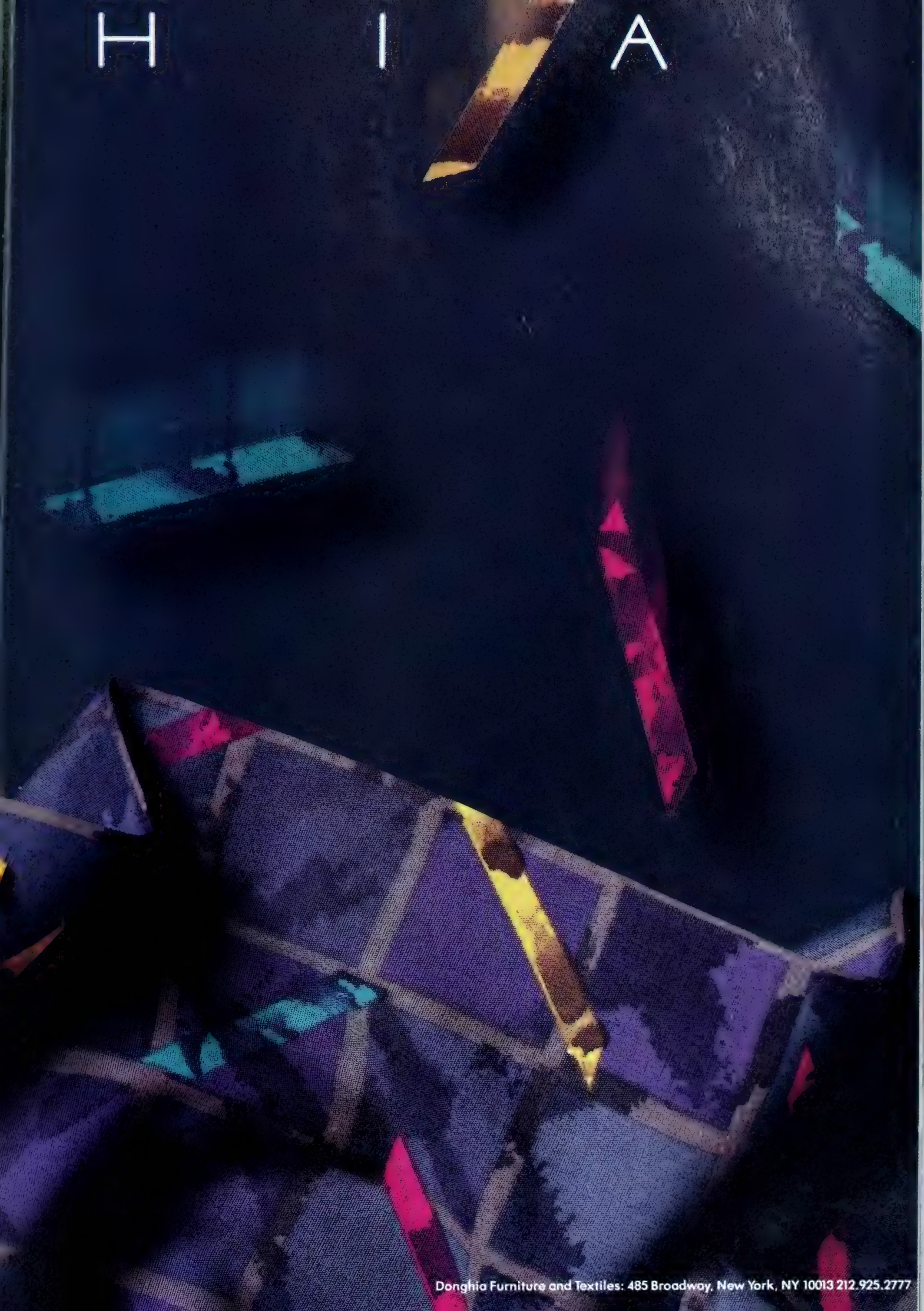
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lived, unconsciously for the most part. My life was generally, if not in every detail, British. I read Enid Blyton, Conan Doyle, Lewis Carroll, Jonathan Swift, Walter Scott, Edgar Rice Burroughs, as well as the Billy Bunter, George Formby, and *Boy's Own* comics, which years later I discovered Orwell had very cleverly analyzed—and I did all this without direct acquaintance either with any of their Arabic equivalents or of the British Isles. I went through British schools in Palestine and Cairo, each of which was modeled on the general idea of a British public school.

Two of these many schools—I was regularly described as a nuisance, a troublemaker, as "misbehaved," so I went through three times as many schools as my sisters, who were models of accomplishment—made the greatest impression on me as a Cairo student: the Gezira Preparatory School (GPS), which I attended for four or five years, and Victoria College, my last secondary school in the Arab world before I came to the United States. The GPS was ruled by a British family whose senior figure, an enormous drunkard of a man, did no teaching and not very much appearing. He was used by his obese headmistress wife to cane misbehaved students like myself, and he did so in a total alcohol-suffused silence. In class we studied all about Kings Alfred and Canute, as well as the Magna Carta; nothing was mentioned about Egypt or the Arabs, except in allusive references here and there to "natives" and later to "wogs." My schoolmates were about half-English and half-cosmopolitan Cairenes—Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, and a sprinkling of native Muslims and Copts. French, interestingly enough, was treated as a language and culture barely a notch higher than Arabic; French teachers were always a mixture of Greek, Italian, or Armenian, and the effort was conducted with a combination of parsimony and distaste certain to preclude any real knowledge of French. Thus the contempt of one colonial power for another.

By the time I got to Victoria College at age thirteen, I was hopelessly paradoxical to myself. The GPS had convinced me that with a name like Said I should be ashamed of myself but that the Edward part of me should go on and do better, be more English, act more English, that is, "play cricket." Although Victoria College took great pains to turn us all into the "Etonians of the Middle East," as one master put it, the untidy mass of assorted backgrounds and ethnic assertions made daily life in the school (I speak of 1949, 1950, and 1951) a continuous standing war between students and teachers. All of the latter were British, and British near the end of a long colonial tenure in Egypt; all of the former were not. For all kinds of reasons I fit neatly in neither camp, with a sense of misery and discomfort I find completely understandable now but had no way of relieving then.

A large boys school, Victoria College had two branches, one in Alexandria—older, more prestigious, more successful, I think, in homogenizing the students—the other in Cairo. The school was divided into four houses—Frobisher, Drake, Kitchener, and, of course, Cromer. I was a Kitchener boy at the branch in Cairo, which at the time contained such luminaries as Michel Chalhoub (later Omar Sharif) and Zeid el-Rifai (later prime minister of Jordan). You could not, of course, know that such people would go on to success, because VC-Cairo, as it was known, was decidedly not the up-market VC-Alex (whose students included King Hussein of Jordan and Adnan Khasoggi), nor was it the English School, which is where my sisters were enrolled along with much more consistently upper-class Egyptians and all the English boys and girls. I was refused admission there, and so, relegated to the assorted misfits, rogues, and colorful characters of VC-Cairo, I edged my way forward from crisis to crisis, from catastrophe to catastrophe, until I was expelled in 1951, readmitted briefly, and then advised to look elsewhere for a school.

Outside a punishing extracurricular schedule of many sports and piano lessons, I could occasionally touch something of the vast city beyond—teeming with the possibilities of Eastern sensuality and wealth both of which were conducted, so to speak, in European modes. An annual opera season, an annual ballet season, recitals, concerts by the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics, major tennis and golf tournaments, regular visits of the Comédie Française and the Old Vic, all the latest Ameri-


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can, French, and British films, cultural programs sponsored by the British Council and its continental equivalents—all these filled the social agenda, in addition to countless dances, cotillions, receptions, and balls, and to the extent that I participated in or read about them, I apprehended a sort of Proustian world replicated in an Oriental city whose prevailing authority, the British sirdar, or high commissioner, outranked the ruling monarch, the obese, piggish, and dreadfully corrupt King Farouk, last reigning member of an Albanian-Turkish-Circassian dynasty that began with the considerable éclat of Muhammad Ali in 1805 and ended with Farouk's waddle off to Europe on July 26, 1952.

As I threaded my way through this crowded but highly rarefied cultural maze, my contact with the Cairo that was neither pharaonic nor European was like contact with nature. Everything in my strange minority and paradox-ridden world of privilege was processed, prepared, insulated, confined, except for the native Egyptians I everywhere encountered in fleeting moments of freedom on the streets, in streetcars, movie theaters, demonstrations, and public occasions. And with this quasi-natural life I communicated in the language I have loved more than any—the spoken Cairo dialect of Arabic, virtuosically darting in and out of solemnity, colonial discipline, and the combination of various religious and political authorities, retaining its quick, irreverent wit, its incomparable economy of line, its sharp cadences and abrupt rhythms.

Further away than that stood, I thought, a world I could only dream of perilously, the disorderly palimpsest of Cairo's carnivalesque history, some of which I later recognized in Flaubert and Nerval, but whose astonishingly fluent passages of adventure, sexuality, and magic turn up with a great deal of their raw force in some of the *Thousand and One Nights*, the early novels of Naguib Mahfuz (Cairo's Balzac), the comedies of Naguib el-Rihani (Cairo's Molière), and that endless stream of consciousness which is the Egyptian cinema. A cohabitation of Islamic, Mediterranean, and Latin erotic forms, the latent promiscuity of this semiunderground Cairo, is what I believe I was kept from as I was growing up and what I can easily imagine that the European colonists were attracted to, drew on, and—for their own safety—kept at bay, with their schools, missions, social seasons, and rigid hierarchies of rank and caste. The traffic between Europe and *this* Cairo is what we are beginning to lose, as Nasser's Arabization, Sadat's Americanization, and Mubarak's reluctant Islamization efface its transactions altogether.

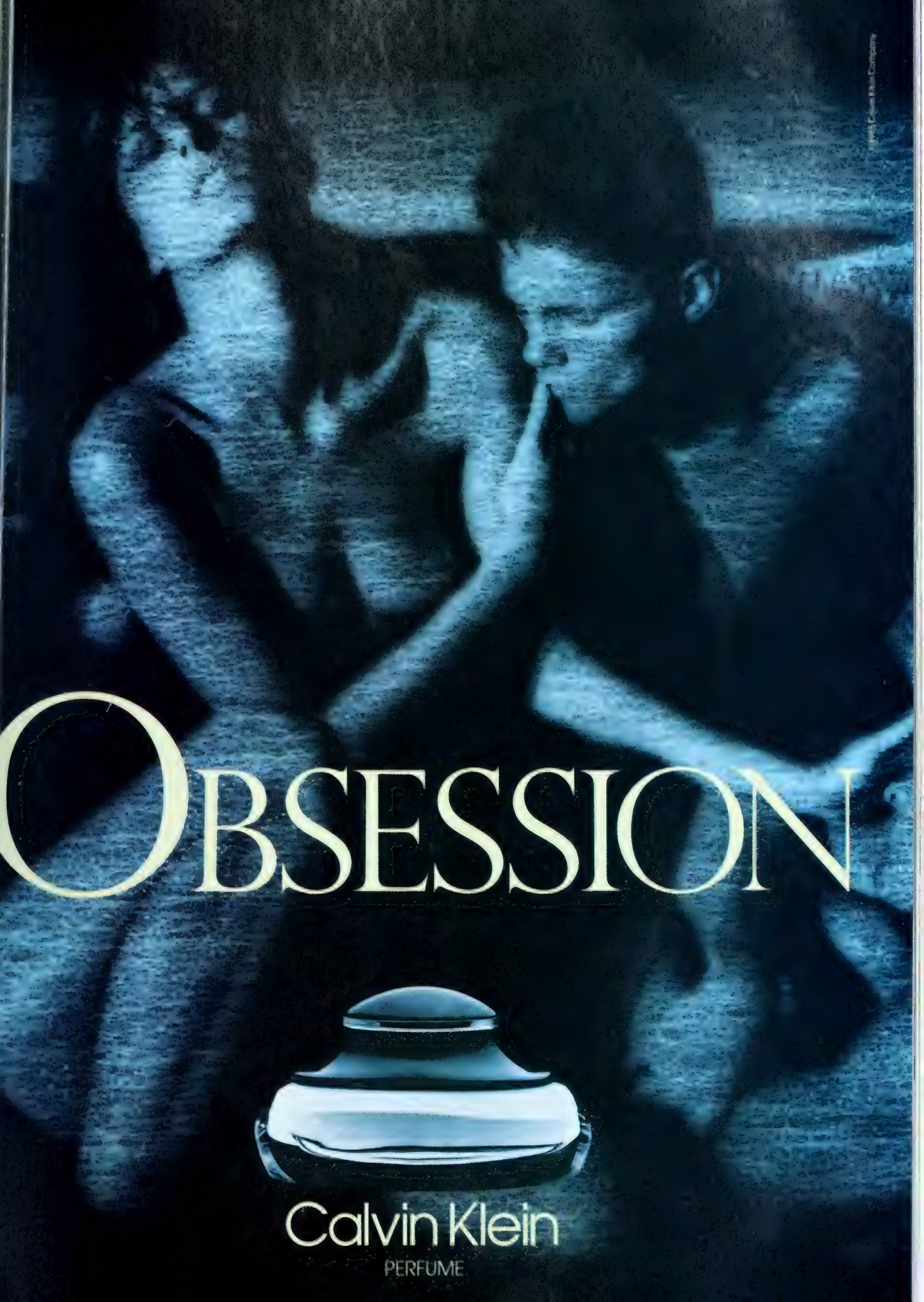
I saw the last and for me the best result of the traffic in Ignace Tiegerman, a tiny Polish-Jewish gnome of a man who came to Cairo in 1933, attracted by the city's warmth and possibilities in contrast to what was coming in Europe. He was a great pianist and musician, a wunderkind student of Leschetizky and Ignaz Friedman, a lazy, wonderfully precious and bright-eyed bachelor with secret tastes and unknown pleasures, who ran a Conservatoire de Musique on the rue Champollion just behind the Cairo Museum.

No one played Chopin and Schumann with such grace and unparalleled rhetorical conviction as Tiegerman. He taught piano in Cairo, tying himself to the city's *haute société*—teaching its daughters, playing for its salons, charming its gatherings—in order, I think, to free himself for the lazy indulgence of his own pursuits: conversation, good food, music, and unknown kinds (to me) of human relationships. I was his piano student at the outset and, many years later, his friend. We communicated in an English battered into submission by French and German, languages more congenial to Tiegerman, and after we had abandoned the teacher-student relationship, we would gather together a few stalwarts from Cairo's old days—these were the late 1950s and early '60s—to play music, talk memory, and put ourselves back in time to when Cairo was more ours—cosmopolitan, free, full of wonderful privileges—than it had become. Although by then I was a Nasserite and a fierce anti-imperialist, it was much easier than supposed to slip back into the style of life represented by Tiegerman's soirées.

Tiegerman died in 1967, a few months after the June War. Although he kept his Polish passport, he was subject to Egyptian residency laws, taxes, and the miscellaneous rigors of Nasser's regime. He chafed under the restrictions but refused to consider moving to Israel. "Why should I go there?" he said rhetorically. "Here I am unique; there many people are like me. Besides," he added, "I love Cairo." During the early sixties I started seeing him in Kitzbühel, Austria, where he had built himself a tiny cottage in which he had installed an old Broadwood grand and a Pleyel upright. By this time our friendship had become almost totally nostalgic and reminiscent; its bases had shifted to an absent Cairo of splendid people, charming clothes, magnificent parties, all of which had disappeared. My own last symbolic memory of Tiegerman was watching him at his conservatoire listening in 1959 to his most gifted student, a stunningly fluent and accomplished young married woman, a mother of four, who played with her head completely enclosed in the pious veil of a devout Muslim.

Neither Tiegerman nor I could understand this amphibious woman, who with a part of her body could dash through the *Appassionata* and with another venerated God by hiding her face. She never said a word in my presence, although I must have heard her play or met her at least a dozen times. Tiegerman entered her in the Munich piano competition, but she didn't do well in that overheated and cutthroat atmosphere.

Like Tiegerman, she was an untransplantable emanation of Cairo's genius; unlike him, her particular branch of the city's history has endured and even triumphed. For a brief moment then, the conjunction of ultra-European and ultra-Islamic Arab cultures brought forth a highlighted image that typified the Cairo of my early years. Where such pictures have since gone I don't know, but part of their poignancy for me is that I am certain they will never recur. □


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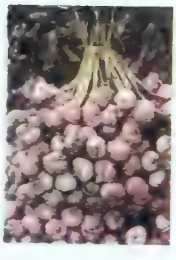
A TASTE OF THE NEW WORLD

In quest of America's heartland, Alexander Cockburn turns to the latest cookbooks

The search for America's gastronomic soul is reaching decadence. Jane and Michael Stern, for example, report that "there is one particular shade of Jell-O that is as evocative of an Iowa cafe as a black beret and a glass of wine are of Paris. The color is Herman Munster green, made with lime Jell-O and whipped topping. . . . Its briny hue inspires nautical names, such as 'Under the Sea Salad.' . . . We distinctly remember a phase in the mid-1970s when menus referred to it as 'Watergate Salad'—the etymology of which evades us."

This passage is characteristic of the great search alluded to above. The Sterns have been there, no doubt about it, viewed firsthand the great green fields of Jell-O and munched away at them, too. There is, on the other hand, a cuteness, patronizing at times, cloaking the prose just like one of those dressings along the salad bar from the Jell-O pots. The facetiousness about Watergate is clear enough, but in *Real American Food* one is never sure how much tongue the Stern team has got stuck in its cheek. They're lyrical about the deserving and the undeserving alike. Perhaps this is the path of true scholarship, for history should know the horrors of American chop suey (cook macaroni until soft . . .) as well as about Navaho fry bread, one of the glories of the Southwest.





Above: California chef John Sedlar's antelope stencils for a chocolate-truffle torte with caramel lime sauce: *Right:* Large amounts of garlic are used in Mexico's Oaxaca dishes.

White Trash Cooking keeps a straighter face than the Sterns, but the cuteness is there too, ladled out with a heavy hand from a well-greased skillet. Ernest Mickler's hymn to Southern fare has had a big success as a regional in-joke and won some well-bred metro-snickers, too. A dish called Loretta's Chicken Delight is fairly representative: "Place a layer of asparagus (No. 14 can) in bottom of greased casserole; add a layer of (chopped, cooked) chicken, pimiento, eggs, and cracker crumbs. Repeat. Dilute (one can of cream of chicken) soup with water; pour over casserole. Sprinkle with additional (soda cracker) crumbs. Place slices of oleo over top. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes." This is a very extreme reaction to high seriousness about food. Mickler's photographs commemorating white-trash gastroculture are good.



Shrimp in chipotle sauce Barra Vieja style from the south Pacific Coast of Mexico.

The genuine thing in the down-home genre is *The Buster Holmes Restaurant Cookbook,* first published seven years ago and put out in a couple of subsequent editions by the Pelican Publishing Company of Gretna, Louisiana. Buster Holmes has been cooking red beans and rice, along with hot or smoked sausage, garlic chicken, coon and rice, and other pleasures for a long time: between 1960 and 1986 at 721 Burgundy Street in the French Quarter of New Orleans and now in the Jackson Brewery complex. He started its predecessor on Dumaine Street back in the 1940s. The stuff is pretty echt right down to the foggy black-and white-photos of him and his staff and associates. Ever since Paul Prudhomme put blackened redfish up there in the pantheon with such present-day fashion favorites as duck sausage, polenta, and blue-corn tortillas, the presses have been turning out Cajun


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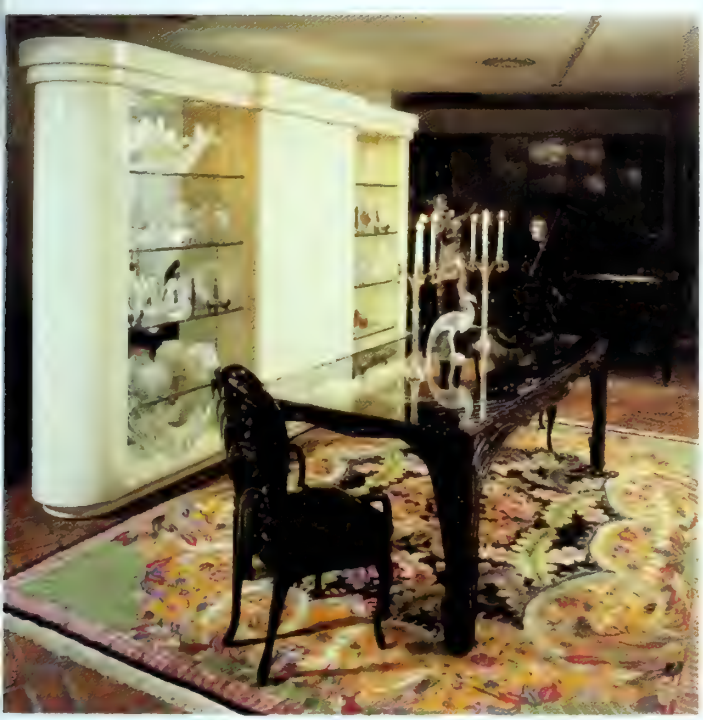
Her weekly syndicated column, "Living in Style", underscores her obsession with the art of living well, which is apparent in the furniture she designs and manufactures in her own 60,000 square foot factory located around the corner from the Los Angeles showroom.

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ABOVE: Four of the countless vignettes in the twenty-seven thousand square foot showplace which Vogue Magazine described as "reason enough to go to Los Angeles".

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and Creole recipes. The books by Jude Theriot and Alex Patout are useful examples. But Buster's book is certainly a quicker and cheaper way of getting to the Delta than any other.

Rounding out the search for America's edible heart are LeRoy Woodson Jr.'s brief and well-photographed *Roadside Food,* with further hymns by divers hands to fly-by-night eating, and the copious though unfortunately titled *I Hear America Cooking* by Betty Fussell. Ms. Fussell works her way through the main regions—from the post-Aztecan cuisine of the Southwest counterclockwise through the Delta, Southeast Dixie, the clams and lobsters of New England, the whitefish, pickled beef, and dairy country round the Great Lakes and on to the Pacific Northwest. "These," she says, "were ports of entry where culture contacts were extreme and voices still distinct." Ms. Fussell is not as hot-eyed as some of the heralds of the new national cuisine. In fact, her restraint is exemplary: "Now that America has bred its first generation of native-born chefs, it wants to establish an 'authentic' American voice, but it keeps looking to French models. Yet the best of the new American cooking is as muddled and as shifty as the old. The pacesetter of California's new style is Alice Waters, born in New Jersey, ravished by Provence, and married to the communes of Berkeley, where she dishes up Pacific-Provençale in a Monterey-style house called Chez Panisse. . . . The spokesman for Manhattan's new all-American style is Lawrence Forgione [of the American Place], who flies in 'native' American ingredients to Madison Avenue as if a morel from Michigan would make a place American and a French *morelle* would not." This is worth saying, as is Ms. Fussell's homage to native American influence, for she points out that the triple combination of salt, sweet, and crisp, a characteristic taste of American food, finds its roots in the country's most ancient ways of preserving food—by drying, smoking, and seasoning. The "need to annihilate time and distance established the American taste for smoky, hot, salt, sweet, and crisp—all at once and plenty of it."

Successful chefs write cookbooks, just as victorious generals write memoirs. So these days the chefs tend to write about the new American cuisine, or NAC. And who could be more successful than Wolfgang Puck, Austrian-born impresario of Spago and Chinois, both guzzledromes for the beautiful people of Los Angeles? Here is a representative Puck-pourri, of pizzas, of spicy pasta with wild mushrooms and grilled duck breasts, of chicken breasts stuffed with goat cheese and fresh herbs and accompanied by chanterelle and Maui onion vinaigrette, of crab in black-bean sauce. Often the combinations—particularly to someone who has not had a movie deal as hors d'oeuvres—seem strained. Why spoil a perfectly decent oyster with curry powder? Can there be anything more barbarous than mixing hot cream, smoked salmon, golden caviar, and pasta? This is the sort of recipe that historians of the twenty-first century will purse their lips over. "Let them purse," Puck would no doubt cry. Like all talented showmen, he knows exactly what people are prepared to be told they want, and his book usefully records what he proffered and what they were prepared delightedly to accept.



Inca pink coconut sweets are found all over Mexico

If there's a gross edge to Puck's outré gastronomic equations, Anne Rosenzweig's *The Arcadia Seasonal Mural and Cookbook* is a somewhat more refined version of the same thing, more appropriate to the chic repose of the Manhattan restaurant of that name. Puck throws smoked salmon into his pasta and Rosenzweig puts mint-cured salmon into hers. Sometimes they converge: Puck sets his quail on corn cakes and Rosenzweig hers on kasha. Sometimes the same questions obtrude. Why bother to trap a lobster, trundle it all the way to Manhattan, and then chimney-smoke the thing? This is curried-oyster syndrome all over again, even accepting Ms. Rosenzweig's somewhat stiff remark that "there is nothing impromptu about the recipes here."

Jeremiah Tower was head chef of Chez Panisse in the 1970s and then went on to a renowned string of restaurants in the San Francisco area. Of all compendia of the NAC that I've come across his is the most alluring. The recipes in his *New American Classics* make you want to cook them, from the lamb shanks through the grilled ham hocks to the braised sweetbreads. These, it should be said, are the dishes that appeal to someone brought up in County Cork, Ireland, but there will no doubt be something for you too, from the toasted chicken and ancho chili sandwich on up. The photographs by Ed Carey are top-notch gastroporn. I particularly recommend the energetic asparagus with hollandaise and bits of tomato on page 38, the roasted bell pepper with anchovy salad on page 167 which is fondly reminiscent of those insanely lurid compositions that illustrated Henri Pellaprat's mighty tome, and the backlit pastoral on pages 138–39.

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n steamed roll? Copeland Marks gives he answer—and the recipe—in *The Varied Kitchens of India.* Take the gim out of mo mo and you get mo mo, or steamed meat dumplings as eaten by he Tibetans in Darjeeling. Mr. Marks s full of this kind of information, not just about those Tibetans but about Jewish cuisine in Calcutta, which can strike back at mo mo with dol dol, a creamy coconut fudge, and about the sort of food set upon the tables of Anglo-Indians, Kashmiris, and Parsis. There are a couple of brain recipes, to mention a variety meat that has yet to get NACed. Ismail Merchant does not drop brains into his *Indian Cuisine,* but addicted spice-pounders will find some good recipes in it, along with generous portions of Mr. Merchant's Puck-size ego.

From cumin and turmeric to chilis and masa: good Mexican cooking, beyond the rustic burrito and its relatives, is beautiful in the tilt it gives to one's preconceptions. Patricia Quintana's *The Taste of Mexico* is an elegant and copious testament to that fact. In the manner of Betty Fussell, Señora Quintana works through the regions of Mexico, from the beef and beans of norteño cooking to the moles and ant tacos of Oaxaca. It's too bad really that the NAC folk do not seem inclined to get much farther south than New Mexico. It would be nice to be able to get shrimp in chipotle sauce Barra Vieja style without having to climb in an airplane and travel south of the border to get it. But shrimp-stuffed empanadas with annatto seeds shouldn't be beyond NAC competence. The spirit of NAC is fulsomely rendered in John Sedlar's *Modern Southwest Cuisine,* which belongs to the history of interior design rather than gastronomy and reminds me of the New York NAC waiter who indignantly refused to change a vegetable because "it would spoil the chef's color scheme."

Beyond the sloppy joes and Philadelphia garbage plates hymned by the Sterns, beyond the pasta and smoked-salmon combos, beyond the blue-corn tortilla, beyond the blackened redfish there are new worlds to be tasted. For every glance inward to the lime green Jell-O of the heartland there must be a march into the unknown, for if imperial intervention can be confined to gastronomy, all will be well. □

Books mentioned in this review:

A TASTE OF THE MOUNTAINS COOKING SCHOOL COOKBOOK
by Steven Raichlen
Poseidon, 350 pp., $16.95

MOLLY KEANE'S NURSERY COOKING
by Molly Keane
McDonald, 160 pp., $19.95

WHITE TRASH COOKING
by Ernest Matthew Mickler
Ten Speed, 134 pp., $12.95

I HEAR AMERICA COOKING
by Betty Fussell
Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking
516 pp., $24.95

JEREMIAH TOWER'S NEW AMERICAN CLASSICS
by Jeremiah Tower
Harper & Row, 233 pp., $25

THE VARIED KITCHENS OF INDIA
by Copeland Marks
Evans, 288 pp., $35

THE TASTE OF MEXICO
by Patricia Quintana
Stewart, Tabori & Chang
304 pp., $35

THE BUSTER HOLMES RESTAURANT COOKBOOK: NEW ORLEANS HANDMADE COOKIN'
by Buster Holmes
Pelican, 124 pp., $8.95

REAL AMERICAN FOOD
by Jane and Michael Stern
Knopf, 335 pp., $19.95

ISMAIL MERCHANT'S INDIAN CUISINE
by Ismail Merchant
A Joan Kahn Book, St. Martin's Press
247 pp., $19.95

FRENCH COOKING IN TEN MINUTES
by Edouard de Pomiane
Farrar, Straus and Giroux
142 pp., $9.95

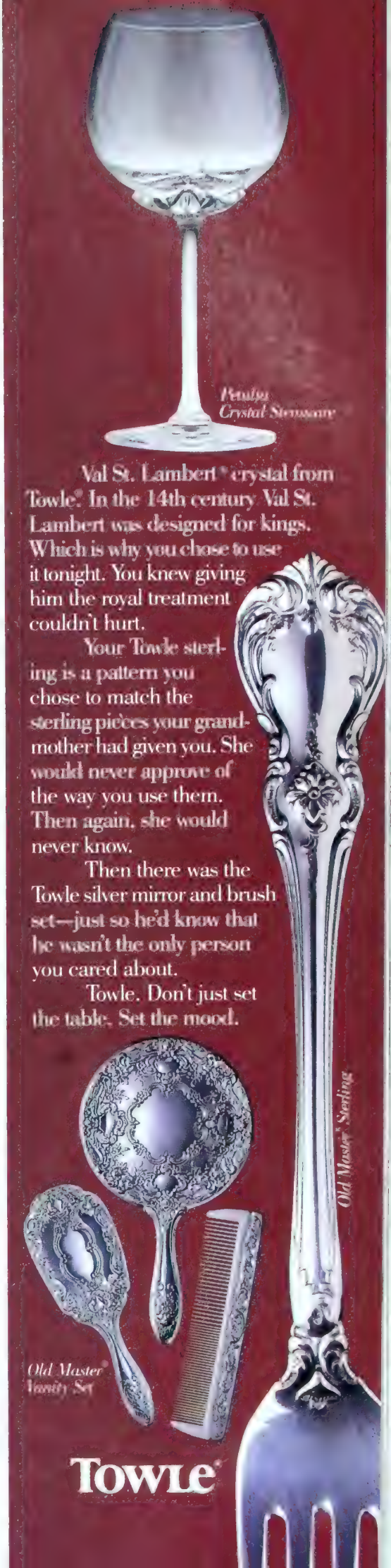
THE ARCADIA SEASONAL MURAL AND COOKBOOK
by Anne Rosenzweig
mural by Paul Davis
Abrams, 28 pp. foldout, $14.95

ROADSIDE FOOD
by LeRoy Woodson Jr. and others
Stewart, Tabori & Chang
160 pp., $14.95

WILD FOOD
by Roger Phillips
Little, Brown, 192 pp., $19.95

THE WOLFGANG PUCK COOKBOOK: RECIPES FROM SPAGO, CHINOIS AND POINTS EAST AND WEST
by Wolfgang Puck
Random House, 306 pp., $19.95

MODERN SOUTHWEST CUISINE
by John Sedlar
Simon and Schuster
222 pp., $22.95



THE PARAMETERS OF FRAMING

The right frame suits the picture, the room it will hang in, and the taste of the owner

By Mark Hampton

One Saturday many years ago when I was an art-history student, I was an usher for a benefit tour of the Robert Lehman house on West 54th Street before the collection moved to the Metropolitan Museum. I was assigned to a room at the top of the house which was devoted to Mr. Lehman's collection of drawings by many artists from many periods and countries—Dürer, Leonardo, Rembrandt, and Fragonard, to name a few. The framing of the drawings reflected their individual types and dates. Two women who were among the throng of visitors that day moved silently from picture to picture. At the end one said to the other, "There's a fortune here in frames alone!" I wondered what she thought of Leonardo's drawing of a bear or of the pen-and-ink self-portrait by Dürer at age 22. What was apparent, however, was their admiration of the framing. It seemed a pity to prefer the frames to the actual works of art within. Just as bad, though, is the practice of ignoring the importance of mats and frames or pretending that they do not really matter. They matter a lot and in a complex way because not only personal taste is involved. It is important to think about pictures and how they relate to one another and to the decoration of the rooms they hang in. And the frames are a part of all of this.



The life-size Sargent portrait of the Marquess of Londonderry as displayed in its original London setting. Now hanging in New York minus the pediment and related architectural carving, the picture has a very different impact.

The architecture of the rooms in which pictures hang has historically carried great weight in the design of the frames used. The illustration shows the original London setting of a life-size portrait by Sargent of the Marquess of Londonderry in the robes he wore to the coronation of Edward VII in August 1901. As one can see, the design of the vast frame relates exactly to the frames of the doorways that flank it. In the same way that the frescoed frames of painted ceiling and wall decoration of the sixteenth century integrated the artwork into the architectural scheme of the space, Lord Londonderry's gilt-wood frame allows the gigantic portrait to melt into the atmosphere of the room. Rather than hang on the wall, it becomes *part* of the wall. What is fascinating is that this marvelous Sargent now hangs in a New York apartment in the same frame you see here, minus its scrolled pediment. The original frame, in conjunction with its complementary architecture, had the effect of reducing the impact of the picture, whereas the present situation of the portrait has the opposite effect. The architecture is greatly reduced in scale, leaving no room for an enormous pediment, and the heroic size of the painting itself contributes greatly to a dazzling impression.

The most architectural treatment of picture framing I have ever seen, and one of the most successful, was execut-

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When I have to frame a number of prints and drawings and do not want them to have a mass-produced look, I divide them up among several framers.

ed by David Adler in the Lake Bluff, Illinois, house that he designed in 1926 for Mr. and Mrs. William McCormick Blair. In the stair hall Mr. Adler, a man I admire more with every passing year, planned the panels of the pine walls to correspond to the size of a fine collection of Currier & Ives lithographs with the result that the paneling itself becomes the framing for the prints. It was a brilliant success, all the more so because it combined traditional, straightforward pine paneling with a tremendously original idea.

No doubt the most common path to follow when selecting picture frames is that indicated by the period and country of origin of the work of art itself. The ebonized, deeply molded seventeenth-century Dutch frames with their minutely carved checkered patterns are perfectly suited to most paintings of that country and period. But they are also uncannily appropriate with big dark portraits of any era and with strong contemporary black-and-white drawings and prints; I can even imagine a dark Jasper Johns framed this way. Whether or not your decorating includes glass-and-chrome furniture or nineteenth-century plush dripping with fringe, these bold stylish frames are totally in keeping both with the forms of art mentioned and with the disparate styles of decoration individual collectors might favor.

Italian Renaissance frames possess the same infallible correctness with regard to paintings of their period and the task of blending in with different types of decoration. Here, however, one gets into a bit of a briar patch. The frames' architectural carving with pilasters and architraves and pediments is not conducive to reproduction and, to make matters worse, Renaissance frames often bear traces of faded polychromy. Copying this finish defies modern materials. So while fake Dutch frames are pretty easy to pull off, fake quattrocento ones are not. Now, if the latter is one cranked out by Duveen for Mr. Morgan in 1900, you might have a chance. Otherwise, you had better be careful and discreet.

Care and discretion—the rule applies, I suppose, to all fakes or, rather, reproductions. Large-scale florid Spanish frames with their somewhat unrefined foliated scroll carvings and their bold juxtaposition of gold and black have an interestingly broad application to any framing lexicon, and they can be old or new. First of all, it will come as no surprise to hear that they look great on Spanish paintings. But it has been widely demonstrated in museums and galleries that they also look splendid on many contemporary pictures as well. Modern frames often lack the scale and the richness of material and surface that artworks seem to need in frames. There is something not very satisfying about polished steel and Plexiglas unless these two machine-age materials are closely related to the architecture or decoration of their surroundings. My feeling is that the crudeness of these Spanish frames corresponds with the insouciant energy of a great deal of twentieth-century painting.

Impressionist paintings are frequently framed in beautifully carved, gessoed, and gilded eighteenth-century French frames. In fact, Rococo frames are the conventional ones chosen for most Impressionist paintings. It is, of course, obvious that eighteenth-century French *anything* has an almost mystical ability to fit in, and the beauty of antique French frames is often on a par with the furniture in terms of the quality of the carving and the gilding. Fortunately for us all, these elaborate scroll- and flower-carved Louis XV frames and the simpler, more linear and architectural Louis XVI frames (in short, they resemble the furniture of their periods) have been made continuously for the past two hundred years, so there are a lot of old ones around. And if old ones are not within your reach, then remember the care-and-discretion rule and opt for the simplest interpretation possible and the *best*. Imitation gold leaf is worse than no gold at all.

There is a large and rather obscure category of picture frames which is of great interest. These are the frames designed by the artists themselves. At the loftiest extreme one could cite Jan van Eyck's illusionistic frames on which the artist has written an inscription or on the edge of which the portrait sitter rests his fingers. More recent examples include Seurat's Pointillist-painted frames, Whistler's unmistakably chic frames composed of endless, finely reeded moldings (Whistler was almost *too* chic), and finally all those Aesthetic movement painters who designed frames individually to relate to specific paintings. They are characteristic of a period of taste which was obsessed with ornament and decoration.

Our own period might also be called obsessive, and although it is seldom possible to commission grand frames for paintings of a significant scale, it is certainly possible to play around with the frames that one uses on prints and other works not weighed down with great importance or value. This, of course, requires a skillful and experienced framer. I have seen David Roberts prints of Egypt framed in bold Regency-style frames with an Egyptian flavor which in no way overwhelm the prints themselves and which play an important part in the decoration of the room. In recent years we have become accustomed to seeing botanical prints with brightly marbleized and generally painted-up frames and mats. It is interesting that this sort of extravagantly whimsical framing is OK with sets of prints. One alone doesn't seem to work. When I have to frame a number of prints and drawings and do not want



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them to have a mass-produced look, divide them up among several framers. As a result, the finishing of the frames and mats varies. I also love scavenging around for old frames. Sooner or later you can find something to fit, and the beauty of old surfaces is always welcome. From time to time old mats are in acceptable shape and only require a new frame. Whether it is old or newly executed, a good French mat with its soft bands of watercolor wash and sepia outlines is one of the great ways to enhance an old print or watercolor. Double mats of contrasting board colors are another possibility.

The safety of works on paper is terribly important and most good framers know enough about conservation principles that you don't have to worry, but if you are unfamiliar with the shop's work, it is a good idea to be sure they use pure-rag board for the mat and the proper kind of paste on the mount in order to avoid foxing and discoloration. There are also new types of glass that protect prints and drawings against fading in the light.

The subjective aspect of framing is very difficult to codify. In our time paintings have often been hung with no frames at all, and the result can be bold and stylish. Then there are the less successful experiments—for example, the uniform, skimpy frames on the works collected by the Museum of Modern Art in the early years, frames that defy the individuality of the paintings themselves. They also look cheap, and one of the essential qualities of art is the fact that it is rare and special and oftentimes rich. If you want to experiment, then put yourself in the hands of the best technician possible. In addition, you must study the history of framing, analyze your artwork and your taste, and finally make sure that you don't put up with a frame that is out of place in the decorative vocabulary of your house just because it happened to be on the picture when you bought it from the gallery. It would be crazily extravagant for a gallery to anticipate the taste of a picture's ultimate buyer, and so gallery frames are often cheap and ordinary. Frames, as I have said, not only set off pictures but also relate them to the architecture and decoration of their surroundings—no element should be ordinary. □



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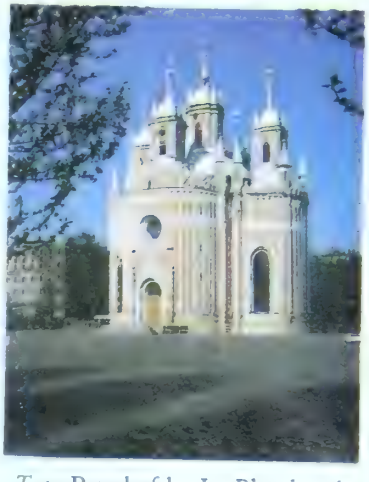
By Sir Fitzroy Maclean

Finding myself in Finland not so long ago, I couldn't resist the happy opportunity offered of a quick trip to one of my favorite cities anywhere, namely Leningrad. A comfortable Soviet train (two to a first-class compartment) leaves Helsinki after lunch and reaches Leningrad in plenty of time for dinner. So after an excellent meal at the Helsinki Station restaurant we spent an agreeable summer's afternoon watching the pine forests of southern Finland slide by, much refreshed by occasional glasses of tea provided by the attractive Russian conductress from her samovar. (The Helsinki-Leningrad Express is something of a showpiece.) A stop for frontier formalities gave me the chance for a stroll up and down the platform in the sunshine, and an hour or two later we were pulling into Leningrad's famous Finland Station.



In Leningrad I always stay at the Hotel Astoria. Built in 1912 on the lines of the London or Paris Ritz, the Astoria has stayed open for business under the same richly evocative name ever since, despite Russia's rather sudden transition from capitalism to communism only five years after it opened. Designed for the beau monde of St. Petersburg and their friends from abroad, it still manages to retain something of its old atmosphere with its charming mock Louis XV bedrooms, and for me a cozy sauna has now further added to its charms. As in most Soviet hotels, the food is apt to be chancy, but in addition to the perennial boeuf Stroganov and cutlets à la Kiev, one can in an emergency always fall back on caviar and vodka, which with me quickly induce a sunny mood. Or for a change you can walk a few hundred yards along the nearby Nevsky Prospekt to the Hotel Europa—built in 1854 and lavishly refurbished in 1910—where the stained glass and Art Nouveau of the dining room alone repay a visit.

In contrast to Leningrad's vast new concrete hotels, the Astoria also has the great advantage of being situated right in the center of the city. Outside it, a florid equestrian statue of Nicholas I in the full-dress uniform of the Chevalier Guards quickly takes you back to czarist days, while from our window we looked out on the immense bronze dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral. The first person we met in the lobby, as it happened, was Prince George Galitzine, who with his unique local knowledge was taking a group of British friends around the palaces, most of them at one time frequented by his own parents and their relations. "Our prince," as they call him, is as popular in Leningrad and Moscow as he is in London, where he lives. Next day on his recommendation we called on the curator of the Chinese Palace at Oranienbaum on the gulf of Finland (which formerly belonged to George's grandfather, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz); she is a lady of great charm and equal erudition who personally showed us round the delightful little palace, which with her help has been admirably restored and is now open to the public. A pink single-story Baroque pavilion of seventeen rooms on a little stone terrace overlooking an artificial lake, the Chinese Palace was built by Antonio Rinaldi for Catherine the Great, who occasionally used it





Top: Peterhof by Le Blond and Rastrelli, from the Grand Cascade. *Above:* Chesme Palace Church by Veldten. *Right:* A corner of the 1,000-yard-long façade of the palace by Rastrelli at Tsarskoye Selo.

TOP: ALVIS UPITIS/IMAGE BANK; BOTTOM: SIR FITZROY MACLEAN



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tor entertaining her friends. Only the mixed chinoiserie and Rococo of three or four of the rooms justifies its name. But that, if you consider the superlative quality of its decoration and contents, is scarcely important.

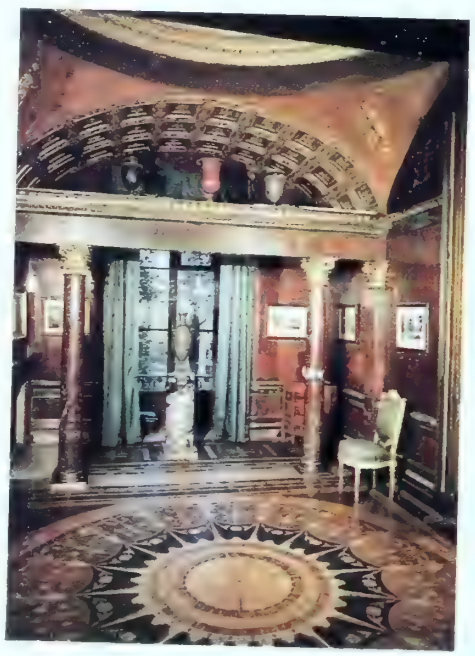
Having provided ourselves with a car—if you are enterprising enough, there is nothing to prevent you from hiring a Soviet self-drive car—we concentrated this time on the former imperial palaces outside Leningrad. Of these the first, and in a way the most fantastic, is Peterhof (in Russian Petrodvorets, or Peter's Palace). As its name indicates, it was the brainchild of that larger-than-life character Peter the Great. You can reach it in half an hour by car from the center of the city or else by Hovercraft, which enables you to arrive at Peter's personal landing stage.

In 1707, while supervising the building of his island fortress of Kronstadt as a defense against Sweden, the czar established himself in a wooden hut right on the shores of the gulf of Finland. The site caught his fancy, and four or five years later he built there a charming seven-room one-story pavilion in the Dutch manner to be known as Mon Plaisir or the Dutch House. Then having seen Versailles and having also observed the gigantic palace that his chief minister and boon companion, the former pastry cook Prince Menshikov, had by this time built himself at Oranienbaum a few miles farther along the coast, he decided that he too wanted something larger, something more in keeping with his new title of emperor, something with a grand cascade.

Not long after, while walking in the hills with some of his nobles, Peter happened on a spring of water gushing from the ground. At once pipes and a reservoir were installed, the French architect Jean Baptiste Le Blond was summoned, and a handsome two-story palace built immediately above the resulting cascade, which springing from the hillside now flows between terraces of golden statues and spurting fountains on its way to the sea.

For Peter's lifetime Peterhof, though considered on the small side, remained unchanged. It was not until





Top: The Palladian courtyard façade of Pavlosk, built for the son of Catherine the Great. *Above:* The Jasper Hall of the Agate Pavilion at Tsarskoye Selo, known as the Thermae and used for hot and cold bathing.

his daughter Elizabeth came to the throne in 1741 that her Italian chief architect Bartolomeo Rastrelli was charged with the task of building something larger. Rastrelli's answer was to add another story to Le Blond's original building and double it in length. He further added to each wing a single-story gallery, one ending in a church and the other in the Heraldic Pavilion, each crowned with a gilt Baroque onion dome. During World War II, Peterhof was terribly damaged by Hitler's armies, but, as I can vouch, having seen it before and after, the palace has now been lovingly restored to its exact prewar condition.

Today, looking up from the foot of the Grand Cascade with its fountain and glittering golden statues, you see long, beautifully proportioned three story yellow building with the flat pi lasters of the central block repeated o the two wings. One golden Baroqu dome bears a cross, the other a double headed eagle. Many of Rastrelli's mag nificent interiors were destroyed during the war, but others with thei scrolls, garlands, and gilt plasterwor have either survived or else have beer so well restored as to be indistinguish able from the originals. The grounds are divided by the palace itself into an upper and a lower park, through which the waters of the Grand Cascade flow on their way to the gulf of Finland. In the lower park are Mon Plaisir and two other charming small pavilions, Marly and the Hermitage, all first built in Peter's time. Also a number of trick fountains especially designed to spray unwary visitors with water.

Every summer under the czars Peterhof was the scene of a gigantic fête champêtre, the palace and grounds being thrown open to anyone who cared to come and the czar's generous invitation being taken up enthusiastically by well over a hundred thousand people of all sorts and conditions, many of whom would camp out in the park for the night. Clearly it was a very Russian occasion. Mrs. Disbrowe, a British diplomat's wife, who with her husband was lucky enough to be asked to dinner with the emperor on one such occasion, was considerably impressed by what she saw. "People of every class," she writes, "were admitted to the palace; and it was a striking spectacle to see courtly dames in gold and jewels, emperor, grand dukes and duchesses, princes and counts, whirling through crowds of rustics, men with long beards, women with russet gowns, who gazed with respectful astonishment, and though in close contact with these grandees, showed no symptoms of rudeness, and were as quiet and unpresuming as if they had been bred to palaces and balls."

Strolling through the palace grounds, you can still mingle with what Mrs. Disbrowe called "people of every class" (for in the Soviet Union such dis-

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tinctions are fast returning), and on a fine summer's day with plenty of hot bun and ice-cream vendors to supply your immediate needs an excursion to Petrodvorets can be a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

As famous as Peterhof and certainly no less spectacular, the former imperial palace of Tsarskoye Selo (now Pushkin) lies fifteen miles due south of Leningrad. Originally a hunting lodge built as a surprise for Peter the Great by his wife, Catherine, during one of his absences abroad, the Great Palace was left by her on her death to their daughter Elizabeth. Only when Elizabeth herself became empress was she able to transform the modest stone house she had inherited into the magnificent palace she had in mind. The task was entrusted to several architects, but the empress kept changing her mind and actual progress was slow. "It was," wrote her daughter-in-law Catherine the Great, "like the task of Penelope. The work of today was all destroyed on the morrow." Finally in 1752 Elizabeth hit on the architect she needed. Together she and Bartolomeo Rastrelli made a fresh start and produced a place that to this day, after all the vicissitudes of two centuries, simply takes your breath away.

You are confronted on arrival with a pillared blue-and-white Baroque façade 1,000 yards long: a pavilion at one end and a great golden-domed church at the other. Eighty tall French windows with wrought-iron balconies are separated from one another by gigantic caryatids, once gilded with pure gold leaf, now a duskier bronze. The main entrance is through a great gate set in an arc of one-story buildings enclosing a semicircular courtyard. On the far side the palace looks out on a formal garden with trees and ornamental water and a Baroque hermitage.

Within the palace, empress and architect produced a succession of magnificent galleries and salons, notably the Great Hall, 260 feet long, with two rows of windows looking out on the park, which provided a splendid setting for the balls and other entertainments in which Elizabeth delighted. "Few people," reported the British minister of the day, "know where she sleeps." For security and no doubt other reasons the fun-loving monarch changed rooms almost nightly, dis-



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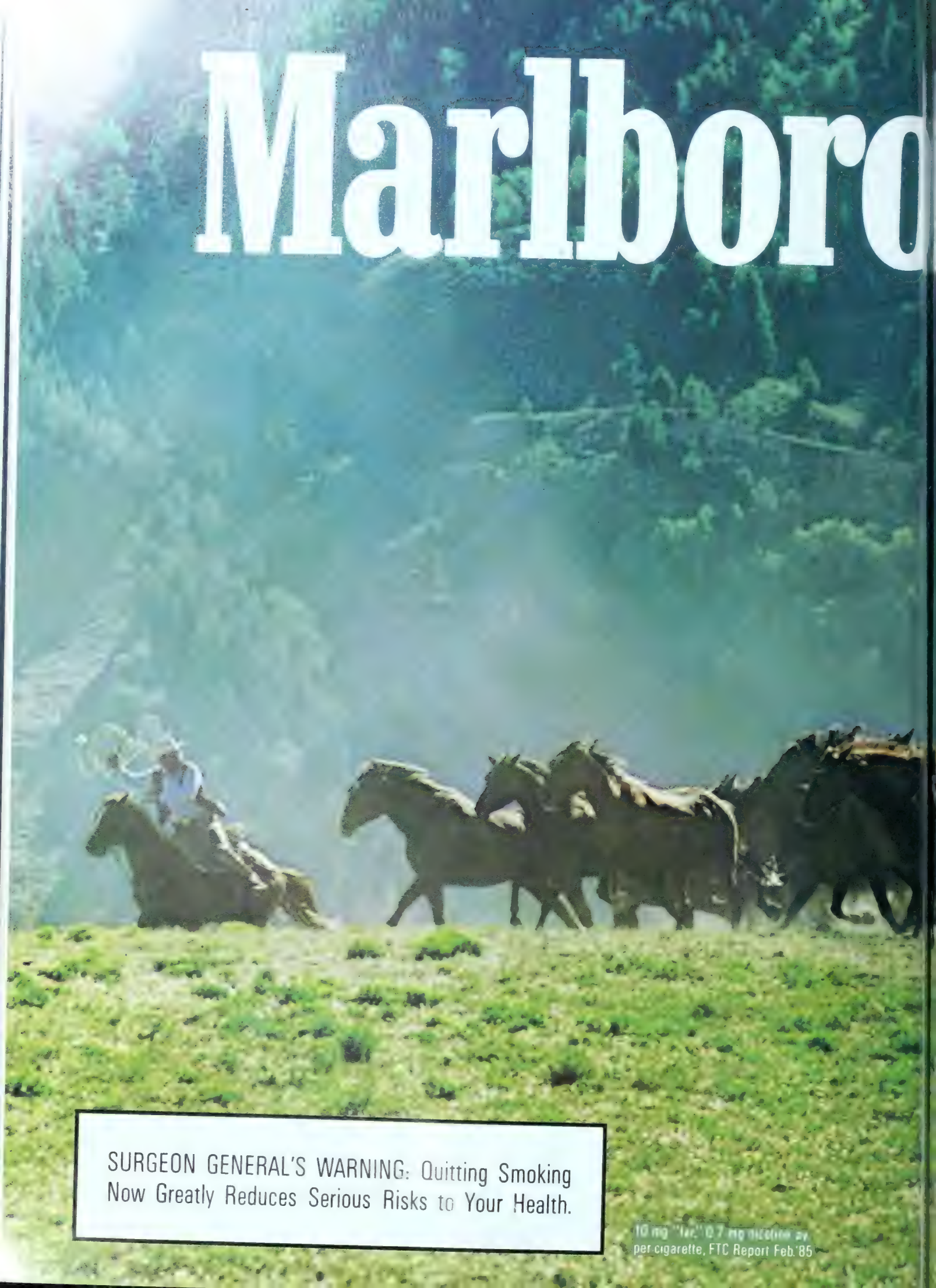
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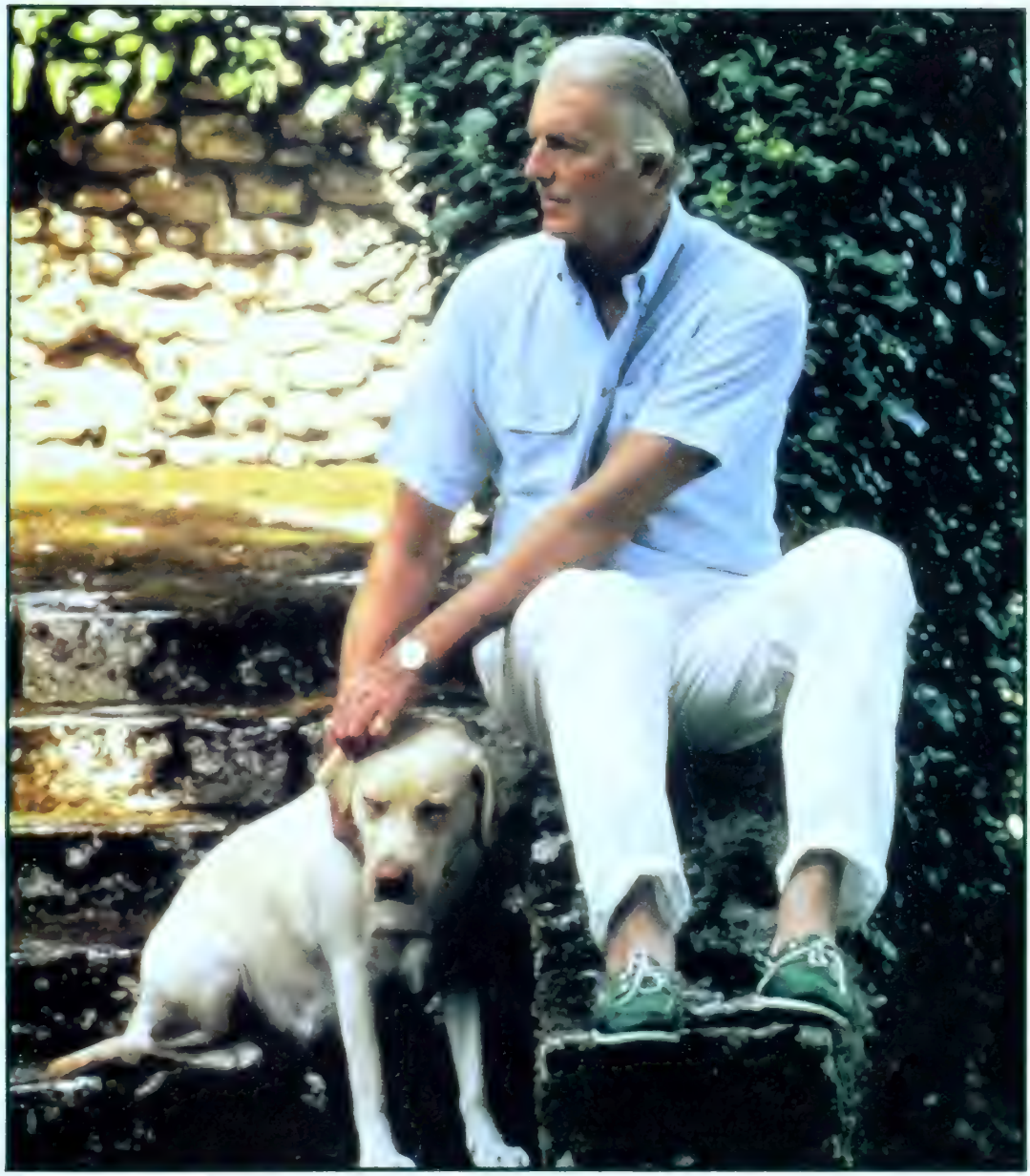
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porting herself with a succession of lusty young lovers. As the same British minister aptly remarked, she had "not an ounce of nun's flesh about her." Which did not, however, prevent her from building herself at Smolny a magnificent Baroque convent in case of need.

But within ten years Tsarskoye Selo had passed into other hands. Catherine the Great's tastes in architecture were different from those of her predecessor. "There is going to be a terrible upheaval at Tsarskoye Selo," she wrote with evident glee soon after her accession to the throne. Like Elizabeth a compulsive builder, Catherine preferred a plainer, more formal, more Classical style to the Baroque exuberance of twenty years earlier. In Charles Cameron, an expatriate Scot, she found the perfect interpreter for her plans. First she commissioned him to construct, decorate, and furnish a suite of eight medium-size rooms at the northern end of the Great Palace, later followed by two more, also on the first floor. Almost completely destroyed during the war, most of the rooms have now been restored with immense care and skill to their original condition. They show the full extent of Cameron's talents, not only as an architect but also as a decorator, a colorist, and a designer of furniture. All in the purest Classical style, they and their contents have a lightness and elegance and show an inventiveness in the use of materials for which it is hard to find a parallel even in the finest French work of the period. Like other foreign architects who worked in Russia, Cameron clearly found in the exotic, lavish atmosphere of the country, and in his patron's abounding enthusiasm, a stimulus that gave a new dimension to his native Scottish genius.

Delighted with his work inside the palace, Catherine next commissioned Cameron to build what she called a "terrace garden with baths below and a gallery above." Work began in 1784. The site chosen adjoined the far end of the Great Palace, so that the empress could walk out of her new apartments on the first floor and straight into a hanging garden, which in turn led to the Agate Pavilion, or bathhouse, lavishly decorated with agate, malachite, and porphyry, and thence to the colon-

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nade, or gallery, which on completion was to be acclaimed by many as Cameron's masterpiece.

From the Great Palace the ground slopes steeply down to an ornamental lake, which made it possible for Cameron to provide the colonnade with a lower floor and finish it off with a pedimented portico, supported by four Ionic columns, and a splendid double staircase. This leads by way of a further flight of steps down to the lake, by the banks of which Catherine, now no longer young, liked to stroll with her dogs, Zemir, Duchesse, and Sir Tom Anderson. All three of these pampered pets are commemorated in death by a nearby monument, as is one of the empress's favorite younger lovers, Lanskoy. Scattered through the park at Tsarskoye are any number of other agreeable monuments, pavilions, and follies: a Baroque grotto by Rastrelli; a Chinese pavilion; a Gothick boathouse, or admiralty; a little Turkish bath with a dome and minaret like a miniature pink mosque.

Just as Charles Cameron was starting work at Tsarskoye, he was invited by Catherine's son and heir, the grand duke Paul, to draw up plans for a palace that he and his wife, Maria Feodorovna, wished to build a few miles southeast of Tsarskoye, to be called in his honor Pavlovsk. Taking time off from his work at Tsarskoye, Cameron now drew up plans for a fine Palladian palace and, to adorn its immediate surroundings, the Temple of Friendship and the Apollo Colonnade in the same manner.

Such were the beginnings of one of the finest Palladian buildings in Russia or anywhere else. Work on the palace was held up by conflicting demands on Cameron's time, by imperial whims and tantrums, and by the unreasonable requests of the young couple. Other architects were called in and played off against one another and against Cameron. But in the main Cameron's original plan prevailed, and it is essentially his palace that survives today.

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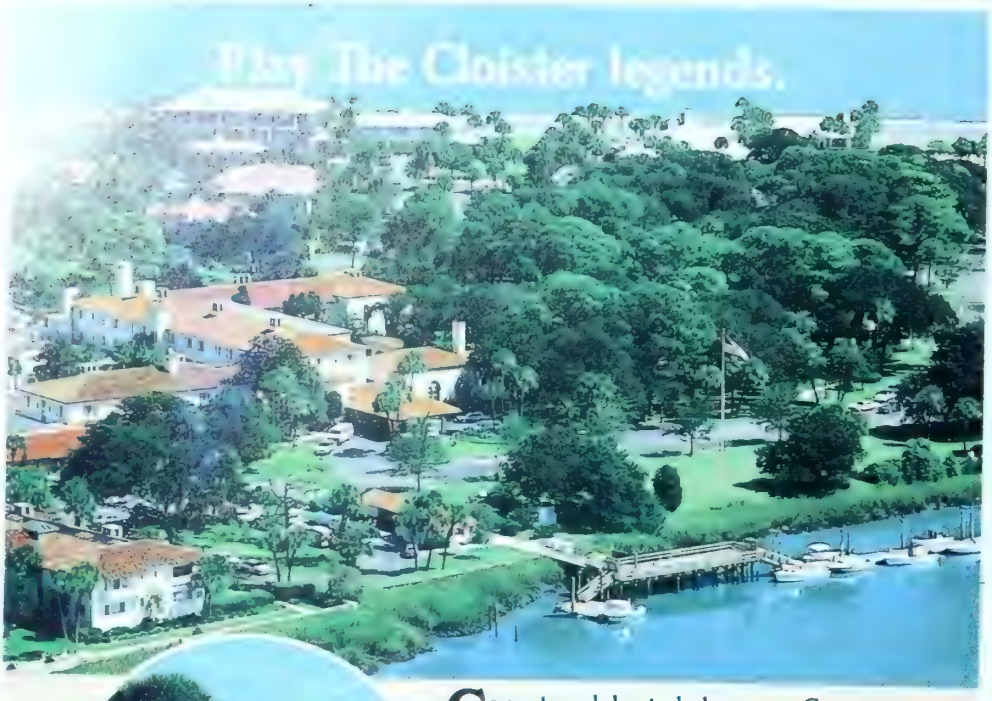
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Above these rises a low green dome supported by slender white columns. From the central block spring semicircular open galleries ending in two pavilions. To these, two curved wings were later added, almost enclosing the resulting courtyard.

For sheer magnificence and purity of style the interior of Pavlovsk equals the exterior. Entering by the Egyptian Vestibule, you pass up the State Staircase to the State Vestibule with its plaster trophies, banners, and breastplates, thence into Cameron's Italian Hall and from the Italian Hall into his no less splendid Grecian Hall, which with its white marble walls and massive Corinthian columns of fluted green marble recalls Robert Adam's Great Hall at Kedleston in Derbyshire. From the Grecian Hall you come on one side to the apartments of the grand duchess Maria Feodorovna and on the other to those of her husband, Paul. All white and gold with a wealth of trophies, cornucopias, and plaster garlands, both suites of apartments are in the grandest possible manner. In the later wings are accommodated a curved picture gallery and library.

Halfway between Leningrad and Pavlovsk any true enthusiast of the exotic will seek out the church and palace of Chesme. Built in the Turkish manner, they celebrate a Russian victory over the Turks in 1770 at Chesme off the coast of Anatolia and not unsuccessfully combine the Eastern and eighteenth-century Gothick styles in a praiseworthy attempt to recall the kiosks and pavilions of the Bosporus. The church in particular is quite fantastic. Shaped like a quatrefoil and painted a cheerful shade of ocher, it has an apse surmounted by a turret and cupola for each point of the compass, the whole lavishly encrusted with Gothick designs in white stucco like icing on a wedding cake. There could be no happier note on which to end a tour of some of the most spectacular eighteenth-century architecture in the world.

After spending a few days in Russia, our return journey by train to Finland was as pleasant as the outward journey had been and, enjoying a leisurely dinner on our British Airways flight back to London, we congratulated ourselves on having discovered an agreeable new approach route to Leningrad. □





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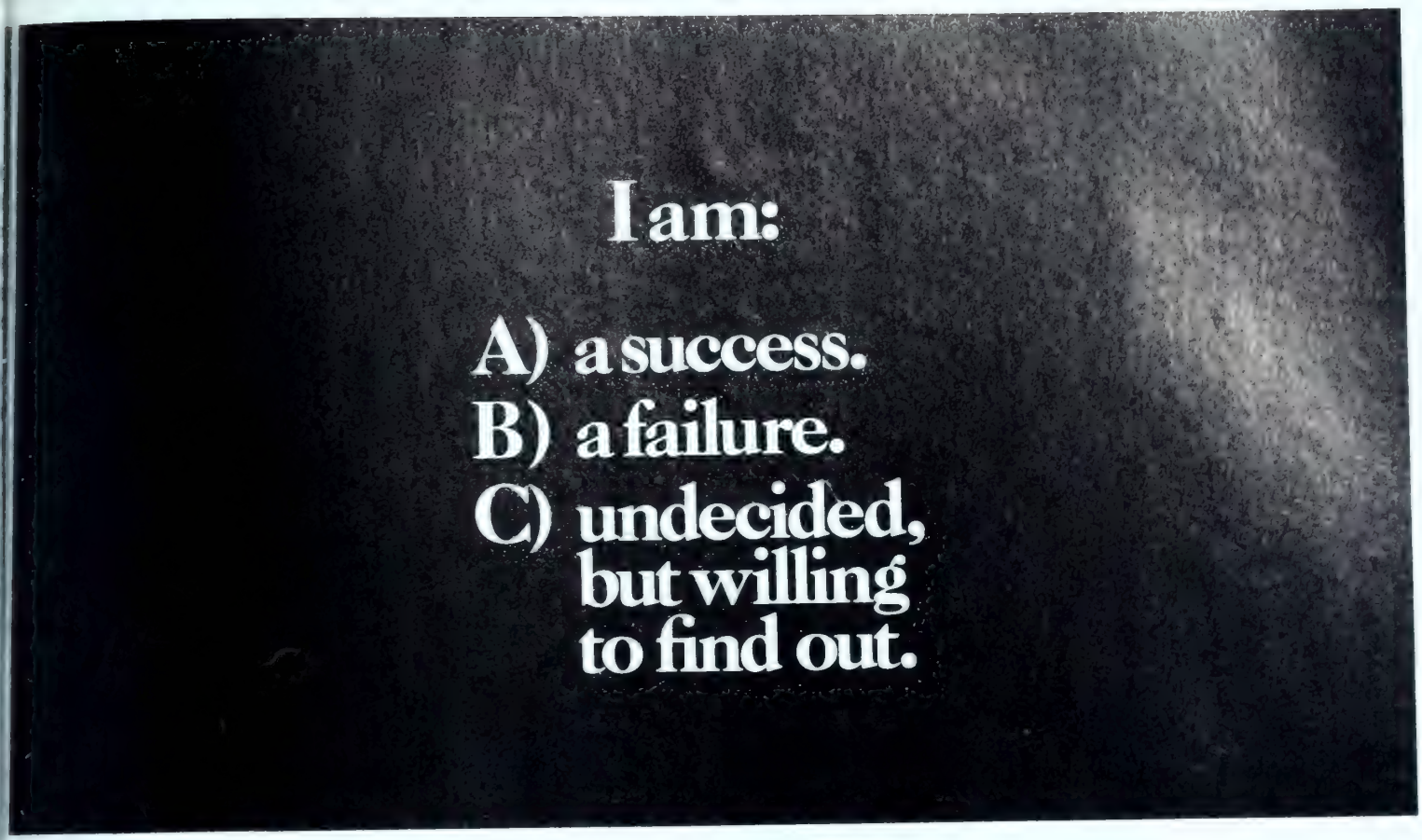
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JOURNAL

On the arts scene



PRIMAL WEAVE

The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco have acquired the oldest complete knotted-pile carpet outside Russia. Woven in the Arab city of Fustat (Old Cairo) about 1,200 years ago, the fragile woolen carpet, *above,* has a singular central motif: part lion, part cryptogram perhaps—but all wonder. *Margaret Morse*

GHOSTLY HOMES

English photographer Simon Marsden scared up Britain's and Ireland's spookiest places for *The Haunted Realm* (Dutton, $19.95). Plas Pren in Wales, *right,* say two startled eyewitnesses, is home to a "tall, luminous skeleton."



GREEN MANSIONS

Palmy days are here again. The Philadelphia Flower Show—America's oldest and grandest—winds up its week-long exhibit on March 15. And April 8–12 the San Francisco Landscape Garden Show turns Pier 3 into a 35-garden indoor promenade overlooking the Bay. (These three views, *right* and *below,* are from the San Francisco show's debut last year.) An added pleasure: during the final hours nearly all the specimens go on sale. *M.M.*







HENRY BOWLES



PEKING LUCK

Franco Zeffirelli's new Metropolitan Opera production of *Turandot, left,* opening in New York on March 12, is the designer-director's third Met foray into Puccini after an acclaimed *Boheme* and a berated *Tosca.* But it has a tough act to follow: Cecil Beaton's 1961 mounting of the chinoiserie fable, a rare glory in the Met's dismal design history. *Martin Filler*



A TALENT TO AMUSE

Noël Coward stories make up a sharp-witted five-part *Masterpiece Theater* series, *Star Quality,* beginning March 29 (PBS). In the series opener the hysterics of the enchanting actress Lorraine Barry (Susannah York, *above*) nearly ruin a young playwright's debut. *Gabrielle Winkel*

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EUGENIA ERRAZURIZ

This Chilean arbiter elegantiae had a Paris salon and championed minimalism in art, fashion, and even people

By John Richardson

Eugenia Errazuriz? Who today remembers the name? And yet in 1938 no less a perfectionist than Jean Michel Frank hailed her (in *Harper's Bazaar,* 1938) for her "elegance, taste, love of the beautiful." "Her influence is indispensable," he said. Sixteen years later in his book on tastemakers, *Glass of Fashion* (1954), Cecil Beaton went much further: "[Eugenia Errazuriz's] effect on the taste of the last fifty years," he wrote, "has been so enormous that the whole aesthetic of modern interior decoration, and many of the concepts of simplicity. . .generally acknowledged today, can be laid at her remarkable doorstep." These opinions do him all the more credit given that the lady in question anathematized the very thing—Edwardian clutter and kitsch—that Beaton elevated into a camp cult and ultimately a career.

Who was this paragon? She was born Eugenia Huici, 126 years ago, in an Andean village of the same name. The Huicis—an old Chilean family whose fortune came from silver mines—were believed, at least by Picasso, to have inherited more than a drop of Inca blood. A girl of extraordinary beauty, Eugenia was brought up in the archaic conventions of Spanish colonialism. English nuns in Valparaíso supervised her education: they dinned into her the tenets of a faith which, like the superstitions of her Indian forebears, she would always cherish; and they saw to it that she was fluent, if not always comprehensible, in French and English, and only a little more comprehensible in Castilian. At the age of twenty, Eugenia married José Thomas Errazuriz, a rich landscape painter. Finding the Chilean beau monde stifling and dull, the newlyweds moved to Europe, where relations of one or the other of them were *en poste* in virtually every capital.

The summer of their arrival (1880), the Errazurizes were invited by a cousin, Ramón Subercaseaux—Chilean consul general in Paris and amateur painter—to stay in the Venetian palazzo that he and his wife had rented on the Grand Canal. Among the other guests was a young painter, John Singer Sargent, whom Subercaseaux had been one of the first to discover. When not engaged on a portrait of his hostess, Sargent did some marvelous oil sketches of the ravishing Eugenia, for whom he is said to have fallen. Did she, one wonders, mean as much to Sargent as his gondolier?

Summer over, the Errazurizes settled in Paris, where they spent the next twenty years: he painted, she raised children (a son and two daughters) and







Left: Eugenia Errazuriz by Kollar for *Harper's Bazaar.*
Above: The front hall of her Paris house.
Right: One of 24 drawings of Eugenia by Picasso, 1918.

RIGHT: FROM PABLO PICASSO



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repeatedly sat for her portrait. Eugenia soon stood out from the rest of *le tout Paris* by disdaining the ostentatious froufrou that was all the rage and adopting a low-key style that was the height of fastidiousness. ("Nobody wears a Reboux hat like you, Eugenia," was a compliment she got bored with hearing.) In the thirties, she brought a small swatch of antique stuff, dyed the "Inca pink" of her native Andes, to the attention of Schiaparelli, who exploited it as "shocking pink." But Eugenia's influence on clothes was far less significant than the mark she left on other aspects of life. She stood out for the unconventional sparseness of her rooms, which disdained such period features as portieres, potted palms, and too much passementerie; for her discriminating taste in friends, who included many of Proust's favorites (Madrazos, Bibescos, Helleus, and the like); and above all for her sympathy with and support for new developments in art, literature, and music. "She was what, before 1914, we used to call a *Lebenskünstler,*" someone who remembered the last days of the belle époque and the first days of the modern movement told me. "Eugenia didn't need to paint or write, because she conceived her life as a form of modern art. She did it instinctively—by magic. That's why Picasso held her in such high regard."

After 1900 the Errazurizes moved to London: to Cheyne Walk, next door to Eugenia's bright young nephew, Tony de Gandarillas, whose social graces were to enliven the Chilean embassy in London for the next fifty years or so. Overwhelming charm and diplomatic immunity enabled this neat little opiomane with large round eyes like a lemur to survive brush after brush with scandal. Eyebrows were raised when Eugenia's peculiar photographer friend, the recently widowed Baron de Meyer, caught Tony and the heavyweight Princess Violette Murat consuming an urnful of his wife's ashes under the delusion that it contained cocaine. And, just before the war, Tony surprised the *corps diplomatique* by allowing himself to be photographed—he was by then in his sixties—in court dresses and widow's weeds, as Baroness von Bülop, the heroine of Cecil Beaton's spoof memoirs, *My Royal Past.*

Back, however, to the first decade of the century: Tony and his still-beautiful aunt were constantly to be seen in the more amusing, less philistine milieux of Edwardian society—circles that revolved around the "Souls" and Lady de Grey, the patron of the Ballets Russes. Through this connection Eugenia became a close friend of Diaghilev, whom she would in later years help with fund-raising and what is now called public relations. She also saw much of her old friend Sargent, who likewise lived in Chelsea; and through him she absorbed the Whistlerian aestheticism still associated with this Thames-side stretch of London. England had a great influence on Eugenia, not least in encouraging her passion for things that were simple and good: above all materials—linen, cotton, deal, stone—whose quality improved with laundering or fading, scrubbing or polishing. For she had an acute sense of texture allied to subtle color—a sense that would one day endear her to Braque.

After her husband died of tuberculosis in 1913, Eugenia returned to France, possibly to be near her admirer, the musical patron and *homme du goût,* Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger. During the First World War she met Stravinsky, whom she came to regard as *her* composer (for some years she sent him 1,000 francs a month and kept him in tobacco; in return he gave her a major notebook and dedicated scores to her), just as she came to regard Picasso, whom she met through Jean Cocteau in 1915–16, as *her* painter. Although Picasso never had an affair with Eugenia, they saw each other constantly for the next ten years—indeed never really lost touch. Eugenia it was who transformed Picasso from a scruffy Montparnasse bohemian into the elegant lion of what Max Jacob called his "duchess period"; who took Diaghilev to see him and so paved the way for *Parade* and *Tricorne;* who groomed him for his audience with the king of Spain; and who presided over his courtship of Olga Koklova, the Russian ballerina he subsequently married. And where else did the Picassos spend their honeymoon in 1918 but at Eugenia's Biarritz villa, La Mimoseraie, one of whose rooms the artist frescoed with idyllic Neoclassical scenes?

On his side Picasso adored Eugenia



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[illegible] much as she adored him—a fact confirmed by, of all people, Proust, who refers in the last volume of his novel to society ladies ("touched by art as if by heavenly grace") dwelling "in apartments filled with Cubist paintings, while a Cubist painter lived only for them, and they lived only for him." Proust was writing from personal experience: he had been present when Eugenia unpacked the great Cubist paintings and the portrait drawings that Picasso had given or sold her.

Elsie Mendl's claim to have done the first all-white room is doubtless correct, but Eugenia Errazuriz—who never decorated any rooms but her own, and who incidentally dismissed Lady Mendl's efforts as *cursi* (Spanish for genteel)—is, to my mind, more important because she had the guts to eliminate not just color and decorative frills but the whole panoply of "ghastly good taste." Well before 1914 Eugenia had the walls of her Biarritz villa whitewashed and the floors done in terracotta tiles like a peasant house. She was also decades ahead of her time in combining living and dining rooms, as witness Cecil Beaton's description of La Mimoseraie: "A long wooden shelf, scrupulously scrubbed, ran the length of the wall; and on it for decoration as well as practicality, she placed a still life of hams, huge cheeses and loaves of bread under large bell jars. Her table was always set very informally, though napkins were of the heaviest linen and knives and forks of the best . . . French eighteenth-century silver."

As discriminating about the outside as the inside of her house, Eugenia would spend most mornings at Biarritz working in her garden—barefoot, for just as she liked to drink either the purest spring water or champagne with luncheon, she either went without shoes or wore the highest heels. Rather than plant flower beds, like her neighbors, with canna and dainty borders of little pink begonias or lobelia, she gave over her entire garden to vegetables beautifully set out in rows and rectangles. By the same token she abhorred elaborate floral displays, only liking cut flowers if they were of the simplest variety, simply arranged: a basket full of daisies or wildflowers, or, as Beaton describes, "a simple cream-colored Devonshire pot with a dozen white tulips rammed into it, sticking out to one side and not splayed in the manner usual to flower arrangements." Almost the only embellishments of which Eugenia approved were aromatic plants—rose geranium, lemon verbena, lavender, or jasmine—in flowerpots, never cachepots.

Her Paris house—a *pavillon* attached to Étienne de Beaumont's eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier*—was no less of a legend than La Mimoseraie or its successor, the Villa Angostura. Just as Jean Michel Frank's article and Jean Hugo's memoirs have evoked the dramatic bareness of the rooms, Kollar's photographs, taken fifty years ago, reveal how amazingly up-to-date they still look: the hall with the emerald green garden furniture plonked down on the scrubbed floor, the plain gray coatrack from which hung a basket and an umbrella, the or-



dinary wooden stepladder against the wall, the laundry basket on top of a wicker hamper, the modern deal cupboard found in a street market, and the uncamouflaged radiator. Thanks to Eugenia's ruthlessly exacting eye, nothing seemed simplistic or contrived; it all looked utterly natural.

Another of Eugenia's principles was that a room constantly had to change. "A house that doesn't alter," she used to say, "is a dead house. One must change the furniture . . . rearrange it continually." And so the visitor never knew quite what to expect, apart from such fixtures as a sofa and some armchairs upholstered in plain-colored crash—white or her favorite indigo. Eugenia was as maniacally fussy about the cut of her *housses* (slipcovers) as she was about that of her clothes; she never went anywhere but *chez Leitz*, "the Balenciaga of upholsterers." (Upholstery material even played a role in Eugenia's wardrobe. Paul Morand records her "resolutely more advanced chic . . . [she] looked like a van Dongen in her blue straw hat, her dress of black-and-white mattress ticking, and a slash of carmine on her lips.") In addition to the slipcovered furniture you might, or again might not, find an electric projector for showing photographic slides, a *bureau plat* that was the acme of Neoclassical austerity, a fine pair of seventeenth-century lacquer cupboards, whose doors and shelves were lined with the objects and memorabilia she had banished from her rooms, and—last but not least—marvelous Picassos, above all the great seated figure of 1914 which the artist had given Eugenia saying, "It's so handsome, I wouldn't even have let my father have it."

Eugenia's ability to lead fashion rather than follow it—an open secret in Paris of the thirties—inevitably attracted a number of disciples, *la colonie* these ladies were called, on whom she imposed her own rigid standards and austerity. "Throw out and keep throwing out," she would say. "Elegance means elimination." "*Pas de vivélots*" (her mispronunciation of *bibelots*) was another catch phrase; and the poor ladies who hung on her words would be obliged to chuck out their Fabergé knickknacks, family portraits, Meissen figures. Given the element of self-denial, even mortification in Eugenia's minimalism it comes as no surprise to discover that she was a tertiary Franciscan (a kind of lay nun) and that her penitential habit—a simple black shift—was designed by Chanel.

Fortunately a touch of malice saved the highly strung Eugenia from saint-hood: she was as ruthless with people as with objects. Her "salon" was impeccable, because it was important, like her décor, as much for whom it excluded as whom it included—people as disparate as Braque, Emilio Terry, Radiguet, Jean Hugo. In her late fifties she, who already had her artist (Picasso) and her composer (Stravinsky), decided that she also needed a poet, and so she rallied the up-and-coming French-Swiss Blaise Cendrars (né Freddy Sauser) to her side—a good enough writer but not up to the level of her other lions. On his first visit to

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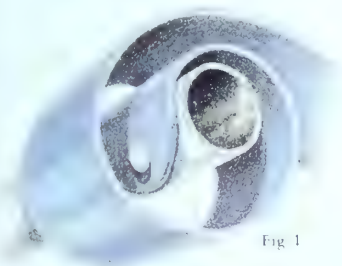


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Cendrars's Louise Farmin (1938). Cendrars was struck by the fastidiousness of the décor, the soft-footedness of the servants, and the simplicity of everything that he decided there and then to write a sequence of poems on the theme of the famous lacquer cupboards; *From Ultramarine to Indigo,* it was to be called. As well as financing him when he was needy and cosseting him when sick, Eugenia always set aside a room for Cendrars in one or other of her houses. The only trouble was that she hated him to go back to his family, and used to light votive candles—the wrong end (she was that much of a witch)—to Saint Anthony of Padua in order to keep him with her in the country. The spell would prevent Cendrars from starting his famous car, an aging Alfa Romeo that had been designed and "color-coordinated" by Braque. He would have to take the train back to Paris—just as well, since he only had one hand and drove recklessly.

As for Cendrars's daughter, Miriam: how she and Eugenia hated each other! In her biography of her father, she recounts how Eugenia—fearful perhaps for the reputation of her celebrated toques—took against the very becoming hat that the younger, prettier Miriam was wearing. "Much too big," Eugenia said and sliced away at the brim with a pair of shears until there was only "half a bonnet" left. Loath to relinquish her shears, Eugenia proceeded to do the same to Miriam's hairdo. "Much too much," she decreed and chopped off half of it.

Besides a poet, Eugenia decided that her private pantheon required a great architect. Who else but Le Corbusier? In 1931 she commissioned him to design a simple but spacious beach house at Vino del Mar back in her native Chile. In the end Eugenia allowed the project to lapse. Thanks, however, to one of Le Corbusier's pupils, the "Villa Errazuriz" eventually saw the light of day—not in Chile but Japan and improbably roofed with thatch.

Whenever great quality is involved, simplicity becomes costly. In her lifelong pursuit of the finest linen, the clearest crystal, the heaviest towels, the purest farmhouse butter, the best jams, not to speak of the greatest geniuses, Eugenia, who had little idea of the value of things, spent far more money than she actually had. Despite generous help from rich relations—notably her great-niece, Patricia, who was married to the Chilean Maecenas Arturo Lopez-Wilshaw—she found herself virtually broke by the end of the Second World War. And so she got rid of the villa at Biarritz, the *pavillon* in Paris; she sold or gave away her Picassos, and in her 88th year, she flew—for the first time in her life—back to Chile. According to Diana Vreeland, all she had with her was a small talisman, a gold unicorn clutched in hand. It did not bring luck. Four years later she was badly injured in a motor accident. "I am tired of living," she said. "I wish to help God to take me out of this life." And so Eugenia Errazuriz stopped eating and died (1954)—a minimalist to the end. □

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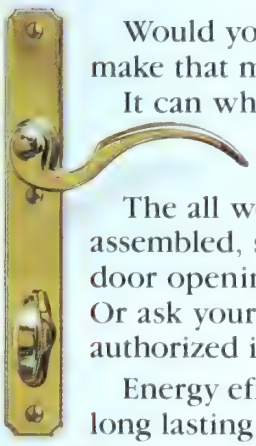
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TALES OF HIGHGATE

Romance still clings to London's Victorian garden cemetery

By Tom Dewe Mathews







Right: Highgate favorite—the dog that guards Tom Sayers's tomb. *Above* and *left:* Nature and neglect almost brought romance to ruin.

In they swarmed, according to the Croydon *Weekly Standard,* the "slow-eyed, great jawed multitude from the East clattering over the gravel walks, trampling with their clinkered boots over delicate marble slabs and playing leap-frog with every sepulchral monument that stood in their way." Not even the earth dug from the grave was considered sacred: that was a ringside seat.

The man one hundred thousand cockneys had come to see buried at Highgate Cemetery was Tom Sayers, England's last great bare-knuckled fighter. The only time Sayers was in danger of losing a fight, fans invaded the ring, and after he drew for the world title in a punishing 37-round bout, East Enders raised three thousand pounds for him on the condition that he not fight again. When he died five years later in 1865, the leading role at his funeral was taken by his favorite pet, the great dog that lies vigilantly in front of the fighter's grave.

Low moans rose from the crowd lining the procession route as the hearse appeared. The children bawled when behind it the small phaeton in which Sayers used to travel came into view. Sitting up on his hind legs behind where his master usually rode was the dog with a black ruff around his neck. All alone in the carriage he had come to see his master buried.

Highgate is the most unashamedly romantic cemetery in Europe. Canopied in primrose and meadow sweet, terraced graves rise up alongside winding paths to an avenue of catacombs excavated out of the hillside's sheerest slope. An iron gateway flanked by obelisks and surmounted by an immense Ptolemaic arch opens into a narrow lane of stone-shelved mausoleums. Brambles and creeping Jennie enclose and climb down between the thick metal doors imparting an ominous mood to the gloomy grandeur.

This little rising street ends at the Circle of Lebanon, a circular island carved from the hill's crest. Circum-

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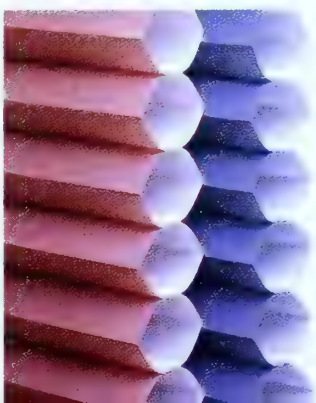


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THOMAS HARDY

There's a very modern palette at work in the oak-panelled library of the late nineteenth century Manhattan brownstone shown here. (The key clues to its modernity are the slightly off-center hues and the unexpected harmonies.) Yet all the elements—fabrics, wallcovering and carpet—have their design roots deep in the past and, more specifically, deep in a past that has been carefully nurtured, preserved and maintained.

Fitzhugh Border from a mug in Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation. *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering from the Woodrow Wilson House.



Preservationism—the knowledgeable and professional interest in maintaining the artifacts of America's historic past—is a relatively late-day phenomenon dating to the 1850's and Pamela Cunningham's determined efforts to "save" a rapidly deteriorating Mount Vernon. However, in recent years it has become an ever-more important and accelerating popular movement.



Oversize platter, a gift to President Wilson from the people of Normandy, basis for loveseat fabric, photo, opposite.

In 1949, The National Trust for Historic Preservation was chartered by Congress to encourage the public to participate in the preservation of America's history and culture. (Nationwide there are currently a total of seventeen historic properties owned by The Trust.) Schumacher's National Trust Collection features a wide variety of decorative accessories all based on details garnered from over a dozen of the celebrated Trust properties.

In the inviting library designed by C. Dudley Brown & Associates of Washington, D.C. (Brown has served as a design consultant for the Trust), the main star is the loveseat, its glazed *Brittany Faience* chintz patterned with flora and fauna borrowed from a platter in the Woodrow Wilson House Museum in Washington; from there, too, are the *Chinese Strie* of the ottoman and the draperies and the *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering. The *Fitzhugh Border* comes from a mug at Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation. *Filoli Tapestry*, on the pull-up chair and *Casa Amesti*, the table cover, both derive from period documents in the California mansions after which they are named.

The needlepoint rug features petit point floral motifs surrounding the medallion and is a prime example of Schumacher's painstaking collection of needlepoint from all over the world; a number of the exclusive designs are interpreted from such Trust house museums as Cliveden in Philadelphia and Decatur House in Washington.

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[illegible] the island are twenty vaults with even thicker iron doors. These sepulchers proved so popular an additional inner circle of sixteen more were constructed for Victorian industrialists seeking an entombment that reflected their solid prosperity. Overhung in a curious mixture of Egyptian and Greek pediments, they face the cemetery's most recognized symbol: an enormous cedar tree. Rising out of this well of catacombs, the branches spread their shadows over the mausoleum roofs in an outline more reminiscent of the Po Valley than northern London.

Though it does include bluebloods among its inhabitants—the most distinguished being the Hawthornes of Durham, who traced their ancestry back to Frea, daughter of the god of the winds; the most eccentric the miserly Earl of Clanricarde, who used to be seen in tatty top hat and tails poking about the dustbins of Galway—Highgate is really a bourgeois preserve, a suburban enclave for the new rich. Merchant families escaping dank city slums no longer had the stomach to give themselves into the hands of such cemetery custodians as that of St. Anne's Soho. Few coffins at St. Anne's went into the ground still in possession of their handles, nails, or screws. And if during the gravesite service mourners' eyes should wander from the denuded casket, they would encounter a game of skittles (bowling's ancestor) being played with strewn skulls and bones by neighborhood children.

The architect chosen to provide eternal security for those tradesmen expanding the empire, in Thackeray's expression, "wider still and wider yet" couldn't have inspired much confidence in Parliament when it passed an 1836 act to establish "Cemeteries for the Interment of the Dead, Northward, Southward and Eastward of the Metropolis." Stephen Geary designed London's first gin palace and invented new methods for water supply, street paving, and artificial fuel. But despite his bizarre qualifications as a necropolitan architect, Geary knew that if the seventeen acres he had bought o Highgate Hill were prettily laid ou with parterres of flowers, picturesqu trees, and evergreens, it would, in th words of a contemporary chronicle "add a charm to the scene and life an beauty to the very dominion of death.

The design succeeded brilliantly Highgate soon boasted the most elabo rate tombs in London, and withi twenty years a further twenty acre were added on the eastern side o Swain's Lane. This road could have been an embarrassment since the chap els were on the western side of the street. Traffic would have to be held up if, after services, coffins had to be taken over to the new Eastern Cemetery. Geary, however, possessed a sense of the dramatic probably acquired in his gin-palace days. He had a vertical shaft drilled into one of the chapel floors and a hydraulic elevator installed. After the service the coffin was discreetly shunted through the opening and carried along a curved tunnel to the other side of the road. The deceased was then brought out at ground level and borne to his final resting place in the Eastern Cemetery. What appeared to be a marvel of mechanical engineering was really a Victorian folly. The mourners would still have to jaywalk between carriages careering down the hill.

It was as a child that the plainer and more open Eastern Cemetery first brought me to Highgate. Once or twice a year I would accompany my mother on her visits to the family plot where her younger sister, barely past her nun's novitiate, lay buried in the bridal garb of the *religieuse*. The crowds at the gravesite beside us, however, always drew my thoughts away from filial duty. There a babble of foreign languages rose up around a bust, black and massive. Oriental fingers traced over the famous words carved into the base of the sage's monument while the more linguistically agile translated for huddled groups of fellow countrymen. When I was old enough to read the inscription—"The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways. The point however is to change it"—I asked my mother if she thought her sister minded being buried next to Karl Marx.

Oblivious of any ideological rift between a Carmelite nun and a deterministic thinker, my mother's attention



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was fixed on the flora and fauna garlanding Marx's tomb and their abundance compared with the few paltry specimens drooping over the edge of her sibling's slab. Press-ganged into service as a lookout, I gave the signal that the Bulgarian delegation had trudged out of sight and suddenly my aunt's grave sprouted color. With the air of one who has reclaimed Jerusalem for Christendom the materfamilias meandered her way past various sepulchers to the cemetery exit. Under the pretext of devotion I dawdled until the "righter" of wrongs had disappeared, rushed back, gathered all the flowers into my arms, and, swearing that, "come the revolution, she'd go to the wall," laid the tributes back on the philosopher's remains.

Marx's polemical foe and fellow exile Aleksandr Herzen has left a wistful account of the refugee's fear, prevalent since the Egyptians, of being buried in foreign soil. But at Polish revolutionary Stanislaw Worcell's Highgate funeral in 1857, loneliness and despair is conquered by community and cause: "On February 19th, the remains of all the exiles—without distinction or nationality—assembled in front of Worcell's impoverished lodgings. Nothing had been prepared, everything was improvised. An English friend paid the expenses of the funeral—some Italians furnished the music—two Russians carried the coffin to the grave along with the Poles—each of Ledru Rollin's was a word of peace and reconciliation. . . . And it was a spring day. . . the sun so rare in London shone in a cloudless sky. An air of union and harmony breathed upon us, and the tears of pain mingled with other sweeter tears. A hope entered our hearts and many thought at once: why shouldn't these estranged members of the great family of struggle and misfortune remain united around the tomb of their brother. It was from this martyr's shrine that this flash of reconciliation descended to console us amid the darkness in which we lived."

Highgate's neglect as soon as most burial plots were filled has meant its own burial under brambles, bracken, moss, and ivy. In 1975 the Western Cemetery was closed, and behind the locked iron gates nature went on a rampage. Druids believed that the roots of the yew tree would find and stop the mouths of the dead. Sycamores are les altruistic: their roots have split tomb and overturned graves until very littl remains of the once-fashionable Vic torian Golgotha.

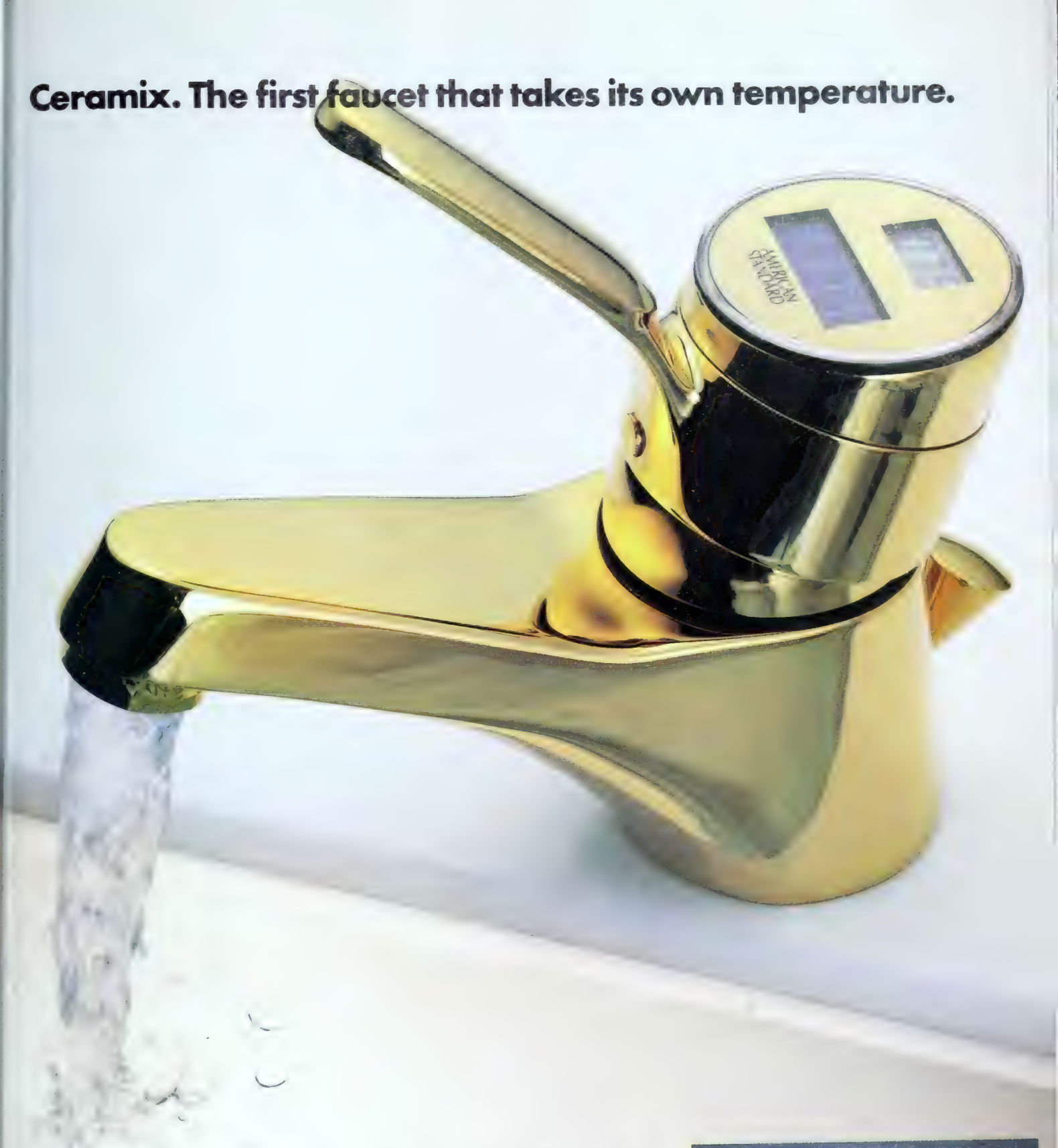
Walking along the overgrown path of the old cemetery, you can hardly avoid a feeling of trepidation when your foot sinks precipitously into void. Yawning graves under the ful moon and loosely chained vaults proved too irresistible for voodoo chanters and witches' covens. Operating under the prosaic sobriquet of high priest of the British Occult Society, a disciple of the diabolic broke into 24 moldering stone cells, pried open the leaden coffins, and drove stakes through the hearts of the dead.

Highgate had fallen into the hands of lunatics. All that remained was to remove the bodies and pave the ground over for an office block or a car park. But at the eleventh hour a local volunteer group, the Friends of Highgate, stepped forward in 1981 and purchased the cemetery for fifty pounds. They felled several thousand sycamores, planted ash and oak, and cut back enough undergrowth so that funerals, like Sir Ralph Richardson's in 1983, could still continue.

The Friends' secretary, Jean Pateman, has the expansive drive of a confident woman. "Cemeteries," she exclaims, "are like a good garden. You should never be able to see it all at once. It is the hidden mysterious corners that intrigue. A monolithic granite tomb, in and by itself, does nothing but supply contrast." As she faces a sun-filled clearing of leaning gravestones overtopped in hawthorn and variegated ivy, her voice becomes suffused with the tone of an Englishwoman who is at her happiest facing an overrun garden: "We have to maintain a delicate blend between caring for people's memories and the proliferating plant life, between giving graveowners access to their family graves and encouraging the wild birds and flowers."

The corpse is now held in opprobrium, but for the Romantics it was the vestige of a lost love. Far from forgetting the gravesite, lachrymose Victorians had to be restrained from joining the dead. Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre-Dame lies down next to Esmeralda in the pauper's open pit, Heathcliff hovers over Catherine's tomb, and

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the marquis de Sade's Juliette jumps in. Perhaps the most romantic exhumation took place at Highgate by the light of a great bonfire on a cold October night in 1869. Seven years before, Lizzie Siddal, the model and wife of the Pre-Raphaelite poet and painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had cut short her wracking consumption with an overdose of laudanum. As she lay in an open coffin at his studio beside the Thames, Rossetti broke down and cried out, "Lizzie, Lizzie, come back to me." Before the coffin was sealed, he took the manuscript of his love poems and nestled it between her cheek and famous golden red hair.

A few years later Rossetti began to regret his loving gesture. Preeminent among London painters, his poetry was scarcely known compared with the bacchanalian verses of his jeering dining partner Algernon Charles Swinburne. The only complete record of his early work reposed six feet underground. After a few requisite moments of harrowing self-doubt and emotional havoc, delicacy gave way to ambition. The poet turned to Charles Howell, his secretary and unofficial dealer.

"If I recover the book," cringed the Pre-Raphaelite, "I will give you the swellest drawing conceivable." Permission was granted by a disbelieving home secretary, and a small procession of gravediggers, Howell, and a doctor tramped up the cemetery hill past Celtic crosses and draped columns to the simple marker over Lizzie Siddal's grave. A bonfire was built and the "ghastly business," as Rossetti called it, got under way. When the coffin was opened, the flames reflected off Lizzie's russet hair, which had grown in death and now covered her remains. Howell removed the calf-bound damp-stained book and returned it to the poet nervously waiting in his secretary's Fulham home. "I fear the truth must ooze out in time," wrote Rossetti, and it did, boosting the sales of his much-anticipated tome of 1870, entitled simply *Poems*.

But the Indian giver had not escaped completely unscathed. The manuscript had become entangled in Lizzie's hair and several golden strands wound their way around the volume in which these lines were written: "The blessed damozel leaned out/From the gold bar of heaven." □



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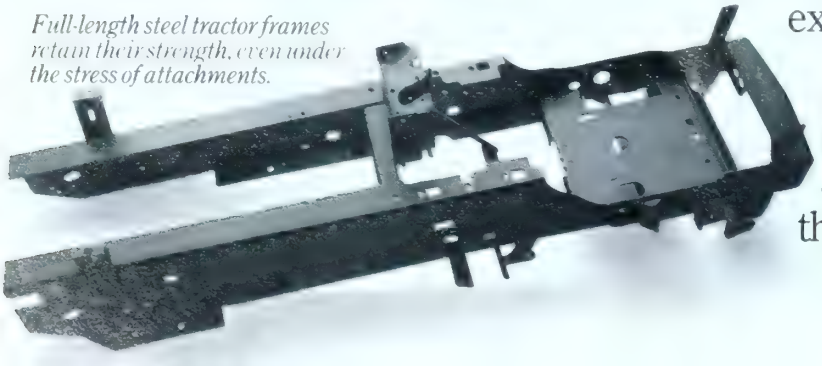
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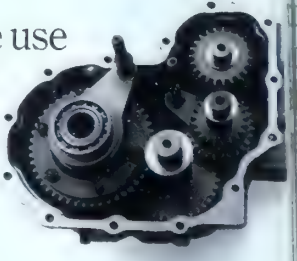
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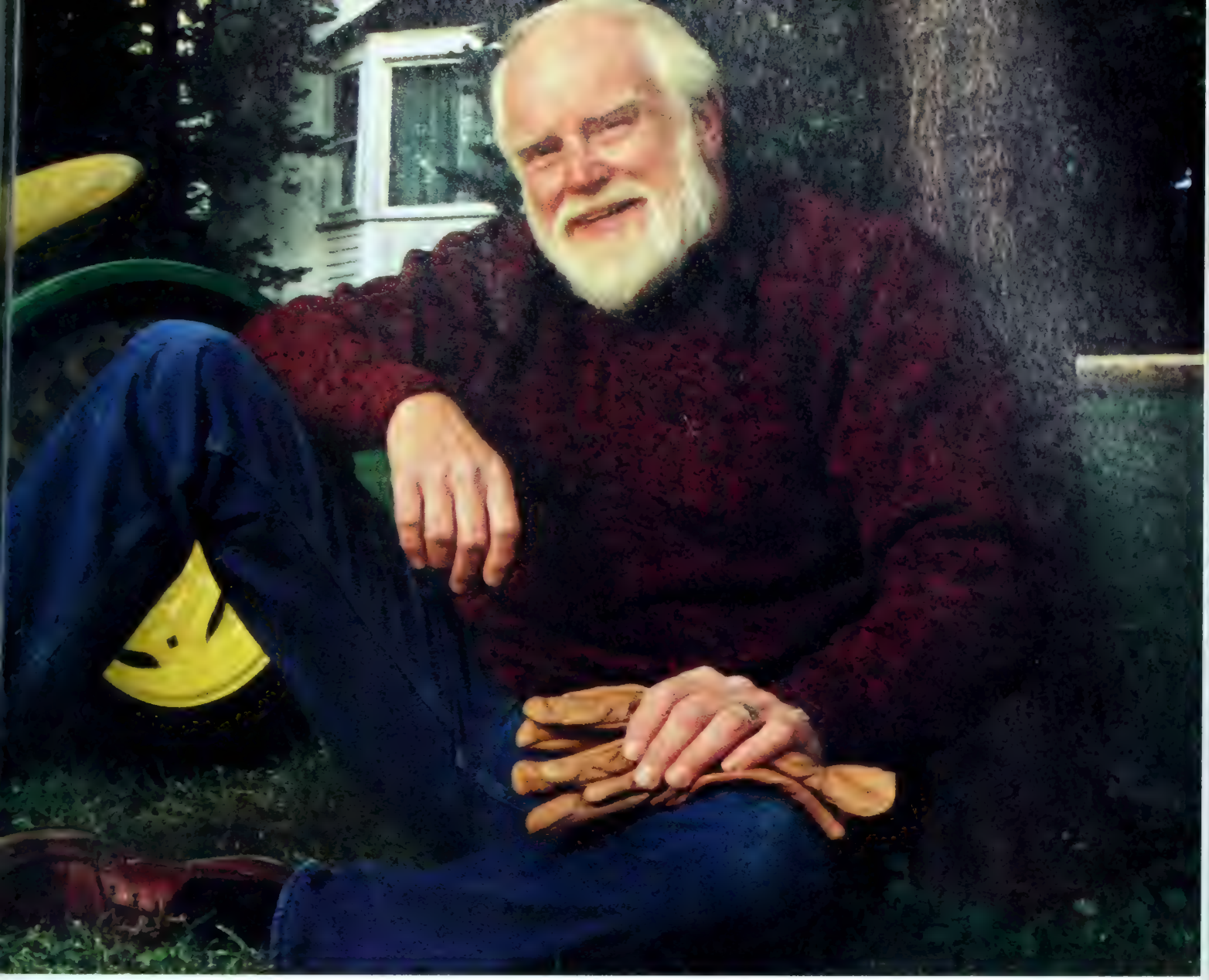
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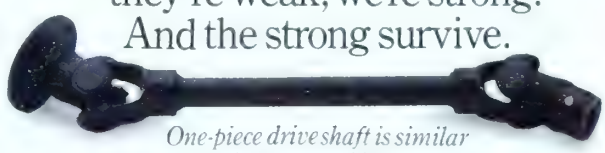
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HIGH STYLE IN THE HEARTLAND

From Viking Revival to Frank Lloyd Wright, Chicago's Struve Gallery stakes out new territory

By Suzanne Winckler



In 1979, after a ten-year absence, New York–area art dealers William and Deborah Struve returned to their native Chicago. They left a Colonial farmhouse in rural Connecticut and moved into 860 Lake Shore Drive, which along with its sibling 880 was designed by Mies van der Rohe and built between 1948 and 1951. A 26-story grid of prefabricated steel and glass, it is unequivocally a very large glass box, one of the first of its kind.

Although the Struves sold the farmhouse, they weren't abandoning it as an idea. Their move was not a choice of one over the other—"I'd prefer to have both," says William. The experience was additive, not reductive, and on hindsight it is interesting to see how the change of space in their private lives began to effect some choices they made about the direction of the gallery they had come back to Chicago to run. The Struves started thinking about space in all its mundane and sublime aspects.

"Our experience in Connecticut—living in a rural environment, renovating a Colonial farmhouse—was in very clear juxtaposition to moving into a Mies van der Rohe," says William. "As interior environments, they are antitheses. Colonial windows, for instance, are small; the whole purpose of the house is to enclose. We are now living in a glass house—the purpose is to bring the outside inside."

After the Struves moved to Chicago, they began to see space as an art form worthy of consideration in the same way that painting and sculpture are. Giving art status to the architecture of interior space is nothing new for architects, architectural historians, interior decorators, or museum curators, but it is rather unusual, not to mention difficult, for gallery owners whose business is selling art to try to deal in the various aesthetic arrangements of thin air. The degree to which William and Deborah Struve have succeeded—without neglecting the dealer's more traditional role as promoter of painters and sculptors—makes theirs an interesting gallery to watch.



Until fairly recently, Struve Gallery was Frumpkin & Struve, which also has long maintained a gallery in New York. William had worked with Allan Frumpkin from 1960 to 1970, at which point the Struves, with two young children, removed themselves to Connecticut, where they became private dealers in fine art prints. In 1979 they rejoined Frumpkin, expanded the Chicago gallery, and



The carved and painted chair, *above,* and detail, *above left,* are from a 1910 Viking Revival room, sold by the Struve Gallery. *Below left:* William and Deborah Struve, on bench, and, standing behind, Michael FitzSimmons.

hired a young art historian and Chicagoan named Michael FitzSimmons to develop the architectural specialty that had begun to intrigue them. Then in November of 1985, the partnership with Frumpkin was dissolved and the Struves were on their own. This shifting and adding of people within a business is the human equivalent of rearranging a room, and if it's done right, it can be just as energizing.

With space on their minds the Struves and FitzSimmons decided that architectural drawings and photographs would be the obvious place to begin. In this category they have had some very solid shows, including their first, a 1980 exhibition of the exquisite Beaux-Arts architectural renderings of Mary Ann Crawford, a Chicago-based architect now in her eighties. In the late

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If you want to find out how good your car really is, take it on a long trip. The Buick Park Avenue seats provide solid support with real comfort. The interior is quiet, with minimal wind or road noise. It even has an automatic load leveling system in the suspension to keep you on an even keel.

Buick takes pride in the way our owners feel about us at the end of a long day's drive. One trip in a Park Avenue should tell you why.



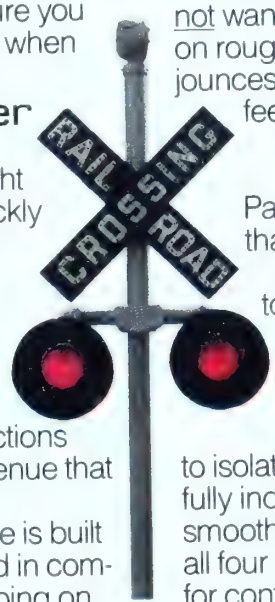
At rush hour

Anyone who says he can make a traffic jam enjoyable hasn't been in one. But there are ways to make it acceptable. The Buick Park Avenue has sumptuous velour upholstery in the seating areas, air conditioning, tilt steering column, even a seek and scan Delco ETR AM-FM stereo sound system with clock. (And there are other available systems that range all the way up to mind-boggling.)

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When the weather is grim, your automobile ought to shine. It should start quickly and easily and reliably, the way you expect with a Buick. Solid-state sensors that "feel" the state of the engine and the weather and adjust ignition timing, fuel mixture and other functions are there to make Park Avenue that kind of automobile.



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On rough roads

Some of the things you do not want when you're traveling on rough roads are rattles, squeaks, jounces and that disconcerting feeling that your suspension is adrift on the bumps like a small boat in a heavy sea. Park Avenue is built to resist all that, with body panels that are robot-welded to such close tolerances that they are measured with a laser beam.

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[illegible] a handful of women [illegible] tecture students at MIT, where [illegible] as an exceptionally talented ren- [illegible]. "She helped all the boys in the [illegible]," as William puts it, but until this show her work was largely unsung. The gallery followed, in 1981, with a show of Michael Graves's work at the time his Portland Building was causing a stir, and this association led to Graves's designing a giant Postmodern kiosk to serve as Frumpkin & Struve's booth at the 1981 Chicago International Art Exposition. The gallery has also shown photographs from the files of Hedrich-Blessing, a Chicago firm that has for about sixty years specialized in architectural photography.

Photographs and renderings, however, only imply space, they do not capture it. Rooms do. Serendipity provided the Struves with a mission to show and sell entire rooms when in 1985 the Metropolitan Museum of Art asked FitzSimmons to serve as the agent of sale for the master bedroom of Frank Lloyd Wright's Little House. (In 1972 the Metropolitan had purchased the house and contents, after it was slated for demolition, and in 1982 had reassembled the living room in its American Wing.) One of the first people FitzSimmons contacted was Tom Monaghan, who is the owner of the Domino's Pizza chain and the Detroit Tigers—and a longtime enthusiast of Wright. Monaghan bought the Little bedroom for roughly $400,000, which sounds like a bargain, given the current price tag of certain of Wright's architectural fragments—art-glass windows, for instance, for $35,000 apiece. Recently Monaghan, through the Struve Gallery, purchased most of the remaining elements—two smaller bedrooms and a hallway—from the bedroom wing of the Little House.

With that first sale to Monaghan, the Struve Gallery embarked on an interesting and challenging sideline of brokering special, memorable spaces. Their next coup was a Viking Revival room offered for sale by a private collector. Conceived in the 1910s by Norwegian painter and designer Gerhard Munthe for a client in Stockholm, this ensemble of polychromed pine includes a massive dining table, long benches, various chairs, a breakfront, wainscoting, a chandelier, and ceiling moldings. Every element is elaborately carved and painted with scenes and characters from Nordic legends. The sum total of the room is like a colorful and animated dream. One suspects that real Vikings inhabited somewhat less-polished quarters, but nonetheless the Viking Revival room evokes the larger-than-life qualities we assign to those ancient explorers.

Although the Viking Revival room is of historical importance because it is an example of the kind of work that called international attention to Scandinavia as a center of design creativity, bidders at a Christie's auction in 1985 were apparently unmoved when the various pieces were offered separately. Only one chair was sold. The Struves and FitzSimmons, assembling the room under their roof, had better luck. They sold it intact to Curtis Carlson, owner of the Radisson Hotels, headquartered in Minneapolis. The name of that city's pro football team suggests that the room is now safely harbored in America's most Scandinavian town.

Shortly thereafter the Metropolitan Museum again asked the Struves for assistance. The gallery is currently looking for a buyer for the architectural elements—including an ornately carved marble mantel and three sets of doors—of an American Renaissance Revival room, one of two parlors from the Jedediah Wilcox house, built in 1868–70 in Meriden, Connecticut. (The other Wilcox parlor is on display in the American Wing at the Met.)

It should be noted that a Viking Revival dining room is to a Frank Lloyd Wright master bedroom what a Colonial farmhouse is to 860 Lake Shore Drive. The Struves, along with FitzSimmons, have demonstrated in the gallery the same open-mindedness and curiosity that they have applied to their own living spaces. If they have a bias, it goes with the territory: as Chicagoans, the Stuves and FitzSimmons have a natural preference for the Prairie School of architecture in general and for Frank Lloyd Wright in particular.

As a matter of course, FitzSimmons keeps an eye out for Wright architec-



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tural fragments and furniture (the gallery has most recently acquired four rare high-backed dining-room chairs from the Robert W. Evans house in Chicago) as well as the work of various artisans who were practicing their crafts in the Midwest at the same time as Wright. Last spring, for instance, the gallery exhibited a lovely bank of windows designed by William Drummond, glass doors by George Washington Maher, and a spare oak desk made by the furniture designer Charles Limbert. It is pieces like these that make the Struve showroom something more than a gallery. They lend to the space a serene archival air.

The Struves recently mounted a show of Wright's art-glass windows, furniture, and lamps, pieces that came primarily from three of the homes he designed and decorated. These fragments are exquisite and they contain many messages, not the least of which is that Wright's interpretation of Modernism embraces a good deal more warmth and congeniality than does that of the International Style. In celebrating these pieces as art, the Struves and FitzSimmons, to their credit, still appreciate their basic functionalism. Of Wright's art glass, for instance, FitzSimmons says, "As precious as they were, they were windows. They had to let light in and keep rain out."

In addition to rooms, furniture, and architectural fragments, as well as the acute interest in Frank Lloyd Wright, the Struve Gallery has a stable of about forty contemporary artists painting and sculpting in many styles. One group is called the Heartland painters. In last year's Chicago International Art Exposition, the Struve Gallery exhibited a vast haunting prairie scene by Heartland painter James Winn, hung behind a pair of black French doors leaded in slim geometries of white glass which had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright for the Hickox house in 1900. The Struve Gallery made it possible for people to look through the timeless eye of Frank Lloyd Wright onto a nascent school of art born in Wright's very own backyard. And these Heartland painters are the painterly complement to the gallery's architectural concerns: they are realists who are bringing back a new interest in the landscape, which, after all, is the biggest and best space we inhabit. □





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ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed



Left: Poster by Alexander de Riquer, 1920. *Top left:* Colonia Güell, Barcelona, gouache by Antoni Gaudí, c. 1906–10. *Bottom left:* Tile by Rafel Masó i Valenti, c. 1916. *Below:* Casa Lléo Morera, Barcelona, by Lluís Domènech i Montaner, 1905.

BARCELONA IN BLOOM

Rediscovered and revered as a cult figure during the 1960s, the Catalan architect Antoni Gaudí (1852–1926) was in fact but one of an exceptional group of artists, architects, and designers who made turn-of-the-century Barcelona the most exotic hothouse of Art Nouveau. What has been needed since Gaudí's well-deserved reappreciation (which was fueled in part by Catalan nationalist sentiment against the Franco regime) is a judicious assessment of his contribution in terms of his context and colleagues. "The Catalan Spirit: Gaudí and His Contemporaries," at New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum through June 9, offers the reasons why Gaudí stood head and shoulders above his fellow artists and yet remains inseparable from their shared cultural, political, and religious concerns. Curated by Judith C. Rohrer and George R. Collins, the show displays fifty objects and a hundred works on paper that transmit with vivid intensity the rich vision of such worthies as Josep Puig i Cadafalch, Lluís Domènech i Montaner, and Josep Vilaseca i Casanovas. *¡Viva Catalunya!* *Martin Filler*

GIFTS FOR ETERNITY



Funerary sculpture may not sound like the most exhilarating subject for a museum show, but clay, archaeology, and a preoccupation with the afterlife add up to a fascinating exhibition—"The Quest for Eternity: Chinese Ceramic Sculpture from the People's Republic of China," at the Philadelphia Museum of Art from March 22 to May 24. This all-ceramic survey illustrates China's illustrious artistry in clay from the Neolithic period to the end of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1644). Every one of the 160 pieces in the show has been excavated since 1949 from tomb sites. The ceramics were intended as surrogates for people and possessions that emperors and high-ranking officials valued in life and had buried with them to serve their needs in the afterlife. Now unearthed, these ceramics enhance our knowledge of China through the ages. *David Bourdon*



Horsemen, top, and *Balladeer, above,* Han dynasty earthenware.

Galleries 57th Street New York

ssociated American Artists	20 West 57th Street	399-5510	Rockwell Kent: Prints and Drawings March New Abstract Prints April Catalogues Available
lum-Helman Gallery	20 West 57th Street	245-2888	Robert Rauschenberg: Works on Paper Mar. David Deutsch: Recent Work Ellsworth Kelly 8th Fl. Apr.
rank Caro	41 East 57th Street	753-2166	TUZ: Marble Works Mar. 10-Apr. 18 Patrick Minervini: Recent Works Apr. 28-Jun. 6
Marisa del Re Gallery	41 East 57th Street	688-1843	Arnaldo Pomodoro: Recent Sculptures 4th Floor Maquettes and Projects 9th Floor Mar. 12-Apr. 18
Galeria Joan Prats	24 West 57th Street	315-3680	Manel Lledos: Mixed Media Mar. 12-Apr. 6 Guinovart: Mixed media Apr. 7th thru April
Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer Gallery	724 Fifth Avenue	315-2033	Judith Dolnick Mar. 10-28 Robert Natkin Mar. 31-Apr. 25
ames Goodman Gallery	41 East 57th Street	593-3737	Mar: Dubuffet, Legér, Matisse, Miró, Moore, Picasso Apr: Calder, De Kooning, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg & others
Arnold Herstand & Company	24 West 57th Street	664-1379	March: Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934) Feb. 26-Apr. 4 April: Öyvind Fahlström (1928-1976) Apr. 8-May 2
Kennedy Galleries Inc.	40 West 57th Street	541-9600	Millard Sheets: Paintings and Watercolors Mar. 13-Apr. 4 Will Barnet: Recent Paintings Apr. 18-May 9
Kent Fine Art	41 East 57th Street	980-9696	Jerry Kearns: Risky Business Mar. 18-Apr. 11 Peter Joseph: Paintings 1986-1987 Apr. 16-May 9
Kraushaar Galleries	724 Fifth Avenue	307-5730	Kenneth Evett to Mar. 7 Joe Lasker Mar. 18-Apr. 4 American Masters: Sloan, Glackens, Beal, Hartley & others
Jan Krugier Fine Art	41 East 57th Street	755-7288	Pablo Picasso: Cubist Works from the Marina Picasso Collection Opening April
Carlo Lamagna Gallery	50 West 57th Street	245-6006	Lesley Dill: Recent Sculpture Mar. 5-Apr. 4 John DeAndrea: New Work Apr. 9-May 9
Marlborough Gallery	40 West 57th Street	541-4900	Neil Welliver: New Paintings Mar. 5-28 Red Grooms: Recent Work Apr. 2-25
The Merrin Gallery	724 Fifth Avenue at 57th Street	757-2884	Mosaics of the Roman Empire Mar. 3-Apr. 4 Art of the Maya Apr. 11-May 16
Pace Gallery	32 East 57th Street	421-3292	Jean Dubuffet Apr. 24-May 30
Marilyn Pearl Gallery	38 East 57th Street	838-6310	Clinton Hill Constructions and Paperworks
Rosenberg & Stiebel, Inc.	32 East 57th Street	753-4368	Chez Elle, Chez Lui: At Home in 18th Century France Paintings, Drawings and Prints with Interiors Catalogue $15
Ruth Siegel Ltd	24 West 57th Street	586-0605	Katherine Porter David Hannah Feb. 25-Mar. 28 Willy Heeks Rex Lau Apr. 1-25
Tatistcheff Gallery	50 West 57th Street	664-0907	David Dewey: New Architectural Works Mar. 3-28 Harriet Shorr: New Paintings Apr. 4-May 2
Washburn Gallery	41 East 57th Street	753-0546	David Smith: Paintings from the 1930s Mar. 3-31 Bill Jensen: Watercolors Apr. 1-May 2

ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed

MARK OF THE MASTER





A handsome exhibition, "After Matisse," surveys the French master's multifarious influence on 37 Americans, ranging from modern masters such as Hans Hofmann and Milton Avery to contemporary pattern painters such as Robert Kushner and Kim MacConnel. Along the way we see how Abstractionists such as Richard Diebenkorn and Lee Krasner parlayed Matisse's bold blocks of sensuous color into big radiant statements of their own. The show is currently at the Bass Museum of Art in Miami Beach, through May 17. *D.B*



Top: Motherwell's *Odd Numbers,* 1984. *Center:* Marianne Stikas's *VCilla,* 1984. *Bottom:* Hofmann's 1936 still life.

HURRELL FOR HOLLYWOOD

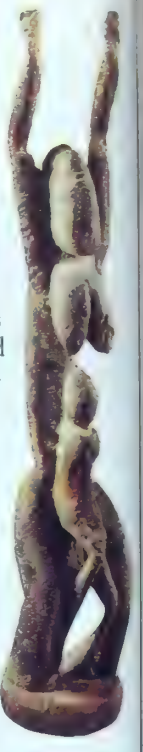


George Hurrell's Hollywood portraits established a larger-than-life ideal of beauty and transformed toothy Midwesterners into glamorous images that personify the silver screen's golden age. Now a selection of his work can be seen in "The Hollywood Photographs of George Hurrell," at the Cincinnati Art Museum through June 21. This exhibition is Hurrell's first at a major museum and a homecoming for the artist, who was born in 1904 across the Ohio River in Covington, Kentucky. More than 75 gelatin and silver prints (up to 3 by 5 feet) of performers of the 1930s and '40s—including James Cagney, Bette Davis, Clark Gable, and Humphrey Bogart—make up a frieze-frame of famous faces whose porcelain surfaces and onyx shadows embody the seamless elegance of an era when glamour was the big picture. *David List*



Matinee idols Gary Cooper, 1937, *top,* and Marlene Dietrich, c. 1933, *above.*

TRIBAL GATHERING



An exhibition of African art takes on a many-tongued eloquence when it is assembled by ten curators as diverse as author James Baldwin, financier David Rockefeller, and an African villager for whom art is a form of religious expression. The 1987–88 traveling show "Perspectives: Angles on African Art" culls museums and private collections for the best in African art, each curator choosing ten works: wood, gold, terra-cotta, ivory, and bronze enchant the eye. Unlike MOMA's controversial 1984 primitivism show, this one celebrates the roots of African art, not its modern offshoots. At the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond through April 26, the show then visits Newport Beach, California; the Center for African Art (its organizer) in New York; and Birmingham, Alabama. *Margaret Morse*







The Dogon mother and child from Mali, *top,* and Grebo painted mask from Liberia, *left,* are among the works of art selected by two of the show's ten curators, artist Romare Bearden, *above right,* and MOMA's William Rubin, *above left.*

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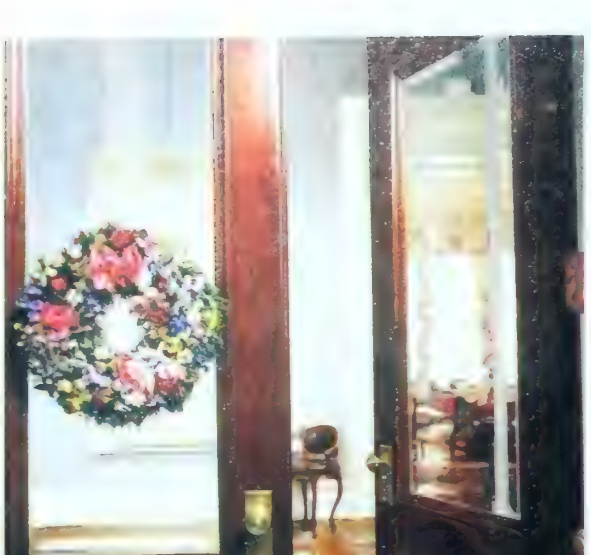
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ARCHETYPAL

Beautifully crafted objects by contemporary artists can be found at the new Archetype, *left.* From the collection assembled by owner-designers Robert Gaul and Iris DeMauro, *below,* Heidi Schlatter and Wade Clement's tubular aluminum R lamp and Jane Bruce's glass sculpture *Bones,* on Kate Loye's steel-and-glass Warehouse table. 411 East 9 St., NYC 10009.



MAKING SCENTS

For dried-flower wreaths, potpourris, pomanders, scent pillows, and such, many New Yorkers shop at Cherchez. Now Cherchez's Barbara Milo Orbach, *above,* reveals recipes and supply sources in her book *The Scented Room* (Clarkson N. Potter, $17.95). The pretty pages, *top,* emit a lush Victorian innocence.

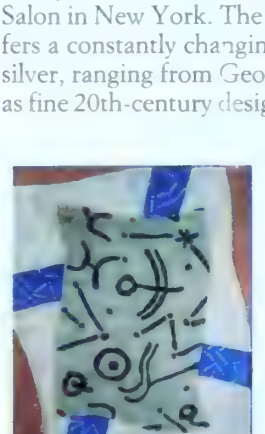
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Shelley porcelain cups and saucers complement the silver café au lait set, *left,* in this unique English Art Deco ensemble by Walker and Hall, c. 1937–39, at the Bulgari Silver Salon in New York. The new shop in the Hotel Pierre offers a constantly changing selection of important antique silver, ranging from Georgian to Victorian pieces, as well as fine 20th-century designs.



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Mutus Luner, *left,* is one of three hand-tufted rugs designed by French artist Richard Texier and offered for sale at $3,750 each in limited editions of 25 by the Gallery of Applied Arts, New York; (212) 765-3560.



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Good Boys

Shown actual size.

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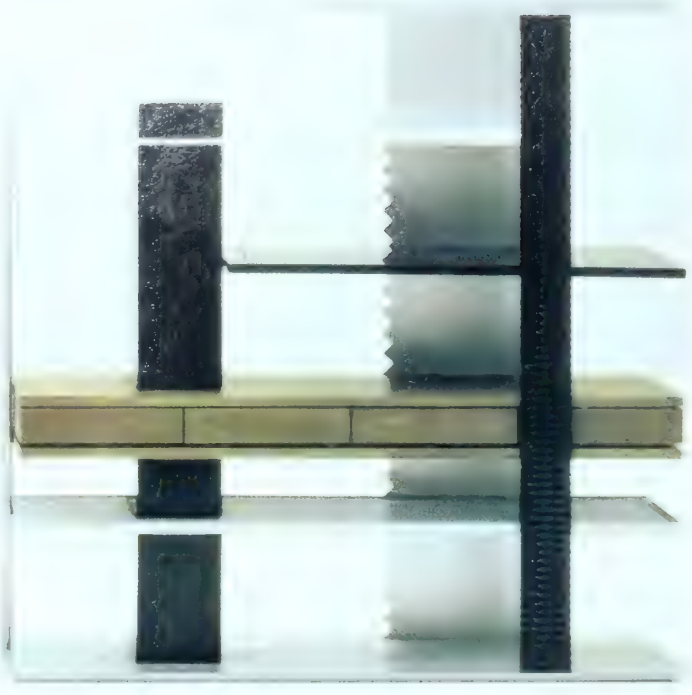
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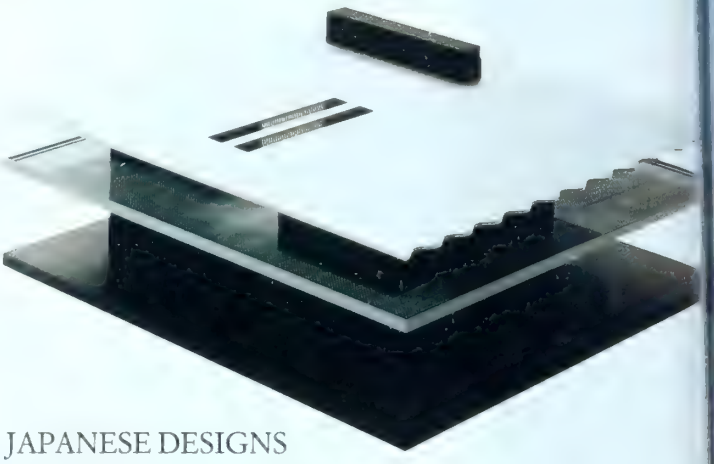
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JAPANESE DESIGNS

The handsome wall unit with adjustable shelves, *left,* and 4-foot-square coffee table, *above,* are by Shigeru Uchida. Handcrafted in Japan from aluminum and nara wood, they are priced at $9,780 and $7,020 respectively and can be seen at Gallery 91, 91 Grand Street, New York.



CHEERFUL CHINA

Florida is a lively new porcelain design by Bill Goldsmith in white with either blue, black, gray, green, or red. $130 the five-piece placesetting at both Frank McIntosh shops: one at Henri Bendel, New York; the other at Stanley Korshak at the Crescent, Dallas.

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Ancient Indian patterns are woven into Beaver State Robes, *right,* by Pendleton Mills. Of 82 percent virgin wool and 18 percent spun cotton, the 62-by-76-inch Friendship robe draping chair is $100, and the 80-by-64-inch Chief Joseph robe is $105. For retail stores call the Oregon mill, (503) 226-4801.



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PAPER WITH A PEDIGREE

A new wallpaper border from Brunschwig & Fils has been adapted from a design in the archives of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, in whose house in Thomaston, Maine, the 1793 original was found. Pompeian Border, *above,* in three colorways, is 7½ inches wide, costs $10.50 a yard. Through decorators.

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GOLDFINGERS

London's Carvers and Gilders is a young firm that takes a venerable craft into the twentieth century

By Paul Spike

At the top of a narrow staircase in a former Victorian shoe factory near London's Wandsworth Bridge, the visitor catches his breath in amazement. Has he somehow returned to the eighteenth century, to the era of such designer craftsmen as Grinling Gibbons, Chippendale, and Adam?

Three woodcarvers and a young apprentice stand at their workbenches in a room full of natural light and preindustrial quiet. Watched over by an innocent limewood angel hanging on a brick wall festooned with all sorts of carved Rococo bits and pieces, gilded mirrors, and a great spray of limewood flowers in the manner of Grinling Gibbons himself, the three partners in the firm of Carvers and Gilders rarely speak, so absorbed are they in their work. What a shock when one of them switches on the electric band saw to cut a length of yellow pine, and what a relief when the screeching machine is stilled. The cacophony of the twentieth century has no right to intrude here, it seems. Yet, after talking to these craftsmen and viewing their work, the visitor comes to understand that the machine is entitled to its place here too.

The Carvers and Gilders partnership was formed in 1979 by Felicity Crosland, Bill McCombe, Christine Palmer, and Aasha Tyrrell. The four had first met during the mid seventies as students at the City and Guilds of London Art School on Kennington Park Road. Perhaps the most traditional of all Britain's art schools, City and Guilds was founded in the nineteenth century with the original intention of providing instruction in stonecarving and other crafts during Queen Victoria's reign.





Above: A Ho-ho bird, carved and gilded by Bill McCombe, among antique pieces awaiting restoration. *Below:* Christine Palmer laying silver leaf on a 1770 Chippendale overmantel of carved lime.

By the beginning of the twentieth century the art of woodcarving was practically forgotten in Great Britain, whereas only a hundred years earlier it had flourished in workshops across the land. Moreover, in the 1950s and 1960s the majority of British art schools had come to ignore, and even discourage, the decorative arts. However, at City and Guilds they continued to teach the traditional techniques of carving and gilding throughout this modern "dark age" under the influence of such men as the late English carver Arthur Ayers. Today his former students are striving to inaugurate a new era of creative excellence in English woodcarving.

All four partners came to study at

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The handiwork of the Carvers and Gilders on display in their Battersea workshop.

...nd Guilds after pre-...ly launching careers elsewhere. Felicity Crosland was a theatrical scenery designer before she decided to study restoration. (She has since married the writer Roald Dahl and retired from the Carvers and Gilders workshop.) Bill McCombe was a thirty-year-old businessman when he enrolled there in woodcarving. Christine Palmer was a professional restorer with a degree in painting and sculpture, while Aasha Tyrrell had a degree in art history and archaeology from Bristol University.

Today the partners in Carvers and Gilders are all designer craftsmen. Herein lies the chief distinction between them and several other excellent firms in London. Their workshop is one of the few in the nation where the carving, gilding, and restoring of antique furniture and fittings can all be done on the same premises, in keeping with traditional eighteenth-century English practice, and while they have undertaken extensive restoration work for important clients, including Queen Elizabeth and Christie's, they refuse to turn out any reproductions. Not simply because of the "fakery aspect," as Christine puts it, but because their intention was always to take on restoration work only as a supplement to what they could earn from original design commissions.

In the small office, which doubles as a gallery and adjoins the workshop, the firm's business manager guides the prospective client through a photographic catalogue of previously commissioned work. What is soon obvious is the enormous stylistic range Carvers and Gilders can encompass in its designs: from early eighteenth century up to the present day, from the Egyptian-influenced to a modernity that would not look out of place hanging opposite a Hockney or a Stella. Working within the boundaries of a particular stylistic period, Rococo for example (first imported from France by Chippendale in a toned-down form to suit conservative English taste), the designers at Carvers and Gilders manage to emulate without copying, to absorb a historical period without sacrificing their own originality.

This is nowhere more apparent than in a recently completed pair of large gilded overmantel mirrors commissioned for the Lord Chamberlain's private apartment in St. James's Palace. Built to complement two fireplaces in a Georgian interior often used for official entertaining, these outstanding overmantels were designed and carved by Christine Palmer, then gilded and burnished by the entire partnership. Their look is of authentic eighteenth-century gilt furniture with a whiff of the contemporary. And all at less than half what a pair of comparable eighteenth-century overmantels would demand at auction today.

First, Christine and Aasha Tyrrell visited the apartment of the Lord Chamberlain and viewed the enormous wall in the sitting room, empty except for its two fireplaces. Next, Christine undertook extensive research and then a full-scale drawing. Two weeks after her first visit to St. James's Palace, the final large drawing was completed and approved by the client. The next step was to trace it for a pattern, and decide how to divide the project into separate carved wooden components, which would ultimately be assembled into two large gilded triple mirrors.

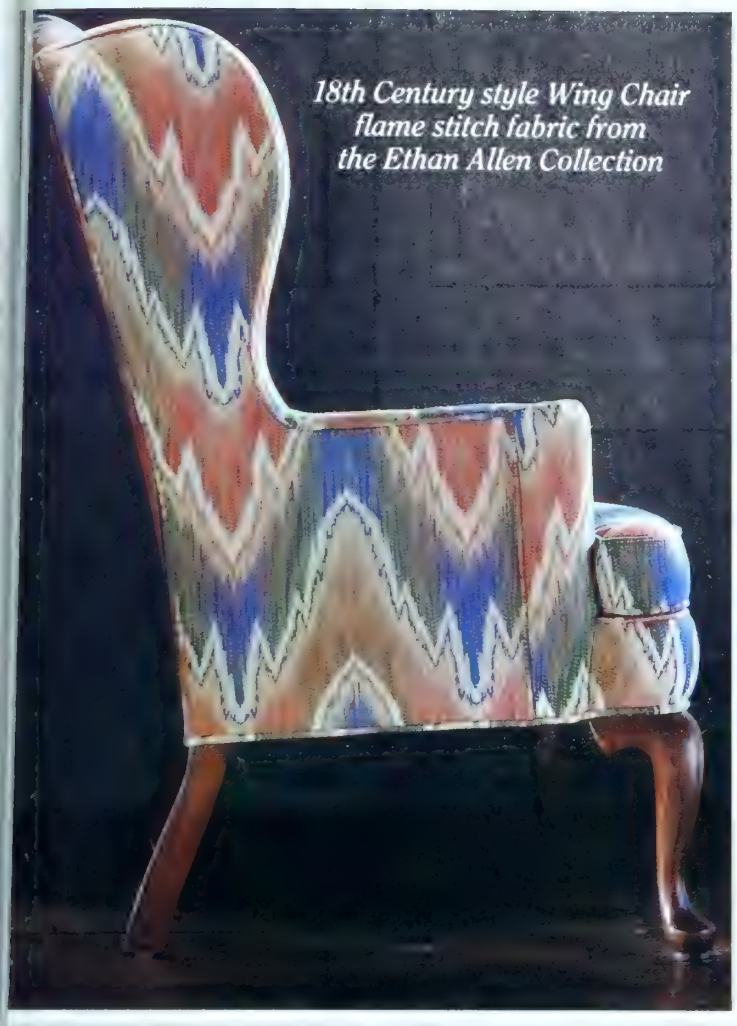
The wood Christine chose to carve was Quebec yellow pine. It is a soft wood, like lime, but less expensive and far less attractive. Its piny imperfections are usually covered with gold leaf in fine furniture.

The actual carving of the two mirrors took Christine eight weeks. While she is an expert woodcarver, perhaps the finest technical carver among the three active partners is Bill McCombe. When one considers that he has been carving professionally for only eight years, it is most impressive that McCombe's work can approach in style that of his forerunner Grinling Gibbons, whose reputation overshadows every other English woodcarver's. The homage McCombe pays Gibbons, especially in his arrangements of flowers and in the logo he recently carved for the publishing firm of Jonathan Cape, is far from mere imitation. McCombe has his own style, predictably less formal than Gibbons's eighteenth-century manner.

"Drawing is the most important part of carving," Bill says. But as well as pencils he keeps over a hundred chisels, many of them antiques, beside his workbench. "Restoration requires a lot of chisels that were used during the period." He laments the fact that woodcarving is such a neglected art in England today: "In the eighteenth century there were five groups of active carvers: decorative, architectural, figure, frame, and ship carvers."

When Christine had finished carving her two overmantels, she began to prepare them to be gilded, a process called gessoing, which eventually took her six weeks.

Gilding is the art of applying gold or









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silver leaf to wood, but what makes it such a costly art has little to do with the value of the metal and everything to do with the amount of skilled labor involved. The traditional manner of gilding demands that a smooth porous layer of gesso first be applied to the wood. Gesso is a mixture of boiled-down rabbit skin—which arrives at the workshop in crystalline form and must be carefully diluted to form a paste called size—and powdered chalk. The dried gesso forms a smooth, firm white membrane, which fills the grains of the wood and augments it when it takes its own highly detailed carving. Gesso is covered, in turn, by a layer of fine clay, called bole. This allows the gold leaf to be absorbed into the surface of the carving together with nothing more complicated than pure water. Many layers of gesso and then bole must be applied to the wood before it is ready to take the gold leaf. The aim of the process is to create a classic illusion: to turn wood furniture into what appear to be pieces of solid metal.

Ben Jonson wrote in his play *Epicoene, or The Silent Woman* in 1609: "You see guilders will not work, but enclos'd. They must not discover how little serves with the help of art to adorne a great deal." Aasha, like Christine, is an expert "guilder." "They say an ounce of gold could gild a tennis court," she tells the visitor. "Look at how thin this is." The leaves are approximately three inches square and come packaged between sheets of tissue paper in books of 25 leaves. She holds one up to the light of the workshop window: it is actually translucent. Solid gold beaten so fine that it gives the world a blue tint. When placed on the end of a finger, it has no discernible weight, no tangible substance at all. It gleams and reflects as gold must do yet is so delicate that it has to be applied with a thin, flat brush of soft badger hairs called a tip.

"Quaint, I know," Aasha says, "but we use them because they do the best job." Today she is restoring a four and a half foot tall gilded Queen Anne candlestick stand from Hampton Court. She brushes a bit of water onto the reddish orange bole and then quickly applies the sheet of gold, smoothing away the tiny air bubbles. After ten minutes what had looked like such a new and shiny patch has been absorbed, even grown rather dull.

"The whole point of gold is that it needs to be lively," Aasha says and picks up her burnisher. Traditionally this tool held a dog's tooth at the end of a short wooden grip, but these days a rounded agate stone is generally used in its place. She runs the stone back and forth into the surface of the gold, gently at first, then harder until a glittering, deep shine emerges on the surface. She explains that the weather can affect the process: the more humid the day the softer the bole and the richer the burnish.

The actual gilding and burnishing of her two mirrors for the Lord Chamberlain's apartment took Christine 152 hours, or almost four weeks. "Some workshops spray on the gesso, but it's horrible and lumpy," Christine says. "A thin dividing line exists between something that has a universal resonance and something that is a shambolic heap." When they were finished, gilded and burnished, the huge mirrors were collected by two large men and transported to the palace. The results, judging from the photographs, were a triumph. Yet, while looking at these, Christine avers, "I really don't know if I like this stuff. It's the doing of it that I enjoy."

On another wall of the workshop, is a very modern mirror of ungilded, partially painted limewood, depicting trees in a forest, which Christine designed "as a reminder of the reflective nature of a walk in a wood." How could the same artist have designed these vastly different mirrors, one a work of glorious eighteenth-century Rococo excess, the other as playful and functional as the latest Philip Johnson design? The answer lies in Carvers and Gilders' combination of traditional skills, modern perspectives, and transcendent imaginations.

As for the future, there is no lack of demand for their craftsmanship. But their ambitions are nourished by dreams best expressed when Bill says, "I'd like somebody to say to me, 'I'm building a new house. The motif is going to be—so on and so forth.' I would like them to give me an empty room and let me decorate it with carvings, screens, fixtures, mirrors, furniture. The lot." □



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A SHORT HISTORY OF FURNITURE

By Sir John Plumb

Most of the human race has lived without furniture since the beginning of time. Except for kings, noblemen, and the very rich, furniture, apart from the barest necessities, has become a part of everyone's home only in the past few centuries. The poor of the world have had to make do with a mat or bed boards, a few coverlets, a few utensils for cooking, a log maybe shaped as a stool—bits and pieces of little comfort and no beauty. Indeed in its earlier development furniture often symbolized status more than anything else. The armchair was once reserved for men of power: popes, kings, viceroys, mandarins. Courtiers of the highest rank sat on stools and duchesses quarreled viciously about who had, and who had not, the right to use one, as viciously indeed as their husbands quarreled about the right to remain covered (that is, wearing a hat) in the presence of the king. And even when the use of the armchair came to be more general, it was reserved in the home for the patriarch. A perfect example of the patriarchal nature of the armchair is the Brewster chair in Pilgrim Hall, reputed to have belonged to William Brewster—another splendid example is the turned great chair, illustrated in Marshall Davidson and Elizabeth Stillinger's magnificent book *The American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art*. This should be on the shelves of all who love furniture—splendid in scholarship, beautiful in illustration.

By the end of the nineteenth century the armchair had reached the parlors of the petty bourgeoisie in Victorian England and America, but it still proclaimed status: the husband's chair had arms and stood higher than the wife's, which was low and had no arms. This was often explained as being more convenient for a lady's dress, or for nursing an infant, but petty-bourgeois women did not wear crinolines, neither did they suckle their babies in the parlor. By then, of course, the houses of the rich were full of armchairs, except in dining rooms—where dining armchairs, or carvers, were reserved for the host and hostess. This aspect of furniture goes far beyond the chair, although it may have lingered longest in that object. Nevertheless in generations earlier than our own the affirmation of power and grandeur was more obvious in other pieces of furniture. Yet not one of the books here reviewed pays any attention whatsoever to furniture as an indication of social status or the way that aspect of furnishing has moved from the blatant to the discreet.



The bed is a splendid example of the social complexities of what a piece of furniture might express. Right up to the twentieth century it remained one of the grandest, the most expensive, the most ornate, the most socially assertive pieces of furniture.

We knew little or nothing of medieval beds. Certainly a king's was taken apart and traveled with him, and the same was true for the senior courtiers, but most members of the royal entourage were content with bed boards, a stuffed mattress, and coverlets. It was only during the Renaissance that beds developed into elaborate works of art and the bedroom became a place not only of refuge and modest comfort but





Above: A Neoclassical bed at Winterthur. *Left:* A slipper chair, Herter Brothers, 1865. *Right:* A Regency bed, from Rudolph Ackermann's journal, 1824.

TOP LIZZIE HIMMEL FROM *WINTERTHUR* BOTTOM LEFT PAUL WARCHOL *THE AMERICAN WING*. BOTTOM RIGHT *REGENCY FURNITURE*

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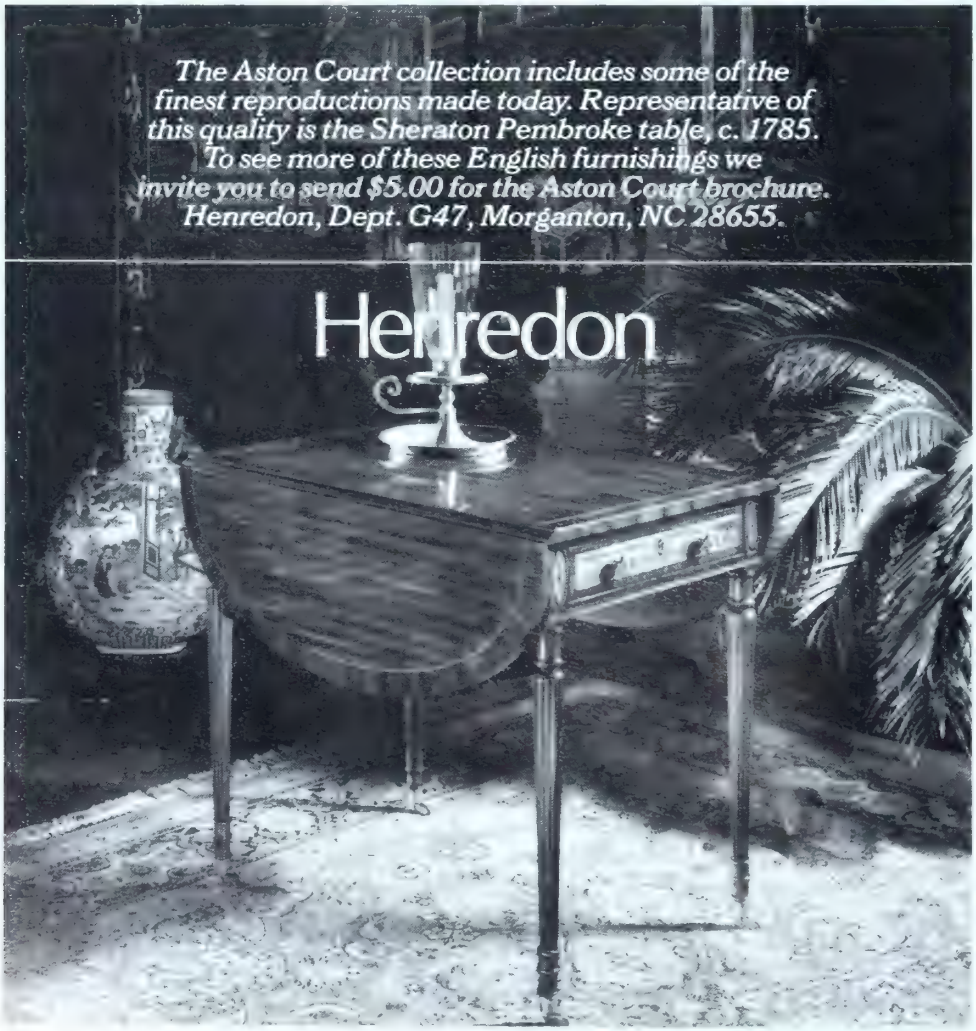
SCREEN: Flemish painted six fold screen, first quarter of the 19th Century.

DESK: Unusual Regency mahogany library desk with brass gallery, circa 1810.

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also of reception of friends and guests. The sixteenth-century bed in England, greatly influenced by the Netherlands, developed from simple raised boards surrounded by linenfold paneling to very intricately carved head- and footboards and turned, heavy, bulbous footposts supporting an elaborate cornice or canopy. The Great Bed of Ware, in which Queen Elizabeth I is reputed to have slept, is an example—illustrated in Geoffrey Beard's *English Furniture,* an excellent guide to the history of furniture in England. These beds developed elaborate and very costly hangings, usually Italian or French velvets embroidered with silver and gold thread.

As the decades passed, the canopy, the backboard, and corners of the bedposts became extravagantly padded and decorated, and the cost of the bed continued to soar. Great aristocratic families had the leading architects design their state beds—and they were of such grandeur that they were used only for royalty or for men and women of the highest social distinction but never regularly slept in. The green velvet state bed designed by William Kent, first used by the Duke of Lorraine, the father-in-law of Louis XV, cost Sir Robert Walpole £1,219.3s.11d. for the gold and silver trimmings alone. The total cost must have been well in excess of £3,500—say, $750,000 in modern currency—easily the most costly item in that very expensive house, Houghton Hall, yet one of staggering beauty as well as obvious grandeur. The color of the velvet, the brilliance of the needlework and the architecture, and the truly Palladian proportions of the bed itself make it a true work of art. Such beds, some richer, some less so, were to be found in most noblemen's palaces in Europe by 1750. They conveyed not only the social splendor of the owner but also his taste, his style, his "civility." Less sumptuous versions, both the simple oak bed and the elaborately upholstered eighteenth-century bed, reached America in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. They were, as in Europe, objects of expense, status, and beauty, as may be seen in the best American museum of furniture, Winterthur, and several are illustrated in Jay E. Cantor's authoritative guide to the museum. Cantor's book is a major contribution

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to the history of American furniture. Indeed, together with the volume on the late Colonial period of the American furniture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, it raises discussion of American styles and achievement to new levels: both books are musts for collectors and scholars alike.

Other pieces of furniture also reached beyond their own simple utility. Tables, coffers, cupboards, and chests of solid and durable oak were elaborately carved. Occasionally finer woods, such as walnut, were used and became more fashionable—and what remains of American seventeenth-century furniture follows the style of Britain but showed a greater variety of material even if it tended to be more primitive in execution. Nevertheless the museum at Winterthur and the American Wing of the Metropolitan have a few pieces of distinction and beauty from this period.

By 1700 most houses in Europe still possessed little furniture and few decorative objects—surprisingly little and surprisingly few. Colonial houses were bleaker still. The conversation pieces and portraits of families painted at this time show us how very little there was. Inventories tell the same story. The richer houses possessed tapestries, painted cloths, or painted paneling—the gentry mainly made do, as did colonial America, with plain paneling and a few side chairs (but not many—in the sixteenth century a huge house, the Vyne, with fifty-five rooms had only nineteen chairs). Aligned with these against the walls there might be a coffer on a stand or a chest of drawers. The center of the room was empty, and the



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last two decades of the seventeenth century, under the influence of both France and the Netherlands, witnessed the early beginnings of a great and dramatic change which was to fill middle-class houses as well as those of the gentry and aristocracy with new varieties of furniture, in rich and exotic woods. Houses were metamorphosed into homes, and increasingly they became the expression of taste, style, and fashion as well as comfort.

The eighteenth century was dominated by the French cabinetmakers who produced—from the time of Louis XIV to Louis XVI—the greatest European furniture perhaps of all time, unsurpassed in its richness of lacquered or veneered decoration yet retaining in shape an admirable elegance. While these craftsmen in France were producing furniture for the very rich, in England—though the rich were certainly catered to—the middle-class market was explored by the greatest cabinetmakers and designers: Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Gillow, Holland, and Hope. And it was their achievements, particularly Chippendale's, which molded the taste of the great American craftsmen in Philadelphia and Boston. *The Antiques Directory: Furniture* illustrates this huge outpouring of fine furniture throughout Europe and America mainly between 1680 and 1840 better than any book that I know. Seven thousand photographs of furniture of distinction show probably the greatest epochs of furniture and furnishings. This development was due to a variety of reasons: burgeoning wealth in the hands of those who had no compunction about displaying their riches in ostentatious and visible ways; the import of new woods from the Caribbean, West Africa, and Brazil (mahogany, rosewood, satinwood, amboyna, calamander, ebony, and a host of others) which evoked a new interest in rare woods especially for veneers; the great improvement in techniques and tools that permitted greater precision; the introduction of Oriental skills such as lacquering and japanning; and the wonderful profusion of textiles increasingly used for chairs, sofas, chaises longues, beds, and window curtains. And equally important was the work of highly trained architects such as William Kent, William Chambers, the Adam brothers, and Henry Holland in the design of furniture and the discoveries of antique ornaments from the excavations at Pompeii, to say nothing of the impact of ancient Egypt.

Although there is considerable exuberance of design in the mid eighteenth century, well illustrated in the catalogue of the fine Rococo exhibition held at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1984, the full richness, if not the highest style, of furniture design was achieved between 1780 and 1820, roughly labeled Regency. Frances Collard's book is admirably written and beautifully illustrated, demonstrating the almost incredible versatility of English and American cabinetmakers and upholsterers of the period. They seem

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equally at home in high mock-Gothic, Egyptian, or Grecian. Furniture was stained, painted, gilded, inlaid, lacquered, left with the purity of its polished wood. And fashion now demanded that rooms be full of furniture. In the 1780s, Fanny Burney wrote of the delight that the growing use of occasional tables gave. Furniture was moved away from the wall and harmonized with an appropriate and decorative setting—by wallpaper, curtains, carpets, pictures, and a profusion of flowers, whether real or in porcelain or merely dried. Of course, status was still proclaimed but more through the delight of the eye than in blatant grandeur, although grandeur was never ignored in the palaces of the aristocracy. Unfortunately exuberance and the desire to fill rooms with furniture grew rather than diminished through the nineteenth century, leading to the cluttered excesses of late Victorian England.

During the past hundred years furniture and furnishings have acquired museums; one of the greatest surely is Winterthur, that splendid creation of the Du Ponts, a museum that must be visited not only by enthusiasts for American furniture but by all who are interested in decorative arts. With museums has come a cloud of scholars willing to devote their lives to the nuances of styles, influences, decorative effects, or the evolution of particular pieces of furniture. But few in their books reach beyond the influence of artistic styles—the Rococo, the Neoclassical, the Gothic and Tudor revivals—to the social influences and the improvements of technology as well as the impact of successive waves of nouveaux riches. One has only to look at Shaker furniture to realize how deeply ideas and beliefs may affect the style of a tool or a chair. Furniture and furnishings have always been imbued with human emotions caught up in social attitudes. Although there is wonderful modern furniture, its market is too small, its customers drawn from too narrow an elite. In the best age of furniture, style and beauty penetrated the whole of society. □

THE ANTIQUES DIRECTORY: FURNITURE
General editors, Judith and Martin Miller
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G. K. Hall, 639 pp., $55

WINTERTHUR
by Jay E. Cantor
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AMERICAN FURNITURE IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
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THE AMERICAN WING AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
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REGENCY FURNITURE
by Frances Collard
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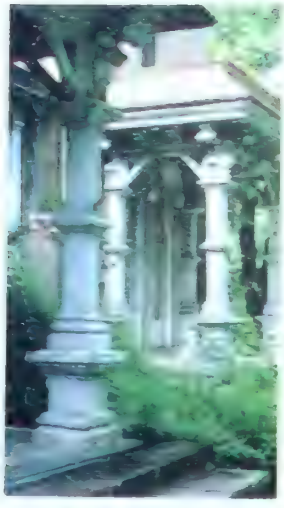
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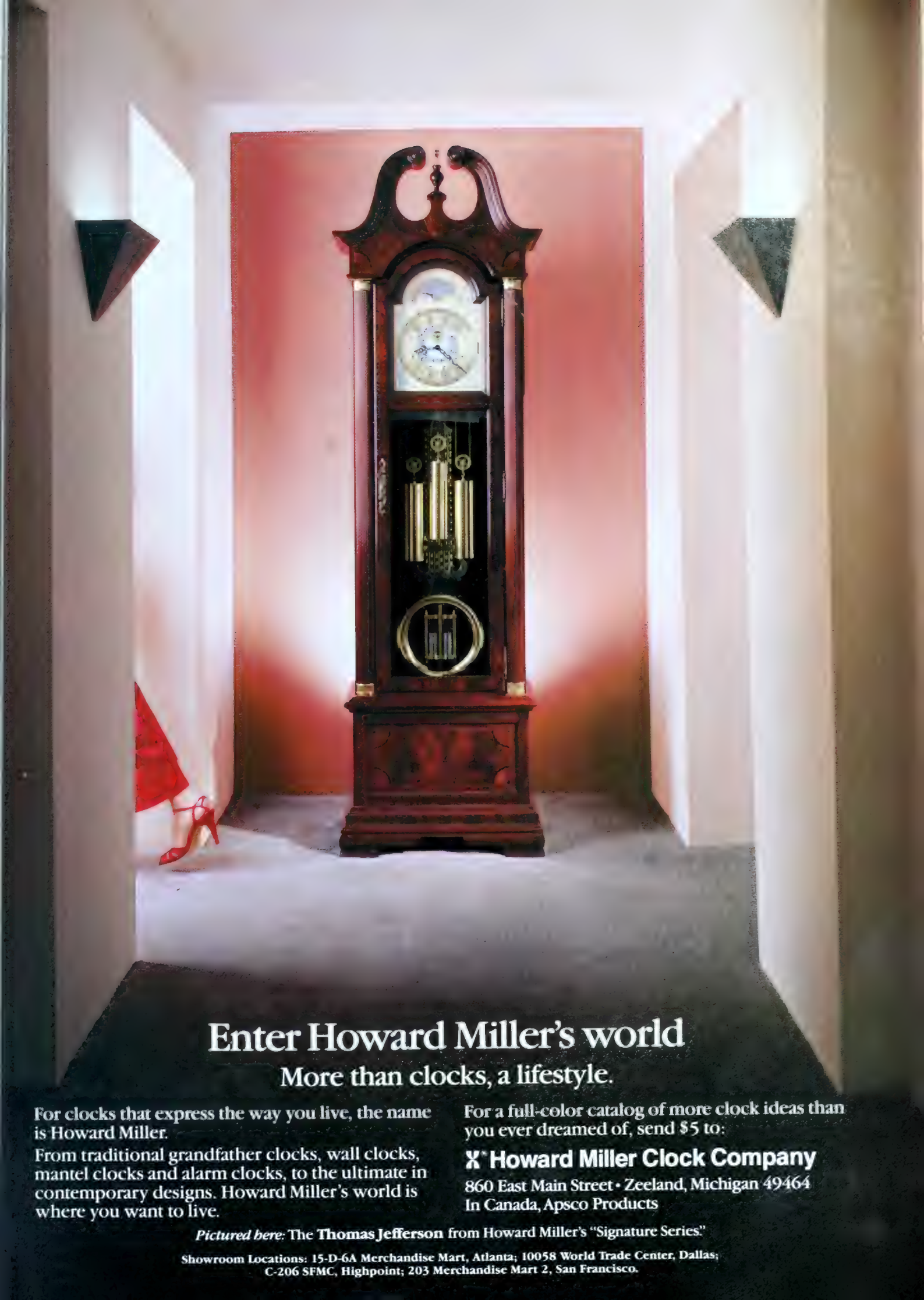
For full text: Porch of Dendleton-Alexander octagonal house (former Taylor-Schuyler Gothic Revival cottage Left: Unusual Hamblin House built by Abner Pratt in 1850, former Division Street with J. Dobbins house in foreground. Right: J. Cronin Jr. Italianate villa.

If you love restoring and decorating houses Marshall, Michigan, is the place for you. This town of just over 7,000 residents in the south-central section of the state was built by people who staked out their territory by building the finest high-style houses possible for their day. In fact, one can find there a good example of virtually every major architectural style of the nineteenth century.

Marshall is a town where dreams of success have met with continuous failure. Even the settling of the town was based on an imagined opportunity, not on any solid attraction. The section of flat land near the Kalamazoo River had no lure of abundant mineral or metal—just the hope of a land boom. During the first half of the nineteenth century, Michigan seemed very much as if it would become a western extension of New York State. Following the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 and the inauguration of a stagecoach route from New York State to the Michigan territory, visitors to upstate New York in 1830 noted a "Michigan fever," which even had a popular song to fan the flames with its repeated refrain, "Yea, yea, yea to Michigania."

Sidney Ketchum, a restless land speculator from Peru, New York, stopped his search for bounty in the then-new West at the site that in 1830 would become Marshall. Ketchum decided that the conditions were right to create a town that would serve as a county seat. The forest would yield ample timber and the river would provide waterpower but, best of all, land was cheap. Ketchum platted the town in 1831 and 1833 with an ambitious and glorious plan allowing for future public buildings, churches, town squares, parks, and wide streets. Naming the village after Chief Justice John Marshall, who had been born in a log cabin in rural Virginia and rose to become fourth chief justice of the United States, Ketchum was sure the village would thrive. After all, it *was* on the new territorial road, and in 1835 the first brick structure in the territory, the National House, was built as a stagecoach stop and a political gathering place.

The name of the game was land speculation, but in order to increase profit on land, the town had to look as if its growth was assured. The settlers of Marshall understood this fact only too well, and in 1838 the first medical doctor in the region—and a land speculator as well—built himself a substantial house on a hilltop at the center of



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village. The house was constructed of a local mustard yellow sandstone, which would become a prime building material in the village. Not content with a simple structure, Dr. Andrew Hays and his builder recalled the special Greek Revival style of Rochester, New York, with its grand five-column portico and unusual side entrance. Like the Rochester models, the Hays house was entered on the east-west axis, so the entrance did not break up the fine large double parlor under the southern portico from which one could enjoy a splendid view.

Two years later Jabez Fitch, a merchant from upstate New York, built an almost matching house on the neighboring hilltop. Thus one enters Marshall greeted by two very fine Greek Revival houses, which act as a pair of guardian lions to the city. Fitch's builder copied the plan and unusual arrangement of an odd number of columns in the portico from the same Rochester models as had Dr. Hays. The difference is that the Fitch house is built of brick laid in a fine Flemish-bond pattern. Not only was the material more expensive, but Fitch also imported the columns to town, which one can well imagine was an ordeal. And since they were Ionic columns as well, Fitch was able to upstage his neighbor, who had only the simple Doric order.

Such houses would have seemed grand even in New York State, but especially here in an open territory where log cabins and simple buildings coexisted with shacks, they made Marshall look like just the place to become the new state's capital. To many the state legislature's vote seemed assured and property values soared. When a house was proclaimed the next governor's mansion, excitement was in the air until the bad news came in 1847 that Marshall had lost out to a humble and empty community to the north called Lansing with only eight registered voters.

The real-estate market collapsed, but a second opportunity materialized when the Michigan Central Railroad, which had come to town in 1844, decided in 1848 to put its repair shops and yards in Marshall since it was well situated between Detroit and Chicago. Following the announcement, Marshall had a second boom as railroad employees flooded the town and found no place to live. The resourceful new settlers brought with them small pattern books that inspired house builders with designs and building instructions. Thus Marshall was quickly filled with a number of wooden cottages ornamented with fancy bargeboard detail in their gables. The most elaborate of these houses, one that was idiosyncratic in the extreme, is known as Honolulu House, a long one-story wooden house atop a one-story Marshall sandstone base. Legend attributes the house to the fancy and exotic new taste of Abner Pratt, who returned to Marshall in 1860 from Honolulu, where he had served for two and a half years as the American consul. The tall

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central observation tower and tropical interior wall paintings made this house stand apart from all other buildings of its day. It fits into a special category of unusual, vaguely Oriental houses that were built in the United States in the mid nineteenth century, such as P. T. Barnum's Iranistan in Bridgeport, Connecticut (which burned down shortly after it was built), and Samuel Sloan's still-standing Longwood in Natchez, Mississippi. In 1883, when Mayor M. V. Wagner bought Honolulu House, it was extensively remodeled with a whole new series of wall murals both adding to and replacing Pratt's earlier paintings and making the interior one of America's most exotic sights. Honolulu House is open to the public during the summer from 12 to 5 P.M. and today houses the Marshall Historical Society.

Unfortunately Marshall's citizens were so entranced with their houses that they did not raise the funds the Michigan Central required to remain in town, and in 1872 the railroad moved its shops and yards to Jackson 25 miles to the east. The departure of the railroad led to the fading of the dream that Marshall would one day grow to be a city as had Detroit and Chicago. Many of the citizens packed up and left. In fact, Marshall's current population of about 7,000 citizens is not much more than what it had been at the time of the Civil War.

Patent medicines kept Marshall alive in the late nineteenth century, and the Queen Anne houses of the 1880s and '90s were constructed for the merchants and medicators of Marshall. Indeed the Kinney house of 1887 with its "tasty" wooden gingerbread porch was built for William E. Bosley, who patented the Marshall Folding Bathtub of 1880. This curious device consists of a long oak cabinet, which when pulled out opens to reveal a tin bathtub, and in the tub's hollow space rests a kerosene water heater. Magical elixirs and useful devices like the folding bathtub were the last of Marshall's nineteenth-century dreams, and the end came when the federal government passed the Pure Food and Drug Act, which effectively crippled Marshall's economy.

One survivor of the federal regulations was the Brooks Rupture Appliance Company, a mail-order business that made trusses. The son of the founder of the business, Harold C. Brooks, born in 1885, became the genial godfather of Marshall. He died in 1978, but Grandpa Brooks, as he is still known, was a farsighted individual who purchased and lived in the Fitch house for his lifetime and hired the well-known landscape architect Jens Jensen to lay out the gardens behind the house. Brooks's greatest benefaction to Marshall was his determination to preserve the appearance of the town. When the federal government tried to build a post office on Main Street during the Depression, Brooks had made a deal to supply the local yellow sandstone and a Greek Revival design drawn up by a trusted Kalamazoo architect if the government agreed to pay for the labor. And so Marshall has a splendid post office in keeping with the tenor of the town. As the Depression deepened and some of Marshall's better houses fell into decline, fears arose that these structures might be demolished for the proverbial gas station. Brooks took it upon himself to purchase several of these properties to assure their economic survival. Brooks had even ventured into civic design in 1930 by bestowing upon the town a small Classical temple, housing a fountain, as a centerpiece for the intersection of the two main roads. Newly restored, the fountain has an eleven-minute water-and-light display, which repeats itself day and evening during the summer months.

Harold Brooks inspired Marshallites to hold onto their town and keep its best features intact. Thanks to this man of vision, Marshall escaped the malls, fast-food chains, and other disruptions of most Main Streets in the United States. Although commerce hasn't exploded with activity and many shop fronts remain empty, Marshall's houses prove a tourist attraction throughout the year and especially during the first weekend after Labor Day, when the highly successful annual Home Tour is held. Home Tour weekend is the culmination of summer activity as about 20,000 visitors pour into Marshall, outnumbering its citizens by almost three to one.

The whole town prepares for the event with the churches fixing foods to serve hungry hordes and high school students, steeped in Marshall's history,

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proudly guiding visitors from aboard shuttle buses that crisscross town. In front of the houses, each one polished and preened to perfection, craftspeople demonstrate techniques and display their crafts to the long lines of viewers patiently waiting to visit the buildings. Marching bands and choruses further add to the festive air as people walk along Marshall's almost perfect nineteenth-century Main Street, whose authentic character would make Disney World's Main Street designers sigh with envy.

Marshall's visitors and residents alike share a common feeling for the old-fashioned term *house-proud*. Social life seems to revolve around the sharing of the names of local craftsmen who can assist in fulfilling the wishes of individual owners. Many of Marshall's homeowners and restorers are newcomers—out-of-towners, even out-of-staters—who have rediscovered the values of small-town America in the abundance of fine older houses within a peaceful community where one can still park a car directly in front of the store one plans to visit. Retirees, some executives from businesses in nearby Battle Creek, and people whose business does not demand living near the job find Marshall a perfect environment. Friendships can be made within the common bond of house restoration, which unites older and newer residents in a shared experience. Neighbors swap stories, give advice and encouragement, assist one another at Home Tour time, hang wallpaper for one another, and host local parties. Restoration leads to dinner parties, and dinner parties to special events such as the highlight of the early fall, the Upper Village Pig Roast, or as Susan K. Collins, a participant and president of the Historical Society of Michigan, calls it, the Swine Soirée.

It is stalwarts like John J. Collins—Susan's husband and a member of the Michigan Historical Commission—who understand Marshall's unique heritage and work to preserve it. The Collinses, transplants to Marshall in the early 1970s, live in one of Marshall's few retardataire houses—a Federal house built in 1850 which looks as if it were a perfect 1825 wooden cottage. The house was built by a doctor and his family, who may have wanted a home that looked familiar in what were new surroundings.

Norman and Kathryn Kinney came from a Detroit suburb lured by Marshall's houses. Already seasoned by a previous restoration, these two schoolteachers purchased one of Marshall's best Queen Anne houses and set about restoring it even before finding new jobs. Kathryn Kinney now teaches English in Marshall's high school, where she infuses football players, among others, with a sense of pride in Marshall's housing stock. The personable Norman Kinney, finding that his interest in older buildings overwhelmed his teaching time, took the bold step of becoming a full-time restoration consultant. The Kinneys and another couple rescued the decayed National House at the main intersection of town and set about the almost impossible task of transforming the building from a shabby apartment house back into an inn. The enterprise was a triumph, and the National House Inn is now the town's best place to stay, with sixteen period-style guest rooms and a homemade continental breakfast served to visitors. In its many and varied houses of the nineteenth century, Marshall's dreams live on for residents and visitors alike. □



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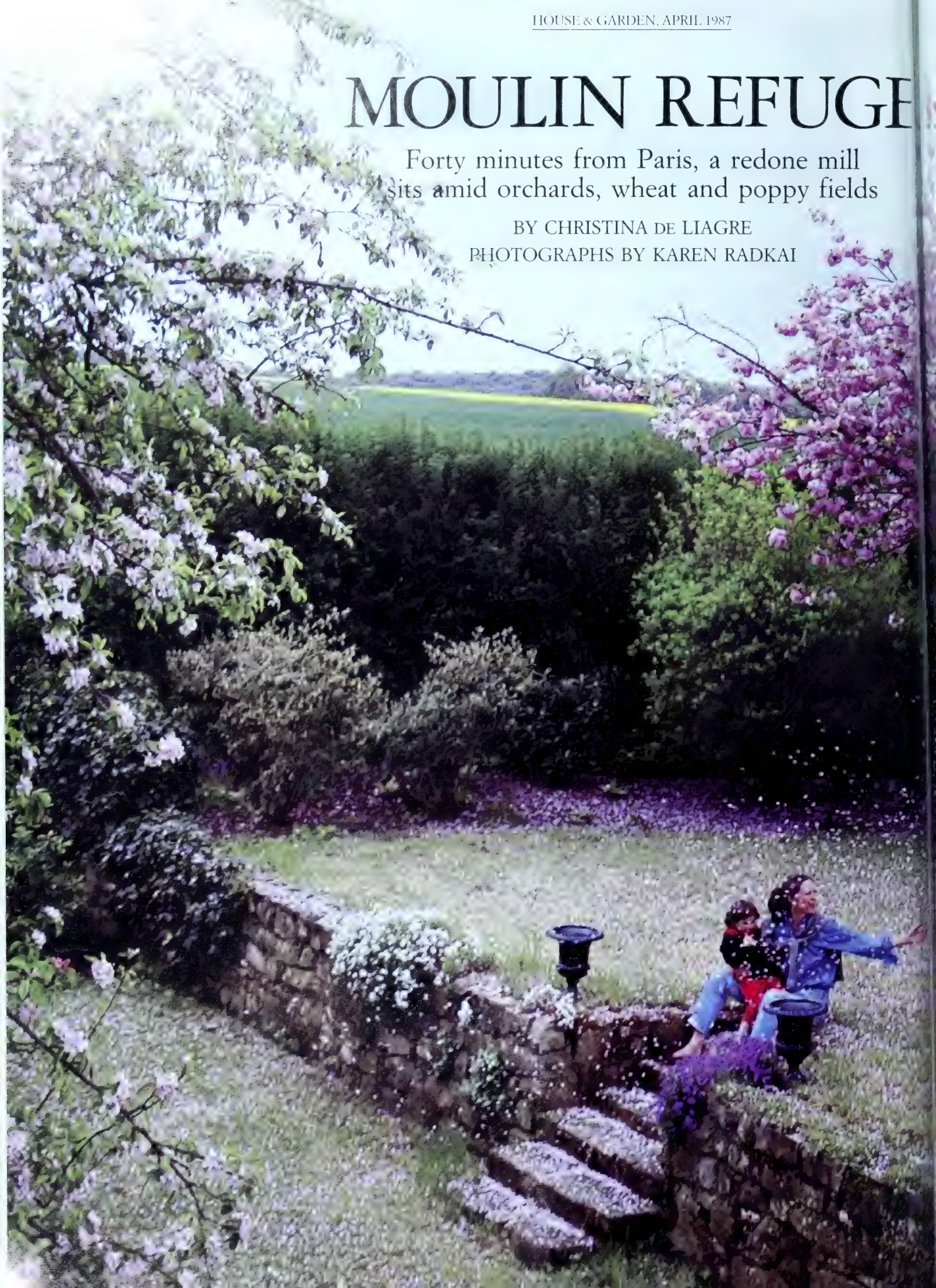
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MOULIN REFUGE

Forty minutes from Paris, a redone mill sits amid orchards, wheat and poppy fields

BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI





Birgitta Fouret and daughter Katarina in the cherry orchard outside her mill near Dourdan, southwest of Paris. Apple trees grow on the terraced lower-orchard level of the property called Les Échelettes.



Like all good Vikings, Birgitta af Klercker took to the high seas at an early age and has made waves ever since. Maybe there is something to destiny. After all, she has gone from one Water Mill to another. The first stop was Water Mill, Long Island. The second, her current country residence, a fairy-tale *moulin* near Dourdan forty minutes outside Paris.

First spotted in the mid 1960s by *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland during a summer's sailing vacation in Dark Harbor, Maine, Birgitta's statuesque elegance soon clicked with Horst, Penn, Avedon, and Parkinson. At "six-foot something" by her own current description ("I used to say I was five ten and a half"), Birgitta, to her great surprise, made an instant splash at *Vogue:* "I could recognize the clothes but not me in them—only the bump on my nose!" Overnight she became Sweden's contribution to Vreeland's long-legged lineup, which included Veruschka, Jean Shrimpton, and America's Own, Lauren Hutton.

"I got very spoiled by all this," Birgitta says, "and I could not live without working." Many people would not call that being spoiled. As we sit in her blue-and-white country kitchen over a blue-and-white mug of coffee, the Norse goddess talks about the uncharted course of a charmed life. Her discourse is as straightforward as her presentation—dark hair pulled back in a simple pony tail baring a profile fit for the prow of a ship.

Married with two little Vikings soon in tow, Birgitta's flair for doing her own house in Water Mill, Long Island (old wicker and lots of blue and white), got her into the decorating business through the back door. A subsequent move to France twelve years ago opened another door to yet-undisclosed talents. "I knew I could never do decorating in Paris because in France you have to know so much. I never knew anything! I never studied," she says in a deep voice calling up a haunting echo of Garbo. Are all Swedish female voices in the lower register?

Barely stopping to catch her breath after opening Haga, an antiques shop on the Left Bank's smart rue de Grenelle where she also *(Text continued on page 232)*

The children's cottage, *above,* is perched on a bend in the river, which flows on by the garage apartment at right. *Opposite:* The paisley-covered table in the entrance to the main house can be extended to accommodate the overflow from dinner parties of eighteen in the kitchen. Porphyry urn, one of a collection, is Swedish, 1820, and hall chairs, two of another collection, sport family crests of great houses in England.





The children's cottage, on left, and the grounds beyond, seen from the driveway. *Top left*: Living-room sofa and armchair are covered in a fabric by Braquenié, and the painted leather screen is English, c. 1850. *Top right*: Also in the living room, a Louis XVI writing desk is used as a table, and footstools underneath covered in paisley are English and Swedish. Between windows is a Louis XVI trictrac; a kilim lies on original tile floor.





...alcony, with its views of ...oland and stream, all the pictures ...re of sheep. *Right.* In a field of ...ppies, in front of the mill, close friend Marina de Balkany holds Birgitta's daughter at a children's party. *Below right.* In the upstairs guest room fabric from the Marché Saint-Pierre in Paris has been quilted to cover beds, assorted poufs, and a dressing table. Pictures are a collection of 19th-century watercolors of English houses.







...used to...through the ...and turn a ... mill wheel ...grind the grain. A collection of 19th-century Japanese iron teapots are on the mantel under a Fouret family hunting portrait. Regency chairs with Souleido cushions are around the English Victorian pine table.



THE THOROUGHBRED WAY OF LIFE

Houses fit for the world's noblest horses

BY ALICE GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Care must be taken that . . . the foal is made to understand that hunger, thirst, and irritation are procured by solitude and that meat, drink, and freedom from irritation are procured by men. When these things take place, foals not only love but long for men. —XENOPHON, *On Horsemanship,* 4th century B.C.

Although it has its regrettable chapters, humanity's long history with horses mostly reflects respect for the discoveries of our early experience: that horses were the means to see the world, the power to go places fast, support in work, defense against enemies, and profoundly affecting companions. Legend says that Arabs once shared their tents with their horses and that the horses in turn allowed their bellies to be used as pillows and their foals as children's playmates. Nowadays, of course, people live apart from their horses. But the stables and barns and arenas we have built suggest that as the years have grown, so have our understanding and regard.

Each year the horse world's top breeders must vie for the 15 or fewer most worthy Thoroughbred stallions that are retired from racing in order to stand at stud. The horses that end up at Gainesway Farm may be the luckiest. On 500 acres of the former C. V. Whitney Farm, historic horsey property in Lexington, Kentucky, John R. Gaines has created a stallion dominion, where no expenses have been barred, no technology uninvestigated, no aesthetic principle dismissed as irrelevant in the service of pleasing and protecting some of the most valuable horseflesh on the planet.

Gaines could have safely invested less time and capital in his stallion complex, but what he wanted, and he has been quoted often as saying so, was to house his horses "like kings." His vision was a farm wrapped in an aura of natural dignity and serenity, with architecture that conveyed a certain medieval spirit and at the same time "eliminated as many acts of God as possible." It was not an easy program, and the several architects Gaines contacted fell short of synthesizing its requirements.

Gaines had originally asked the landscape designer Edwin Bye to design the four-horse barns and two-ring exercise pavilion we see today; Bye declined, feeling singularly more capable of continuing his several years of work designing Gainesway's grounds. But when the time came, he suggested to Gaines that the program be given to one of his former students and employees, Theodore M. Ceraldi, who practices architecture in Nyack, New York. Ceraldi had never designed a horse barn. Nevertheless, Gaines gave him a weekend to come up with a proposal, asked him to breakfast in New York City on Monday, and on the basis of that meeting hired him before noon. (Gaines apparently operates on instinct much of the time, and it takes some ingenuity to keep up with him. For example, Edwin Bye, during his extensive work on the Gainesway grounds, found himself outlining a lake with a pickup truck and designing fences on cocktail napkins and the backs of envelopes.)

Into the serene landscape Bye accomplished once an



KENTUCKY

The Gainesway Farm complex in Lexington, designed by Theodore M. Ceraldi, won the 1984 American Institute of Architects Honor Award.



...ed under L...is
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creators Mansart and
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Bodega Terry: in 1940, Fernando Terry converted part of his sherry winery in El Puerto de Santa María into ornamental stables for his family's Andalusian horses.





GAINESWAY

Barns and exercise pavilion are not exactly lined up because owner and architect wanted to avoid an overly severe symmetry. *Inset:* Inside the pavilion, which Gaines likes to call the longeway center, two stallions can be exercised simultaneously on long lines. Treated wood chips cushion their every step.





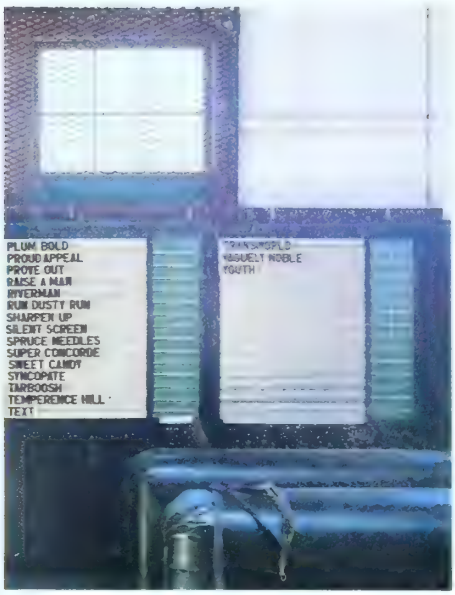
intricate drainage and sprinkler system was finished, Theodore Ceraldi placed eight simple stucco-faced, tile-roofed barns. They "looked old the day they were completed," Gaines is happy to observe. In two diagonally sited groups of four, separated by a grove of oak trees, the barns are the architectural transmutation of everything John Gaines and his farm manager, Joe L. Taylor, could tell Ceraldi about horses. Each element of the design hangs directly or indirectly on the need to protect the stallions, arguably even the native limestone plinth around each barn; it bows to the Kentucky landscape but also obscures the stains a building suffers at ground level, thus minimizing maintenance, thus lowering the risk of upsetting the Thoroughbreds. "It is a classic example of form following function," says Gaines, and Ceraldi, "Everything I know as a designer went into this place."

"A spirited horse, like a man, when he sees or hears or feels anything suddenly is thrown into confusion," wrote Xenophon, adding that "this circumstance ought always to be kept in view when managing him." Confusion can lead to trouble, trouble can result in injury, and at Gainesway injury to one horse can mean the loss of up to $40 million. This challenge only enriched Ceraldi's calm aesthetic. Wherever a sharp edge or hard surface might potentially endanger a horse, it was eliminated: the curbs of the crushed-pink-gravel pathways are double-bullnosed bricks; the walls of the washing area in each barn are inset with rubber in case a horse kicks; the wainscoting in each stall is canted away from the walls—it and casting rails at two heights help prevent the possibility a horse might get cast (trapped lying down against a wall) in his stall. Whatever a horse could chew, including the unpalatable red oak of the stalls and their steel grilles and doors, is finished with nontoxic paint or oil. The warm brick floors of the barns, each set in a different pattern, are made of a certain wire-cut brick with tooth enough for solid footing in slippery conditions. Stall floors, porous asphalt laid over crushed limestone, approximate the hardness of a horse's hooves for proper cushioning.

A barn for only four horses is an unusual idea. At Gainesway the decision was based on ease of management (one groom is assigned to each barn), on limiting potential loss in case of fire or windstorm, and on the prevention of disease. The ventilation system was one of Ceraldi's most crucial solutions: a copper ridge ventilator on top of a steeply pitched roof pulls air in through the two window slots in each stall, siphoning it upward along the roof without creating a draft in the vicinity of the horses. In each stall ventilation is aided by a wrought-steel grille (arched like a fine Thoroughbred's neck) and a steel gate (meant to suggest a horse looking out of its stall). Because the air is recirculated so often and so well, any disease that might hit the complex could most likely be *(Text continued on page 247)*

















GAINESWAY

Details of the complex. *Top, from left:* Porthole barn windows represent farm logo, a genetic symbol for completed fertilization; barn doors move on self-oiling bronze wheels; breeding shed's stallion schedule. *Center:* Path to paddocks outside old barn; hand-wrought stall gate aids ventilation; original Whitney barn stables lesser stallions. *Left:* Structural system for heavy roof is separate from masonry walls, prevents cracks in stucco face; feed bucket on side of old barn. *Opposite:* Halter of Lyphard's Wish—sire of six major-stakes performers so far.



In the eleventh century El Cid ruled Valencia from the back of an Andalusian stallion and William the Conqueror rode one to victory at the Battle of Hastings. Years later, when Louis XIV organized an equestrian ballet of 665 horses to celebrate the birth of his son, the dancers were undoubtedly mostly Andalusians; they were the only horses considered noble enough to carry royalty throughout Europe from the sixteenth century onward. Today Andalusians owned by heads of governments from Morocco to Cuba to Costa Rica formerly stayed in one of the few stables in the world where pure-blood lines go back to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The stable is a few steps from Tomás Terry's house in El Puerto de Santa María. Christopher Columbus sojourned under Medici patronage in this coastal Spanish town, very near Cádiz, and gardens here still grow plants brought back by Spanish explorers who took Andalusian horses to the Americas. As in most towns of Andalusia, tall lime-washed stucco walls line the narrow cobblestone streets of El Puerto and give few clues about life on the other side. This makes it all the more wonderful that doors near a sign indicating a sherry winery should open instead onto a tile-decorated roomful of stalls inhabited by luminescent gray horses.

You are, in fact, at a sherry winery; Bodega Terry was established when the Terrys escaped to Spain from religious persecution in Ireland five hundred years ago. The stable, a wine vault like the connecting eighteenth-century buildings, was converted for horses in 1940 by Tomás Terry's father, Fernando C. de Terry y del Cuvillo. Fernando Terry was passionate about his horses, and the quarters he had made for them are an expression in stucco, wood, tile, and light of the temperamental Spanish need for color and grace. The exteriors of the box stalls are *(Text continued on page 248)*

BODEGA TERRY

The driver of a turn-of-the-century break carriage, *right,* wears traditional costume, as do the horses, whose braided and fringed *borlajes* were specially made for the Terrys by artisans in Seville. *Above:* Tile-decorated box stalls in the stable, one big room that also has *vallas* (open stalls).



Haras country tends to exploit its identity, and this plays to charming effect in the Calvados department of Normandy, where such establishments as Aux Rendezvous des Chaseurs and Le Mustang Nightclub dot a countryside of green misty pastures, apple orchards, and the very old Norman architecture of farm and village. When the government stud farm Haras du Pin appears in the middle of this simple landscape, the effect is something like that on *Rebecca*'s heroine when Manderley loomed into her view.

Louis XIV, the king who dreamed up the horse ballet, saw to it that the first state stud farm in the history of France would suffer no architectural limitations. Le Pin is nicknamed the Horse Versailles, and in fact it was designed by the architect of Versailles, Mansart, with landscape designs by Le Nôtre. The stud farm was 65 years in the making, even more if its history is traced back to Cardinal Richelieu, who under Louis XIII encouraged the breeding of horses to strengthen the French cavalry, weakened by the increased centralization that sent noblemen scuttling to court. But it was not until Louis XIV's minister Jean Baptiste Colbert began running French industry and agriculture that the state intervened directly in the business of breeding by importing stallions and by offering free stud services to proven horsemen. In 1665 the State Stud Administration was born by royal decree and plans were made to move the royal stud from Montfort l'Amaury, near Versailles, to Le Pin.

Louis procured the land for Le Pin from his counselor of state, but war and a dwindling treasury postponed work on the stud-farm buildings until 1715, the year of the king's death. Under Louis XV work was carried on, and the first stallions arrived at Le Pin in 1730. Since then it has remained true to its original purpose, offering stud services at low rates for the breeding first of cavalry mounts, later of agricultural horses, today of Thoroughbred racehorses, trotters, and saddle horses for leisure riding and equestrian sports.

Little has changed physically at Haras du Pin in the past 250 years, and the old estate signifies eloquently the importance of horses at the time the stud was built. An arch of iron with curving spikes topped by a gilded horse's head marks the entrance to Le Pin, and from here the complex unfolds in a horseshoe shape. On either side of the central Court of Honor stately low buildings of Caen limestone curve toward the château, where visiting kings used to stay and where the director of the stud now lives. The stables' 200 stalls are entered by walking through deep *(Text continued on page 249)*



LE HARAS DU PIN

Stallions are presented in the Court of Honor, also known as the Court of Colbert after Jean Baptiste Colbert, finance minister to Louis XIV, who created the stud.

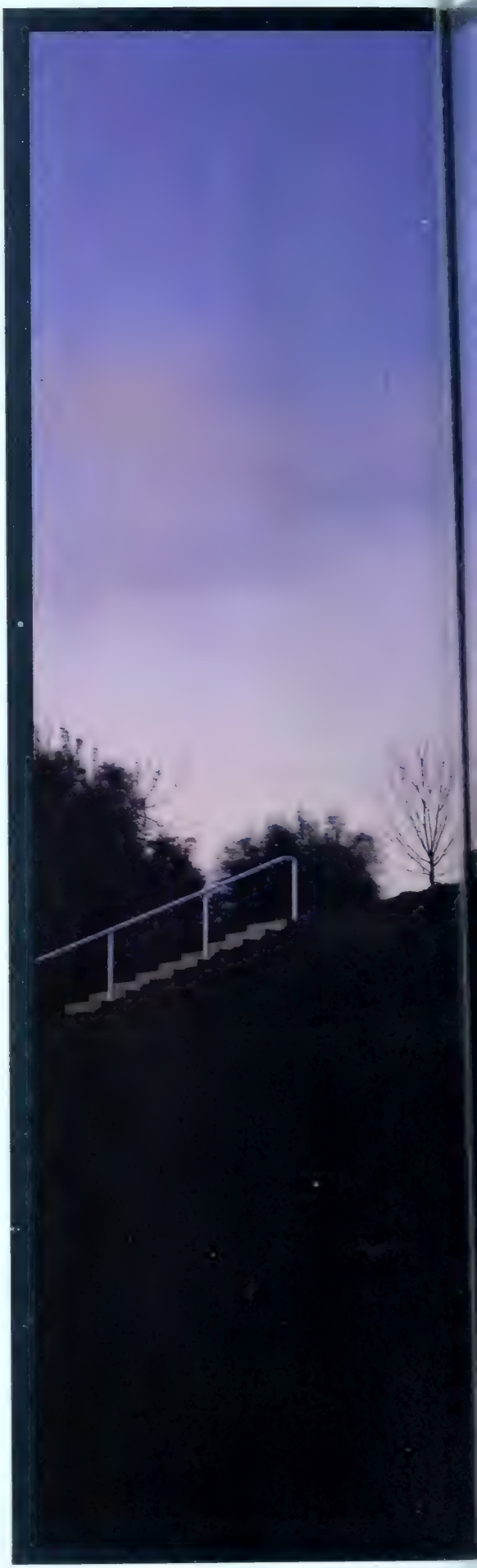




LE PIN

Stables for the English Thoroughbreds are in Cour Lambesc, named after a director of the stud. Opposite: Also in this court are Percherons, a much-loved but obsolete farm breed that would have disappeared without the protection of the national studs.





EMINENT DOMAIN

Just as his most recent house commands its expansive landscape, so does Richard Meier stand confident in his creation of modern architectural form

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WOLFGANG HOYT/ESTO



The house is sited on a hill only twenty feet below the highest point in the county



Clerestory windows of leaded glass, Meier's first use of the material, are set behind clear outer glazing





Glass pattern is based on musical notation of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*

It comes as a surprise to learn that in the 25 years since Richard Meier completed his first building—a 1962 beach cottage on Fire Island—he has executed fewer than twenty houses. But despite his relatively small output, his stature in contemporary residential architecture is immense. Along with a very few creditable adaptations of his perfectionist villas, Meier has inspired untold numbers of imitations that relate to his work most revealingly in their ability to demonstrate why he does what he does far better than anyone else. His purist vision—typified by the now-familiar sleek white surfaces interspersed with sheets of gleaming glass—is rooted in the 1920s architecture of Le Corbusier. More recently his works have also reflected the designs of the Russian Constructivists and the architects of the Vienna Secession, but throughout his career he has remained a resolute and unrepentant Modernist.

That position has been increasingly difficult to maintain during the rise of Postmodernism. The architects of Meier's generation were educated and had their apprenticeships during the heyday of late Modernism, but soon after setting out on their own they began to experience serious misgivings about its expressive potential. Over the past decade many of these architects have felt tremendous pressure from critics and colleagues to shift their stylistic focus away from Modernist models toward more traditional, and specifically Classical, sources. It has taken considerable artistic courage for Meier to keep to his original direction, and no less considerable talent to broaden it as well. But now that so many products of the Postmodernist period have begun to look dated—to say nothing of derivative, repetitive, and thin—Meier's integrity can also be seen as canny, for few of his contemporaries can point to an oeuvre of such high consistency and quality.

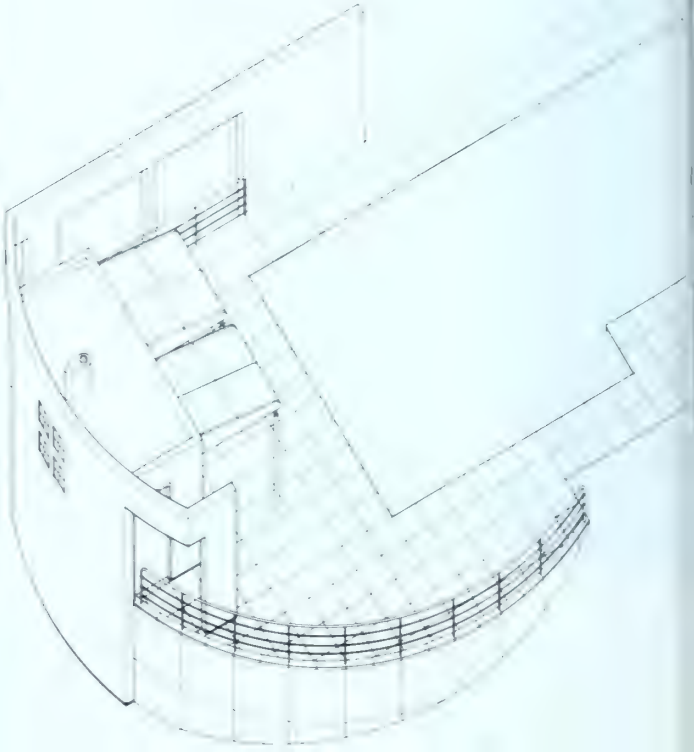
The latest addition to Meier's distinguished roster of resi-



South façade punctuated by tilted porcelain-panel "keyst



Over main entry, a tension-cable canopy



Axonometric drawing shows skylit spine separating open public spaces in curving portion from enclosed private quarters in rectilinear wing behind. Swimming pool at lower left is in place, but screen and pool house at far end are yet to be built. *Opposite left:* East façade with stairway leading down to pool.



Narrow west elevation with glazed stair tower



Upholstered seating by Meier dominates the living room



dences is among the most exquisitely realized of them all: a weekend house in a rural part of a county suburban to New York City. It is reminiscent of other Meier designs in that it continues his exploration of how much variety he can extract from an extremely limited range of colors, materials, and forms. Yet it has distinctively individual qualities that render it instantly recognizable as a definite advancement in the "patient search," as Meier's revered Le Corbusier perceptively characterized the architectural process.

Spectacularly sited on a crest, the house is only twenty feet below the highest point in the county and offers panoramic views of farmland, forests, and mountains far into the distance. One is reminded immediately of two of Meier's most picturesque compositions: his Smith house of 1967 in Darien, Connecticut, and his Douglas house of 1973 in Harbor Springs, Michigan. All three seem inconceivable apart from their dramatic settings, but the newest house is different from the earlier two in several important ways. Not only do the Smith and Douglas houses overlook large bodies of water (Long Island Sound *(Text continued on page 240)*



Dining room (with table set with Meier designs) glows like a giant lantern when lit at night





BENNISON STYLE

The London rooms of the master of genteel shabbiness

BY CHRISTOPHER GIBBS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Characteristically eccentric juxtapositions in Bennison's sitting room painted his favorite shade of red-riding-hood red: an English School painting, *Two Blackamoor Busts and a Terrier* attributed to John Wootton, c. 1720, hangs over a very large 19th-century carved-wood camel atop a table with a jasper-veneered top in the manner of William Kent. On either side of the table, a pair of Louis XV oak fauteuils upholstered in green velvet. A painted terra-cotta pug rests on a cushion under the table.



Bennison's knack for making a room look as though it had always been there is evident in the sitting room filled with drawings, medallions, paintings, and, in foreground, a rather outsize Empire bronze model of the place Vendôme column.

When an inspired antiques dealer, with a good sense of theater and history married to a painter's eye, turns to decoration, wonders can be expected. The flowering of the late Geoffrey Bennison's career as a decorator began more than twenty years ago when the very young Terence Stamp moved into a severe 1800 apartment in London's Albany and asked his friend to help and advise him. News of this triumph was trumpeted abroad and a reputation soon established which was to keep Bennison busy shaking up the homes and collections of the fastidious rich for the rest of his life.

Blessed with bold and salty wit, a relish for gossip, a knack for pricking the balloons of the pompous, boosting the frail egos of the young, and making people comfortable and rooms beautiful, he was a breath of fresh air in the dog days of sixties decorating. With the treasures he had ferreted out from here and there, he infused a shameless warmth and glamour into simple and theatrically lit interiors and, as time went by, constantly added fresh ingredients to his recipes, leading us to delight in Biedermeier and Imari, in the monstrous, the shabby, and the plain, in worn leather, faded chintz, and weathered marble. His Pimlico shop, staffed by faithful acolytes, was a wondrous cavern of wares, all manner of furnishings and pictures chosen for extraordinary qualities by the master, united by some special tangy flavor. His establishment was thus a mecca for the aspirant to modishness, for the sharp-eyed, the spoiled, and the demanding, and there was therefore nothing more to which the only begetter of all this action looked forward than escape from the hurly-burly of the Pimlico rialto to the peace and quiet of his flat.

There he liked to relax, to lie feet up in caftaned, cushioned ease, reading books of eighteenth-century memoirs, eating too well, and watching television in the cozy company of old friends. Rarely and splendidly he would entertain a startling amalgam of the eminent and the raffish, old and wise, young and pretty—gatherings



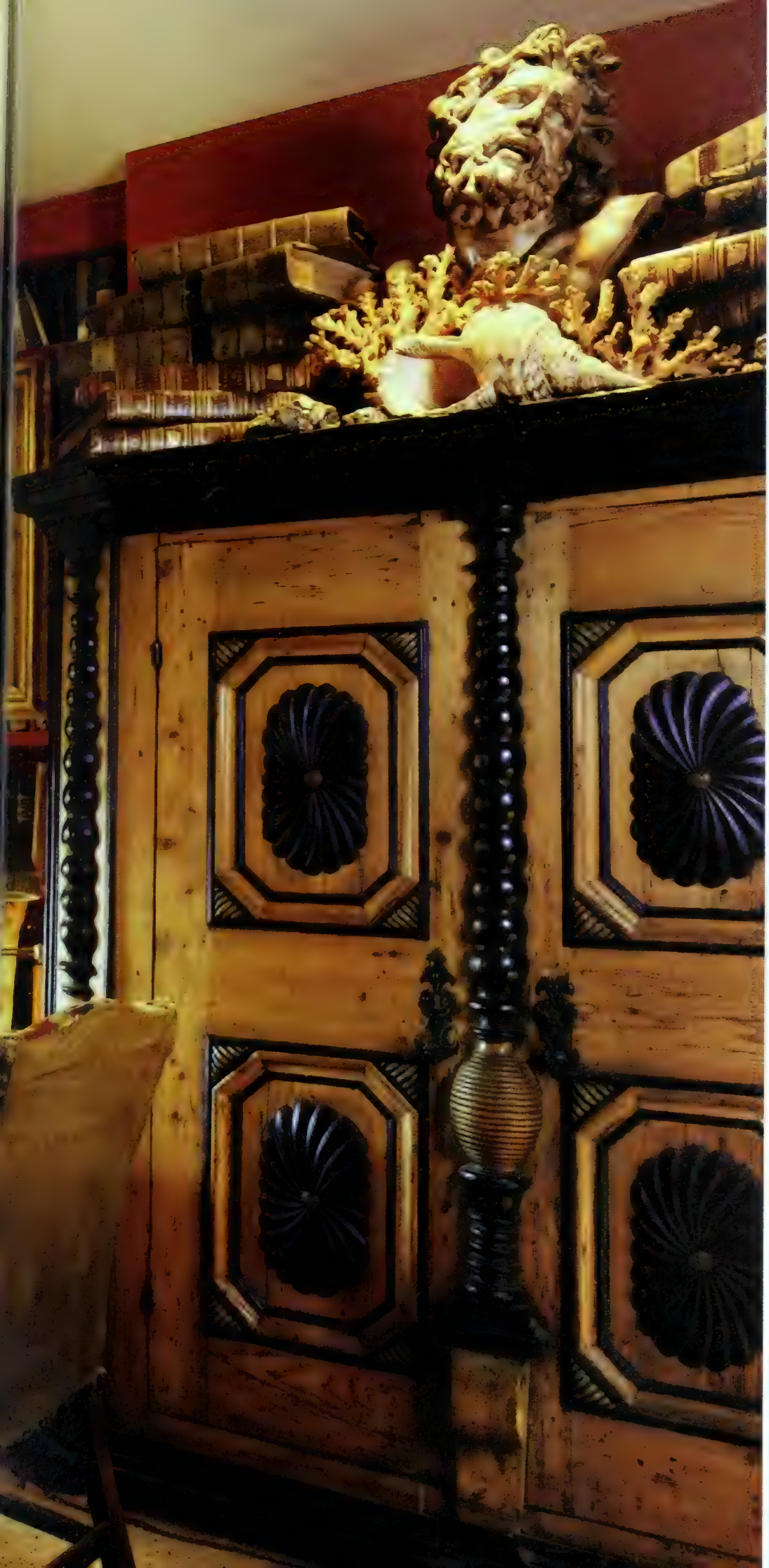
The sitting-room sofas, covered in one of the linens Bennison designed to look "old but not shabby," are strewn with pillows brought back from Moroccan holidays. A French limestone Louis XIV bust is in the window.

remembered for their friendliness and simplicity, for delectable yet homely food, and for the tireless attention of Geoffrey's maids. So home was first the snug, soothing haven for the weary artist, then, and only incidentally, the elegant backdrop for frolic and revelry. For years the beau monde (and the demimonde) cluttered up four flights of stairs to the eighteenth-century attic just behind Piccadilly Circus, but only two years ago or so a move was made out of seamy Soho into calm, sedate Mayfair, with an elevator, a glimpse of the park a stone's throw away, and the Egyptian embassy *en face*.

In this aerie he had at last found a home. His bedroom, with four-poster hung in his own beribboned chintz, led to a generous Turkey-carpeted bathroom with marble-topped basin and mahogany-cased bath. The big sitting room at the front of the building, with daylight filtered cautiously through blinds diapered with lacy arabesques and swagged-back curtains of floral crewelwork, was painted that hard-to-achieve dull scarlet which lurks inside the lids of old Moorish chests—red-riding-hood red he called it. All his favorite pictures were there, patterning the redness, illuming the gloom, and so were the lovely gilded tiered console, in the manner of William Kent, beneath the painting of a shivering dog cushioned between black marble busts, the battered old cupboard with its crowning marble Laocoön agonizing among branches of coral, and the blue Adam armchair with subtle upholstery of seventeenth-century Mughal velvet.

Now denied the master's cherishing attentions, these charming rooms die a little, for those who, like good gardeners, take pleasure in their surroundings and possessions are always moving things, diminishing one happy mix to glorify another, juggling and transforming for their comfort and delight, dissatisfied, always seeing fresh possibilities. The homes of working decorators therefore often share an unfinished transitory quality, a feeling of chaos just at bay, *(Text continued on page 237)*


FABERGE



In the dining area 18th-century mahogany chairs covered in crewelwork and a banquette in Bennison linen surround a Restauration table. A 17th-century bust of Laocoön among coral branches is dramatically lit atop a 17th-century Flemish armoire. On the left is an early-19th-century Russian view of a chinoiserie villa by M. Sazhin.



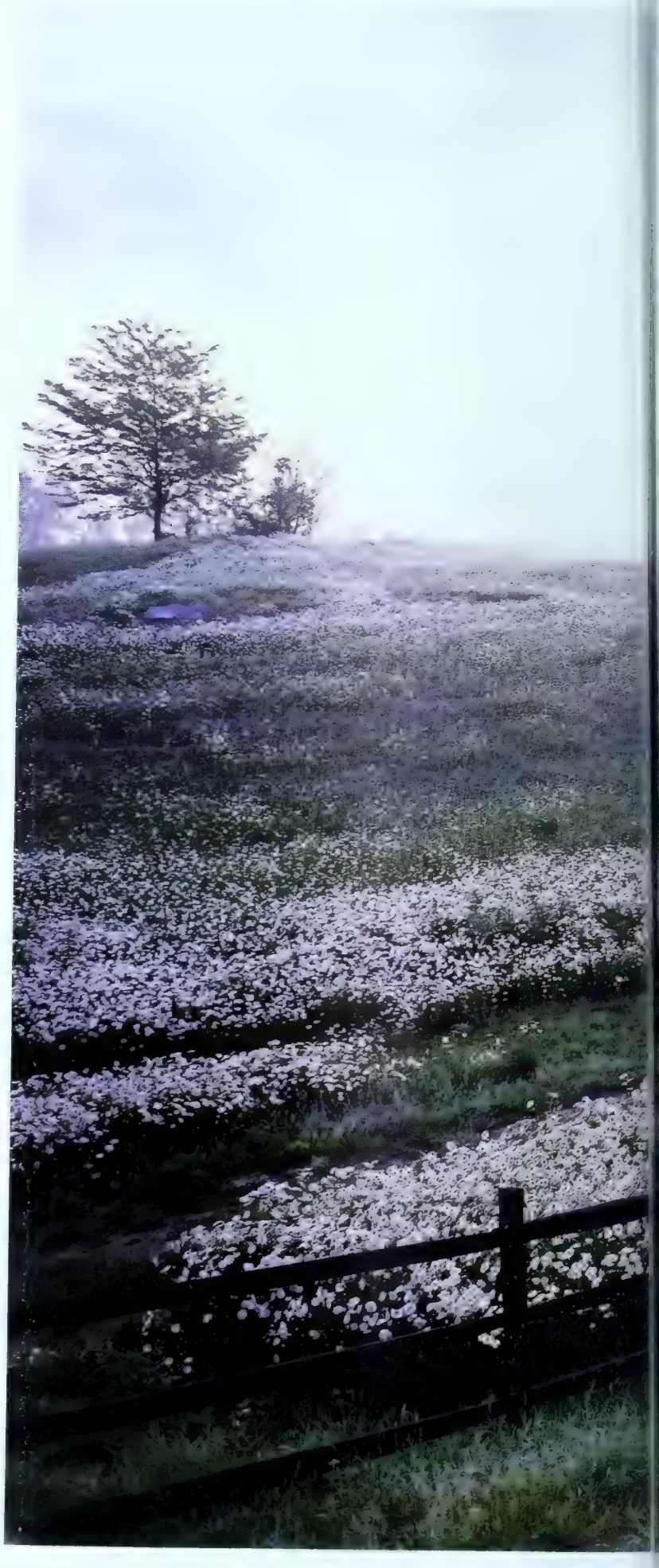


The master bed, *right,* hung with chintz designed by Bennison, is divided by double doors from the rest of the bedroom. *Top:* Beyond the doors are pictures of lapdogs in various media, including woolwork. *Above:* A silhouette of George III surrounded by eight engravings of the royal family, a print of a Roman bust, and a rare 18th-century English paperwork picture.



Painting the Shape of the Land

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY PETER MARGONELLI



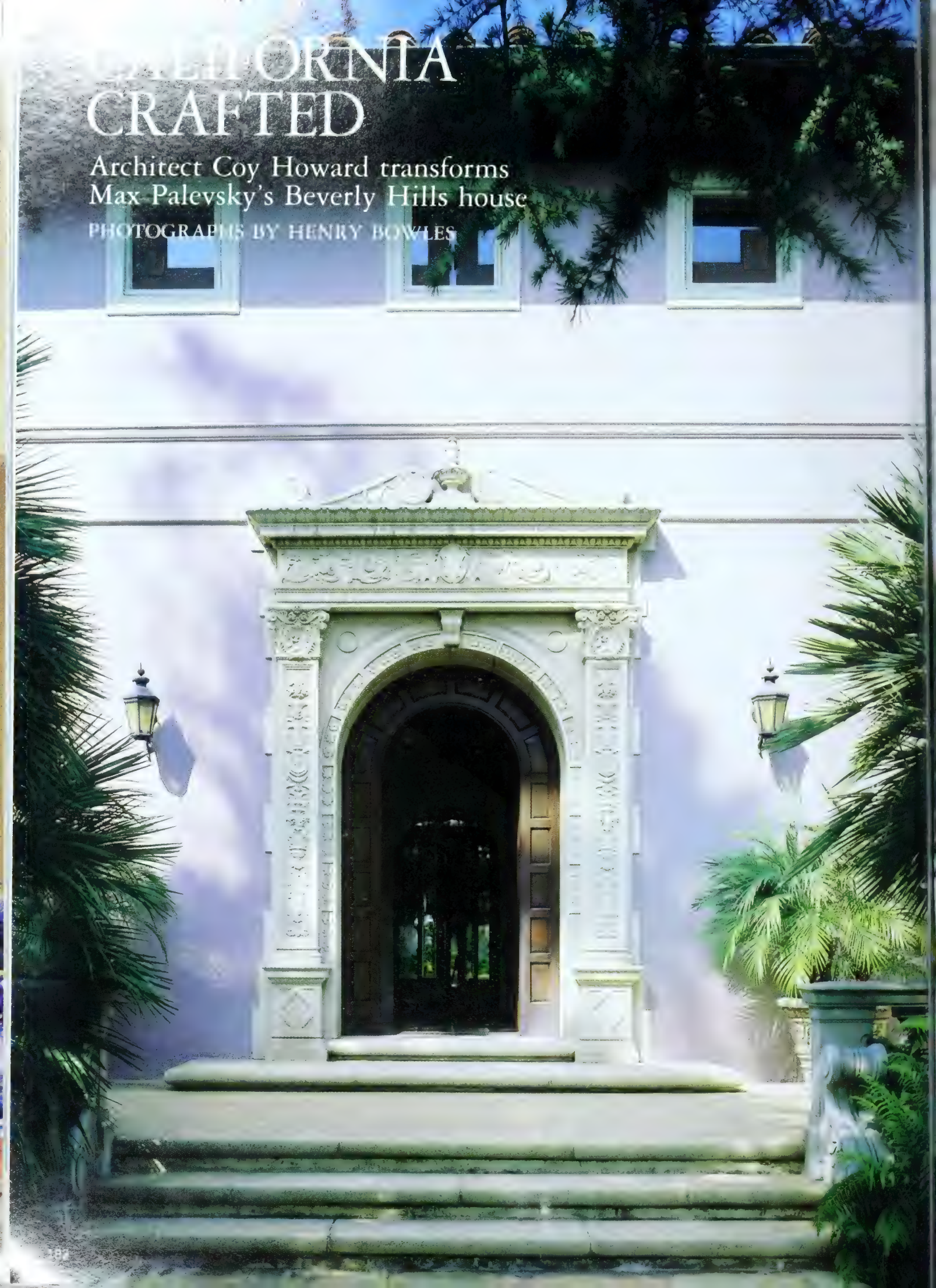
Tori Thomas experiments with natural abstraction at her landscape studio in a small valley of Virginia's Blue Ridge foothills: here a curving old road and a field fleeced with oxeye daisies compose a "romantic horizon leading to the unknown"



Follow the road to the top of the rise and the unknown is revealed: three quarters of the way up the next hill, and washing across it for five hundred yards, more daisies fit between bands of blue flax as all the flowers follow the contours of the land. With wind, cloud shadows, and time of day, the hillside shimmers in "living pointillism"







CALIFORNIA CRAFTED

Architect Coy Howard transforms Max Palevsky's Beverly Hills house

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Cherrywood and tinted glass windows above entry, *opposite* and *this page*, announce Coy Howard's extensive enrichments, including pink marble floor and trim, sculpted wooden handrail, and bronze light bracket at upper right.



Max Palevsky, the Los Angeles business tycoon, philanthropist, and collector, has been a major catalyst on that city's burgeoning art scene, and his recently completed home in Beverly Hills is as unusual, imaginative, and generously conceived as his numerous good works both public and private. The house, built in 1929 in a composite Mediterranean style, has been spectacularly reworked by an L.A. architect with a local reputation as a maverick figure of considerable promise awaiting the right commission to demonstrate his talents fully. This is it, and at age 43, Coy Howard can finally present the impressive evidence of his first major work, a project that is not only a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity but also among the most singular residential schemes executed in recent memory.

The redesign of the Palevsky house, which occupied Howard almost exclu-

In the living room, *right,* Howard's sofas, fireplace, window grilles, and carved cherrywood ceiling. Above mantel, Richard Lindner's *Boy with Machine,* 1954; at center, Roy Lichtenstein's sculpture *Brushstroke,* 1982, and two Josef Hoffmann chairs at left. *Above:* Howard's bronze-and-marble shelf in entry hall with *The Red Hat* by Alexej von Jawlensky, 1912.





Smoothly handcrafted cherrywood door of master bedroom suite opens onto entry hall. *Opposite:* John Clem Clarke's 1982 *Descent from the Cross,* after Rogier van der Weyden, in chapellike gallery. Howard had vaulted ceiling painted ultramarine, and devised pattern of black marble tiles increasing in size toward far wall. On table attributed to Gustav Stickley, jewelry box by Josef Maria Olbrich, c. 1901. Chair in foreground by Frank Lloyd Wright; other by Stickley.



sively for two years, is an extraordinary instance of virtually open-ended patronage in which a willing, informed, discriminating, and affluent client gave full rein to an unconventional, exacting, independent, and untested designer. It was a set of circumstances as special as the results that collaboration has yielded. The exterior of the house gives no clue to its interior transformation. Even on the inside, where Howard's startling changes are inescapable, it takes some time to realize that the house had been virtually gutted and what one sees is not a vestige of some neglected period in design history.

So thoroughly individualistic are the architect's details, so sumptuous his materials, and so exquisite the workmanship that it is hard to believe that all this could have been made in the 1980s. But it has, and the Palevsky house gives the lie to the common claim that one just cannot find craftsmen anymore with the skills and commitment once plentiful in architectural construction. The astounding feats of woodworking, metalworking, marble and tile setting, furniture- and cabinetmaking, as well as numerous painted finishes (from an approximation of the Italian *stucchino* technique to an adaptation of Southern California car-customizing jobs) prove that you can still get precisely what you want if you are ready to pay for it and are relentless in supervising the process. Palevsky's and Howard's fanatical interest in achieving a physical standard long deemed unattainable has been rewarded in a house that is a worthy repository for the owner's equally fine collection of objects from the Arts and Crafts movement, which seems no less than reborn in this remarkable structure.

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Howard refinished original library paneling, *opposite,* with copper auto paint. Picasso linoleum cut, 1962, hangs over architect's pink marble mantel shelf. Howard stool between Ettore Sottsass armchairs. *Above:* Howard's dining-room ceiling resembles Donald Judd's 1984 plywood wall pieces. Mies's Brno chairs surround Stickley table with Murmansk silver compote by Sottsass, 1982. *Jazz* lithographs by Henri Matisse, 1947.



FANTASY BESTOWED ON FORM

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe and the Michael Trees create gardens within gardens at Shute House

BY ANNE TREE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



The topiary bedroom has a boxwood bed canopied in grapevines, and an armchair of briar roses, which look like chintz when in flower, smell sweet after rain.





Squares of grass and gravel carpet the topiary bedroom, *above,* with its vine-hung double bed and ivy-covered bedside table. *Opposite:* View down the canal through rhododendron arch over the stream from the spring. Ferns are cut back to show stream.

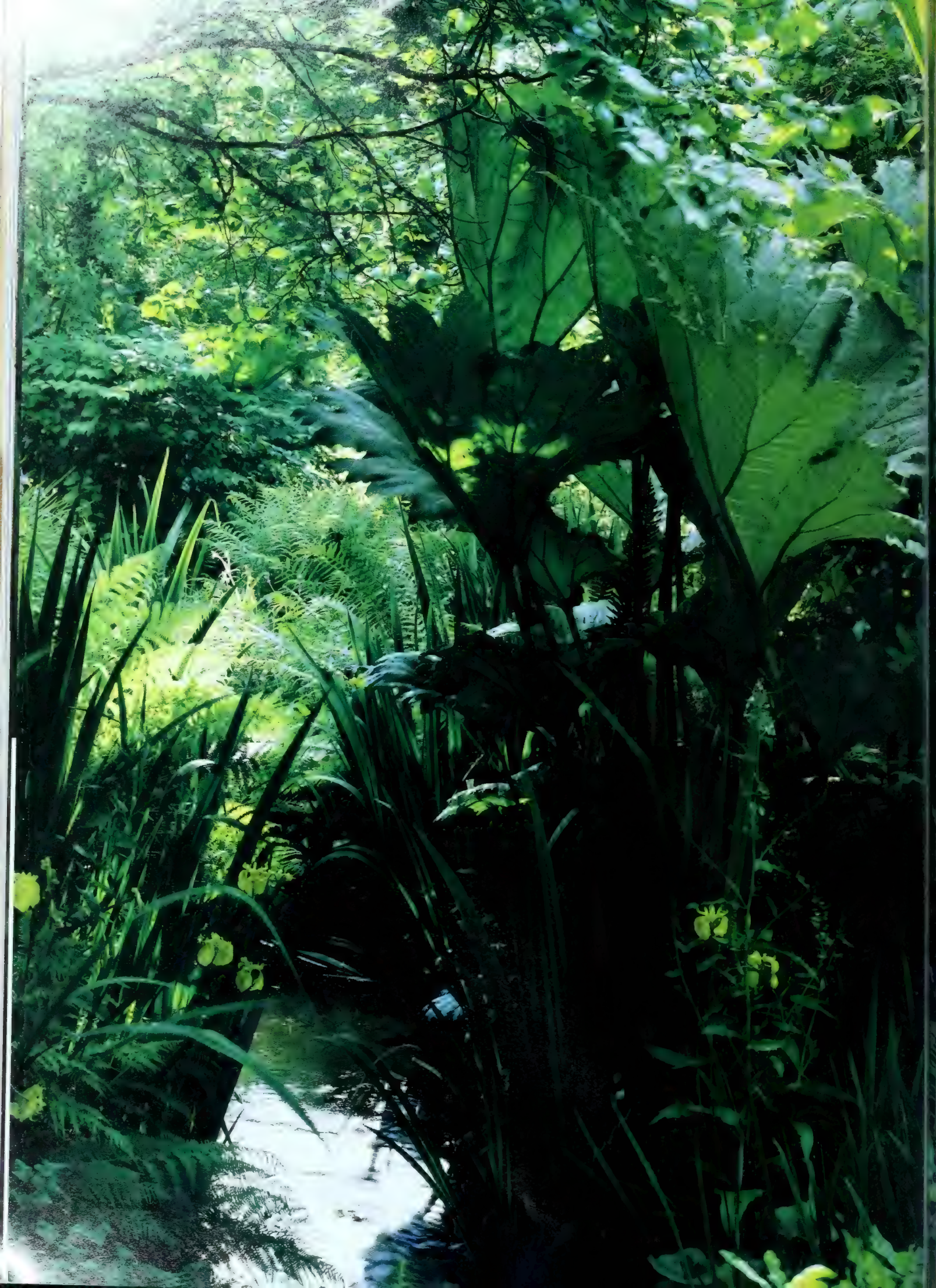
The garden at Shute is three acres and is sited on greensand—glauconitic sandstone that weathers to form a good, light, well-draining acidic soil—and faces due south. We have a ten-acre field in front of the house, a sort of minipark. This field has two ponds, streams, an ancient hedgerow with oak and ash, and a view of unsurpassable beauty over hills and dales to the downs four or five miles away.

This landscape is incredibly ancient, and early Britons built many settlements along these ridges. Ancient Britons have been reappearing in the form of hippies with flowing locks, bits of skin and bone, and a daub or two of woad.

To return to Shute Garden. It has a series of gardens within itself—a water garden, a bog garden, a camellia wood, a topiary bedroom—as well as many ponds, streams, and waterfalls. What may be of interest is what the owners of a garden feel about their creation. We all know that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. The gardener is human in that he tends not to notice ground elder, groundsel, and other common misfortunes. The visitor is apt to take the opposite view and note with smugness the number of weeds that flourish, the untidy edging, and the blocked drains. This article is a jumble of personal visions and colored by wishful thinking.

I shall try to do justice to the photographs and also explain my deep appreciation of Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe's plans and schemes. We were lucky enough to buy Shute in 1970. The house is charming and the situation superb. The house and garden stand at 700 feet above sea level. Mysteriously we have a spring, the provider of all our water. This is the source of the River Nadder. The creation of the garden is to take the rest of our lives and







The rhododendron-banked lower pond from the laurel tunnel. The royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*, surrounds a waterfall. *Left:* In the bog garden the bold foliage of iris, gunnera, giant hemlock, and hosta predominates, with the other bog plants for botanical interest.



In the flower garden, *above,* small box squares are filled with flowers like peonies, phlox, delphinium, evening primroses. *Opposite:* The cascade in the water garden leads to small geometric pools each with a jet to make ripples. Banks are planted with moisture-loving plants chosen for their foliage.

as such to be taken seriously. My husband is a perfectionist. He likes things right from the start. He will not cover up mistakes. For most of his life he has known Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, who had designed a garden for his parents before the war and in the forties designed a Palladian house in the West Indies for his father. On signing the contract to buy Shute, we immediately telephoned Sir Geoffrey, who is not a man to dillydally. Within days we were all on site reviewing the situation. Shortly after, the first plans arrived and the three of us worked together from then on. No disagreements occurred, plans grew, the imagination was fired. Luxurious modern equipment became a necessity.

For a short period the Battle of Flanders appeared to have been fought. Mud was everywhere, debris was piled high, but luckily the battle was short. Soon pipes went underground, tree roots burned all night, the earsplitting noise of the electric saw ceased. Now we were ready to dam streams, alter water courses, plant hedges, and even discuss plants. So form was created and I hope fantasy was imposed on form.

I suppose the most original part of the garden is the water garden, enclosed on one side by a wall and the other by a high beech hedge. The design is based on the Mughal gardens of Kashmir. A stream from the canal above flows down the hill interrupted by three cascades. Each cascade has a copper fall of different pattern and density which makes a chord. Over each fall is a large flagstone giving access to the box garden. Either side of the cascade the beds are asymmetrical. This is barely visible in summer but a delight to the eye in winter. These are filled with damp-loving plants. The planting is done with maximum care in order to give the greatest contrast in shapes *(Text continued on page 244)*



RUSSIAN FOLK IN TAOS

For his New Mexico adobe Nicolai Fechin carved a lasting tribute to his motherland

BY MARGARET MORSE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER AARON



In the dining room, *right,* a 17th-century Russian icon of the Resurrection and a Mexican wood cross frame a covered niche that stores Fechin's carving tools. The bench, like nearly all the furniture, was completely handmade by Fechin, who also fabricated the copper lantern. *Above:* A doorway has beam terminals carved with flowers.





Fechin's adobe, *left,* combines a typical Southwest structure with interior woodwor and furniture that bring his Russian heritage to life. *Opposite:* The living-room firepl and stairs. *Below:* Sunflower detail from a door.

Since the turn of the century the high sunstruck plateau of Taos has attracted artists and writers, among them, in the 1920s, D. H. Lawrence and John Marin but also lesser-knowns such as the Russian artist Nicolai Fechin. Born in 1881 at a trading center on the Volga, Fechin—the son of a church woodcarver—became an art teacher and in 1923 immigrated with his wife and daughter to New York, arriving with $700, a few canvases, a prayer rug, and a paisley shawl. In 1926, Fechin visited a friend in Taos. The ethnic diversity and mountain vistas enchanted him—it was all fondly reminiscent of home—and the next year the Fechins came to Taos to stay.

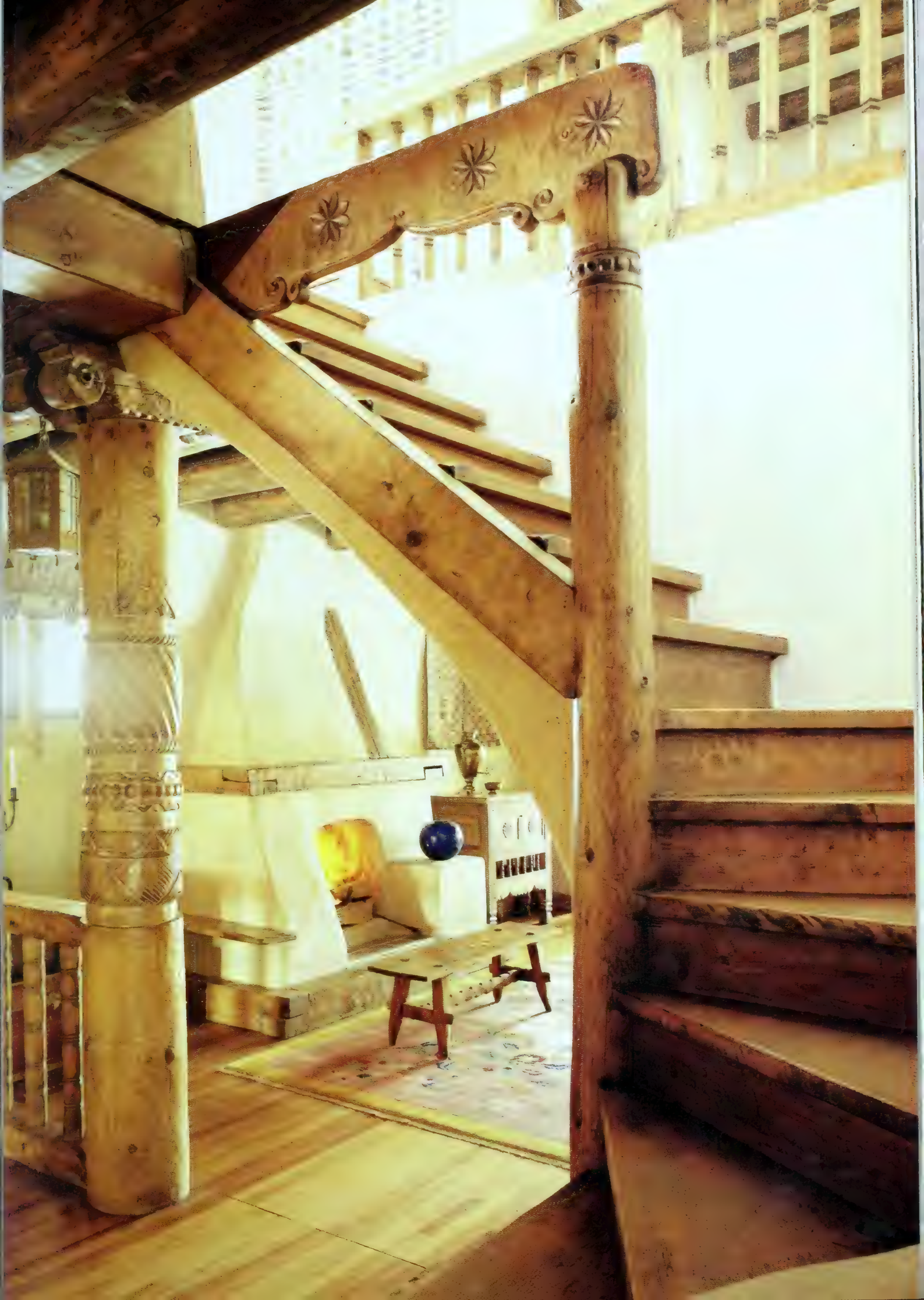
Over the next six years Nicolai Fechin remodeled and furnished an eight-room adobe house, working alongside a local Hispanic and two tribesmen from the Taos pueblo. The sun-dried brick is plastered with a mixture of fine clay, Portland cement, cut straw, and water. In the first-floor rooms a skim-milk sealant gives the walls an eggshell sheen. For some rooms Fechin ordered arched leaded windows, like those in a Russian monastery.

By day Fechin made his living producing bright impressionistic oil paintings and closely observed charcoal portraits. By night he took up adzes, mallets, and chise and carved the wood beams, corbels, mantels, doors, and furniture for the house. First he gave the wood (pine or poplar) an underlying pattern, using an adze. Then he chiseled in the motif and sandpapered its edges. The darkening "brush" of a gasoline torch came next, then a stain well diluted with turpentine to reveal the wood grain. Deep carvings were accentuated with ashes. Finally Fechin rubbed on several coats of paste wax. The result: carvings with a leatherlike patina that call out to be touched.

Today, some thirty years after his death, Nicolai Fechin's adobe is used for art exhibitions and concerts organized by Eya Fechin Branham, the artist's daughter. It still warmly evokes the simple Russian homes of the artist's youth, namely his grandmother's, which he once described as "full of cosiness and monastic cleanliness, hung with icons and perpetually lighted votive lamps." □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac









Carved double doors, *opposite,* between the living and dining rooms. *Above:* A dining-room table holds a triptych of Gabriel, Jesus, and Mary, while other icons fill a cabinet in the northeastern corner—the traditional Russian location. The rug is Tunisian. *Left:* Lively animals adorn a dining-room chest.





A NEW YORK OF ONE'S OWN

Mario Buatta furnishes a pied-à-terre on Fifth Avenue

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST



The living room's main seating group, *left,* is anchored by a Portuguese needlepoint rug from Stark. Brown-ground chintz by Cowtan & Tout; sofa's damask by Old World Weavers. Bronze geese on coffee table from Joseph Rondina. *Above:* Collection of ivories from James II and R. Brooke.



The dining room is actually a portion of an L-shaped living room, but the decorator set it apart with movable screens that match the walls. On table, Quadrille paisley over Brunschwig floral pattern; decanter from Baccarat. *Left.* The library, thanks to a sofa bed, is a part-time guest room. A collection of dog figures and pictures—a Buatta trademark—continues to grow. Clarence House fabric on armchair and ottoman.

A businessman from a faraway continent occupies this small glowing apartment on his trips to New York and is far happier than he used to be as a hotel guest. No matter how fine the rooms he reserved, he always found them cold and lifeless, so he acquired a pied-à-terre on Fifth Avenue and asked one of New York's decorator celebrities, Mario Buatta, to give him a home of his own—one that would reflect the traditional, luxurious New York style he had come to know in recent years.

The style is built upon richly glazed, strongly colored walls; antique tables, occasional chairs, and case pieces; fat curving upholstered seating; printed fabrics; needlepoint rugs; and collections on display—all of it arranged for deep comfort. Although "English country" in inspiration, the rooms are clearly American because everything is bright and fresh, well repaired, and stylistically consistent. And now when Mario Buatta's client arrives from the airport, he can whisk off the dust covers, order up some flowers, and s[illegible] into his own warm personal New York.

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gray





The main bedroom, *right,* has walls upholstered with an Angelo Donghia linen, which also drapes the windows and the bed. Headboard fabric from Rose Cumming. *Above:* The travertine floor in the foyer was left bare, and the walls were mirrored to glamorize and visually enlarge the space. Ceramic garden seat from James II. Scalamandré silk stripe on open armchair; Brunschwig & Fils pillow fabrics.



LUMINOUS CLOSE-UPS

In their Manhattan apartment Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf create a series of personal vignettes

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY







Decorators, when designing their own living spaces, could theoretically go wild and indulge every whim, using all their favorite fabrics or packing the place with furniture. Most, one observes, do not. Decorators Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf find that after a day of working with colors, textures, and patterns they need relief. So they've designed for themselves a "white-lacquered canvas" as a backdrop for their growing collection of objets d'art, furniture, photographs, books, and the always-filled vases of fresh flowers.

Their New York apartment combines a three-color palette of taupe, white, and black with the use of platforms for sleeping and sitting. After some major structural changes—including the repositioning of rooms, dropping the living-room ceiling, and blocking a window—the walls were lacquered white, which after oxidation has mellowed beautifully. The main seating area is a carpeted platform; the slight height change defines the space, and *(Text continued on page 238)*

A raised seating platform defines the "living room," *right.* In the foreground a George III candlestick stands on a polished stainless-steel pullout, one of four that increase the capabilities of the lacquered dining-conference table designed by Patino and Wolf. *Above:* Irving Penn's *Glove* above Louis XVI console. *Preceding pages:* On dining-room ledge, Penn's portrait of Colette and English frosted-glass vase.





signed by the owners; chair
holds a 1922 photograph by Paul
Outerbridge Jr. Fabric on pillows: angora,
Yves Gonnet; silk, Brunschwig.



In the guest-workout room a wall has been angled to create more privacy. Eames chair provides seating for the ledge-desk, which here holds blanc-de-chine porcelain vase. Carpet throughout apartment is from Stark. *Below:* Frosted blue glass filters light from master bedroom.



Thonet chairs are slipcovered in Ondine from Manuel Canovas beyond, the library-media room. *Opposite:* Adjustable lightin focuses on frequently moved art objects such as the Byzantine ston torso and Persian turquoise bowls. Bench, c. 1930, attributed to Jean Michel Frank.





GIVENCHY GRANDEUR

The couturier's taste for Haute Époque splendor

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



In the entrance hall, *opposite*, a terra-cotta sculpture of Adonis by Nicolas Coustou, 1710, is at the foot of the stairs. *This page:* In the *salon vert*, a gilt-wood Louis XIV armchair covered in 17th-century silk embroidery

Who is the owner of this palatial Paris house? A nobleman, *ça se voit,* and a dandy. Someone who feels at home and at ease in the stratosphere of the Haute Époque; someone whose fastidious eye for works of art is backed by connoisseurship and an intuitive feeling for the finest points of craftsmanship, authenticity, and rarity; above all, someone who embodies *l'esprit français* at its most elegant, exigent, and cool. Who else but the legendary nobleman turned couturier, Hubert de Givenchy. Had we not been told that these magnificent chattels were acquired over the past two decades, we would assume they were his by inheritance.

A catalogue in several volumes would be required to do justice to the Givenchy collection; here we can only hint at the contents of this treasure house. First of all, the staircase hall. The noble architecture has been left to speak for itself. Givenchy put in the wrought-iron stair rail, a copy of one in an eighteenth-century house he greatly admires. The handsome lantern is also a later version of one made for Madame de Pompadour. But Nicolas Coustou, the brother of Guillaume, the sculptor of the famous *Chevaux de Marly* in the Tuileries gardens, executed the beautiful terra-cotta of Adonis as a hunter (1710) who greets us at the foot of the stairs. The only other decorative element is a Brussels tapestry (after a design by Teniers), which Givenchy—as a rule no great fancier of tapestries—cherishes for the "powerful architectural statement that its trompe l'oeil columns make."

It is tempting to climb the stairs and explore the second floor, given over to rooms that are more informal and contemporary—besides such elegant conceits as the Louis XVI chair covered in Cubist needlework (after Braque), there is a marvelous Rothko—however, limitations of space oblige us to keep to the enfilade on the ground floor. As well as being perfectly proportioned, these three great rooms are ideally situated *entre cour et jardin,* that

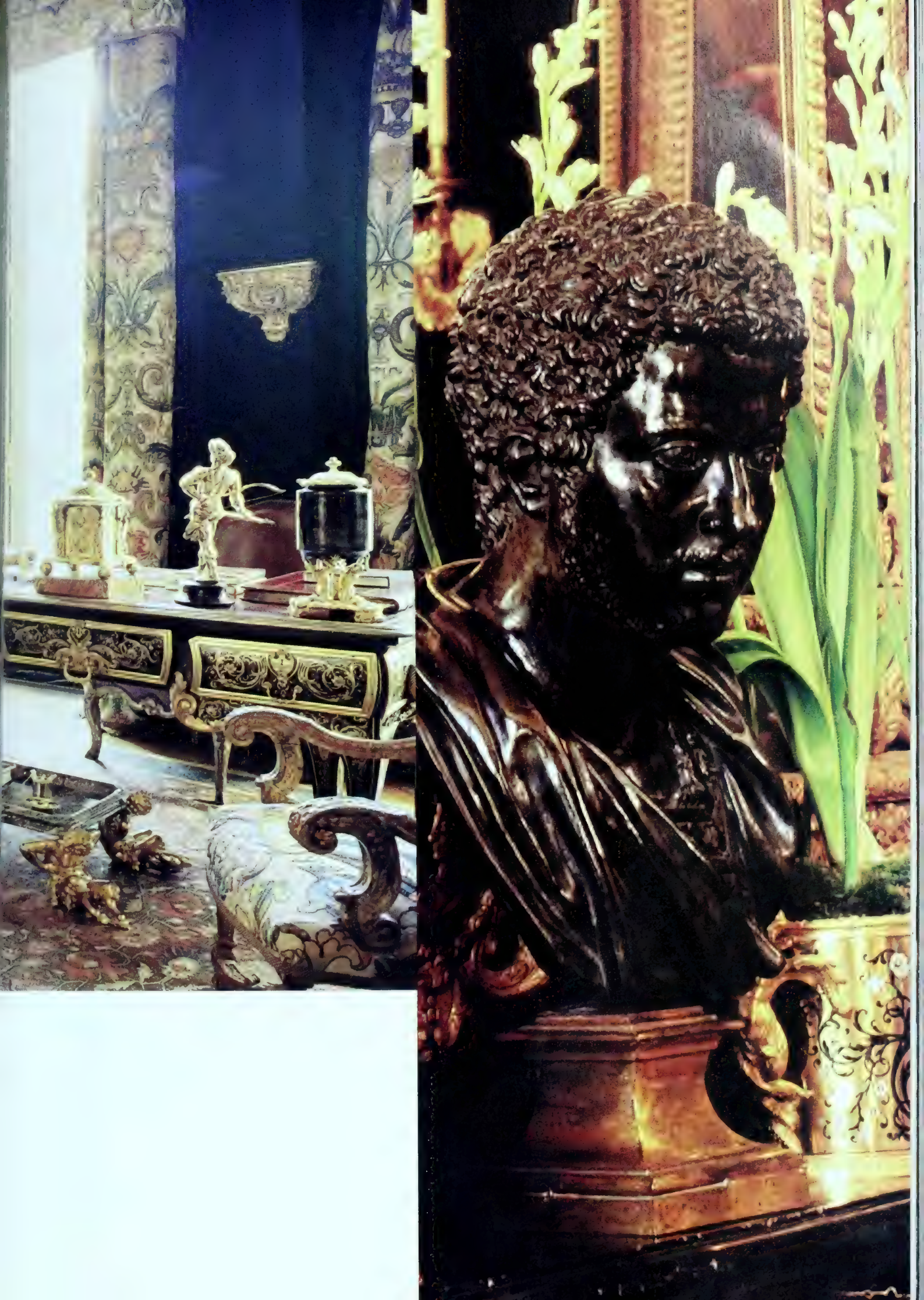


A painting in the style of Bronzino, *above,* hangs above a cabinet by Levasseur displaying royal almanacs in the *salon vert.* Two Kang-xi black vases flank the 17th-century Italian bronze h[illegible]e. *Right:* A stone lion guards the steps into the garden.





The splendor of the 17th century in the *salon vert:* a magnificent Boulle armoire topped by *miroir noir* vases is flanked by two Boulle torchères, once belonging to duc de Talleyrand, that support bronzes representing autumn and winter by Anguier. An unusual six-legged Boulle desk from Lord Ashburnham's collection is near the windows hung with curtains made of 17th-century French embroidery, which also covers the armchairs. A silk *tapis polonais* is underfoot. *Opposite:* A 16th-century Italian bronze bust of Marcus Aurelius in the *salon vert.*







On a velvet-covered table in the grand salon, *opposite,* books bearing the arms of King Stanislaus I Leszczynski keep company with an 18th-century Celadon vase, which holds potpourri, and a 17th-century bronze Venus. *Above:* An overview of the grand salon carpeted in a brilliantly colored Savonnerie, with a magnificent bronze-doré and steel table on the left and, in far-right corner, a Regency screen covered in Chinese wallpaper embroidered with silk.

is to say, between courtyard and garden, and therefore filled much of the year with leafy sunlight. As for the handsome garden, trust Givenchy to have his great friend Mrs. Paul Mellon as an adviser on horticultural matters.

Let us begin our tour at the farthest extremity of the enfilade: the dining room. A certain formality is unavoidable if things of great quality are to be adequately displayed, but Givenchy saves this room from stiffness by arranging it as a salon, a custom that dates back to the days before dining rooms were obligatory, when meals were movable feasts. Thus two people can dine here or converse as intimately as twenty-two. Instead of the usual expanse of mahogany surrounded by a ring of chairs—all those *legs*—the focal point of this room is the sensational *bureau à cylindre* that Catherine the Great commissioned from Roentgen as a tribute to her idol Diderot. What more eloquent souvenir of the eighteenth century's incomparable philosopher, *encyclopédiste,* novelist, dramatist, and founder of art criticism? And what more harmonious setting for this memento of the great man than the cream-and-gold boiserie (originally made for what is now the Hôtel Crillon) and the harlequin-colored Savonnerie at its feet? In this idyllic room it is easy to understand the rival collector who said, "I never know whether to purr with pleasure or hiss with envy. Who else is so adept at tempering *dix-huitième* pomp with *vingtième siècle* restraint as Hubert?"





The garden, *opposite,* was renovated and redesigned by French landscape designer Pierre La Grange. Mrs. Paul Mellon, who won the 1987 Landscape Design Award from the American Horticultural Society, collaborated on the planting. *Above:* Givenchy arranged the dining room like a salon. A *bureau à cylindre* commissioned by Catherine the Great is across from the oval dining-room table by Leleu. On the table are Russian dinner plates that belonged to Czarina Maria Feodorovna.

The dining room opens into the grand salon. Again there is that sensuous, tactile hush that betrays the presence underfoot of yet another great Savonnerie: this one is even more spectacular than the carpet in the dining room—as brilliant in color and fresh as when first knotted about 1730 (ninety knots to the square inch, hence weavers managed little more than a yard or two a year). And how festive and warm the carpet makes things look. Yet what a sense of sobriety there is, thanks to Givenchy's recurrent use of dark accents: viridian tablecloths and upholstery and the discriminating disposition of some very fine, beautifully patinated bronzes.

Don't miss the display on the large velvet-covered table toward one end of the salon, a perfect example of Givenchy's connoisseurship. Alongside a massive Celadon vase, massively mounted in bronze-doré as a potpourri holder, are three sumptuous portfolios—scarlet morocco bindings emblazoned with the arms of Stanislaus I Leszczynski—which illustrate the Polish king's numerous châteaux in Lorraine. The ensemble is completed by two seventeenth-century bronzes—both representing Venus with her marine attributes, both of the blackest patina—and a pair of bronze-doré Régence chenets, far too fine, I would have thought, to have served as firedogs. Everything on the table is worthy of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs or the Wallace Collection.

By the *(Text continued on page 230)*





Louis XIV gilt-
nze hand warmer,
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inspiration for the
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Louis XVI chair.

After languishing in a ducal collection, the once-royal cupboard fell into the clever clutches of Misia Sert

(Continued from page 227) same token don't miss two exceptional tables in the salon: a Louis XVI *table du centre* made of that delectable combination, bronze-doré and steel, not to speak of green marble; and a smaller, somewhat earlier marquetry table whose top is of black lacquer inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Givenchy uses this unusual black surface—unusual for the eighteenth century—to set off another swagger group of objects: bowls for potpourri in black lacquer and rock crystal (Augsburg) and a marvelous pair of Rococo figures in vermeil. The many bergères and fauteuils are likewise of stunning quality, but my favorite is the relatively modest *voyeuse* chair with its ancient leather pancake of a cushion—a perfect foil for the extravagant Régence screen behind it, extravagant in that the Chinese wallpaper covering it is exquisitely embroidered in silk. Gilding the lily, but why not? And don't overlook the set of fine *appliques* probably made by Caffieri for Madame Infante, Duchess of Parma, Louis XV's daughter. Typical of Givenchy's discretion, these are the only embellishment allowed on the boiserie. Discretion is likewise the hallmark of the simple white taffeta curtains, so much more effective than ornate draperies. Hence the look of this great room: grand but not the least grandiose.

Lastly the *salon vert,* the most dramatic room of all. Givenchy says that the décor was devised as an *hommage à Balenciaga,* who was for many years his mentor. And indeed its hieratic magnificence is wonderfully in keeping with that most stylish of men, the *Zurbarán de la couture.* Whereas the ambience of the other rooms is essentially eighteenth century, here we step back into the seventeenth, a century that evidently has a strong atavistic appeal for Givenchy, who, but for his great height, evokes the pages of Saint-Simon. With the notable exception of the spectacular *cabinet-bibliothèque* by Étienne Levasseur (formerly in the collection of dotty Gladys Deacon, second of the ninth Duke of



A *voyeuse* chair of cane wood with a *galette* leather cushion in the salon.

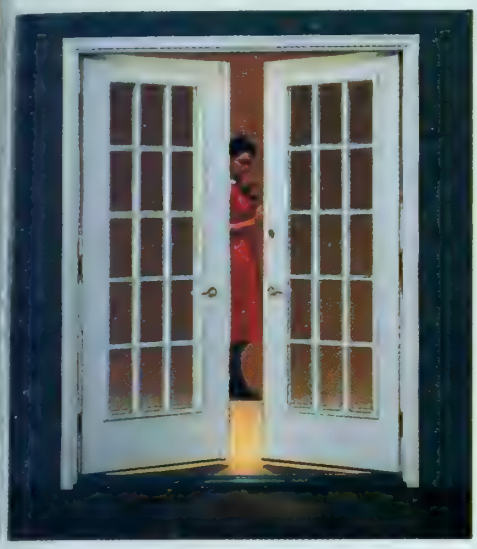
Marlborough's American wives)—its shelves agleam with a very Rothschildian display of royal almanacs—the furniture is virtually all Boulle, either by André Charles Boulle himself or his associates.

Dominating this room is a formidably imposing Boulle armoire; after languishing in a ducal collection (Choiseul-Praslin), this once-royal cupboard fell into the clever clutches of Misia Sert, thence to Givenchy. As if such a *trouvaille* were not enough, the designer, whose serendipity is something of a legend, recently managed to acquire its mate, and since these photographs have been taken, the pair has been reunited. Here the armoire is dramatically topped by a group of five black (*miroir noir*) vases, of the Kangxi period, flecked with gold. These emphatic black accents are a recurrent feature of Givenchy's décor. "It was Chanel who put me onto *miroir noir* vases," he says. "She always claimed they were the rarest and that I should buy them whenever I had the opportunity." Judging by the examples in the *salon vert,* there have been many opportunities.

On either side of the armoire tw no less magnificent torchères stan guard. They are likewise by Boulle an likewise ducal (Talleyrand) as to prov enance, and they support two mam moth bronzes of the seasons (*Autum* on the left, *Winter* on the right) by th seventeenth-century master Anguier Not to be outdone by this array is an other eye-catching piece of furniture by Boulle himself, the famous *bureau Boulle à six pieds* (six-legged desk) from Lord Ashburnham's collection, which later passed into the hands of Antenor Patiño. Givenchy piles Pelion on Ossa by loading this desk with some of his rarest *objets de vertu:* the gilt-bronze hand warmer which gentlemen of Louis XIV's often freezing court were obliged to clutch for a minute or two if they wanted to thaw out their fingers to write a letter or lay hands on a loved one; either side of this *chauffe-mains* are two vases in that most recondite material *lac burgauté,* lacquer encrusted with the reddish mauve mother-of-pearl that comes from a spiral-shaped shell, now virtually extinct.

To anchor all this splendor, Givenchy has managed to acquire one of those fabled silk carpets made in Persia three to four hundred years ago for the Polish market. Hence the name, *tapis polonais.* An enviable acquisition, but even more enviable to my mind are his curtains and chair covers of seventeenth-century silk embroidery. These breathtakingly brilliant hangings—luminous as goldsmith's work—formerly belonged to the English Rothschilds, who sold them in a moment of folly to some French cousins. Until recently they were the cynosure of a drawing room in Baron Elie de Rothschild's Hôtel Masserano. When the Rothschilds moved to smaller quarters, Givenchy acquired the hangings, and in the dark green stillness of the *salon vert* they shine forth like a sunburst of orchids in an Amazonian forest. According to a leading Paris dealer, it is no wonder a Givenchy provenance has come to confer as much honor on an objet d'art as a Rothschild one. □

Editor: Babs Simpson



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(continued from page 140) lives, Birgitta took on a second husband, a third child, and an eighteenth-century *moulin à grain* outside Paris on the Remarde River in Les Yvelines. "I wanted a shop of what I liked and what amused me—collections of such things as walking sticks, letter openers, ivory-handled magnifying glasses, paisley shawls, footstools, animals—often doorstops or bookends, candlesticks—blackamoors, and architectural engravings." Her clients include dictators of taste right up to the president of France. Many of her collectibles are from England or Sweden, mostly from the early nineteenth century: "The English were particularly helpful to me in starting the shop. They're terribly accommodating and love to put you on to special places and give you tips, whereas the French are by nature so wary, you know, so competitive."

Birgitta has that innate sense of what David Hicks coined, "making tablescapes into an art form." Whether it's in her shop or in the mill, her feeling for objects is always pleasing: a collection of baskets sits atop the *vaisselier* in the kitchen, and a row of Japanese antique black iron teapots are aligned on the chimneypiece like so many ducklings in a row. Pine cones fill a large basket in the entrance hall while tiny silver-framed Indian watercolors of the Taj Mahal and the Golden Palace are piled willy-nilly in a shallow rectangular basket on the bedroom dresser.

Although the scale of objects in relation to tabletops, windowsills, and other surfaces is nothing short of perfection, there is a casualness to these settings that makes them seem blissfully unintentional. These still-life compositions appear to be the last-minute brushstrokes of inspired moments and fleeting passions. "I'm always moving things around," she says shyly, almost apologetically.

Just as Birgitta dares sport the no-makeup look, she has opted for the same no-nonsense complexion for the interior walls of the mill. The kitchen walls are raw cement with a hint of yellow applied in subtle swirls to give the surface a soft, cloudy effect. The imposing chimneypieces in the kitchen and in the entrance hall are Paris-made and brand-new. Birgitta herself tinted the stucco to give them a centuries-old well-fired hue.

In the off-white double living room, a splash of color is provided by the Braquenié fabric on the sofas, chairs, and draperies. "I don't like well-known fabrics that come from so-and-so. It's so boring." (Braquenié is a traditional favorite of her husband's family.) She much prefers going to the Marché Saint-Pierre in Paris, a cut-rate remnants market at the foot of Montmartre, to find a fabric that "nobody knows," like the print she used in the guest room. A charming Swedish touch in all the bedrooms are fabric-covered, sausagelike feather rolls on the windowsills and at the bottom of the doorways to prevent drafts.

"When we bought the mill in 1975," Birgitta continues, "we thought it was in *perfect* condition. So we've been liv-



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piles of sand and cement ess ever since!" Of the four houses that make up the mill settlement, two were dismantled stone by stone (*pierre de grès* from the region) and reassembled jigsaw style. That goes for the roof tiles and the paving stones in the courtyard as well. Aside from the main house, the two older children have their own quarters in one guest cottage; the gatekeeper resides in another. There is also a garage apartment. Insulation had to be put in everywhere as torrents of water swirl by the mill, which was used not only to process grain but also to provide electric power. In fact, the water initially ran through what is now the kitchen where a gigantic stone wheel ground the grain—the original kitchen having been what is now the entrance hall.

Parisian architect Alain Raynaud (Givenchy's master builder for the designer's *hôtel particulier*) oversaw the works. "I know what I like," Birgitta adds, "but I could never have done without help on the structural details,



From the sluice, a back view of the Fouret complex.

like placing new windows and doors." It is most definitely she, on the other hand, who created the atmosphere by such subtle touches as tinting the new stucco chimneypieces with her special brand of tea or placing her own make of storm candles in the windows. "That's very Swedish." She also found eighteenth-century *tomettes* to match some of the old floors, ferreted out copies of old blue-and-white country tiles for the kitchen and bathrooms, and decided the outside trim should be *duv blå,* harking back to the doves of her homeland.

While their new utopia was shaping up, Birgitta's two eldest Vikings, Sebastian, now sixteen, and Natascha thirteen, spent hours fishing in the millpond in the center of the four house complex. No doubt ensuring their fun for the future, "they made sure to throw the fish back," Birgitta points out, "not always successfully." Little Katarina, at six, apparently seafaring like her mother, has more ambitious nautical adventures in mind judging from the snorkel and diving mask she uses in her bathtub. "I miss the sea," says Birgitta wistfully, who is as close to water as an inlander can be without getting her feet wet.

A mere 45 kilometers from Notre-Dame Cathedral (the measuring point for all distances—the French have a mania for this precision!), the views from Fouret's *moulin* are still unspoiled—every window offers up orchards, wheatfields, and sunflowers. Out front the panorama of poppies lulls one into a reverie of Monet's promenading lady with a parasol.



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MOULIN REFUGE

Birgitta's husband, Olivier Fouret—a publisher at Hachette who was instrumental in bringing French chefs Bocuse, Lenôtre, and Vergé to Disney World's French Pavilion in Orlando, Florida—must be relieved it is not his estate but the virgin fields of Marne-la-Vallée to the east, also on the periphery of Paris, which will probably be developed into Eurodisneyland by 1992.

The upkeep of this pastoral scene is left largely to the family's grazing sheep and Shetland ponies and the neighboring farmer's trespassing cows. Although Birgitta is too much of an artist to let nature have its way entirely, she has added lavenders, whites, and blues to the palette by planting perennials in the stone walls that enclose the property and outline the terraced orchard where they often picnic. Ancient mortars (yet another collection) are here and there used as birdbaths. "If ever I move again," Birgitta sums up, "I would like to live in a loft with white walls and no things." That sounds like a faint hope. Birgitta Fouret has just added another floor to her shop for a series of new collections she's acquired. And admittedly, for many collectibles, her shop often serves as a halfway house to her own home. □

BENNISON STYLE

(Continued from page 173) the untidy auguries of change. It is not that our arbiters need rare and lovely trappings; indeed though affectionate they are often also diffident about them. It is rather that they are drawn to a constant flow of beautiful and engaging objects and are forced by sheer volume to cull and cull again the accumulation, and so their nests, like this one, are feathered with the leavings of a lifetime's trading rather than with consciously created collections, things that move and touch us rather than add to the sum of human knowledge. The decorator's art, at best so subtle, so fragile, is ephemeral indeed, vanity of vanities incarnate yet enriching and influencing, adding something of our moment to the constant truths of beauty.

Good decorators, as Nicky Haslam said in his 1984 lecture at the Victoria and Albert Museum, must be "tough as fighter pilots," tough with artisans and builders, unflinching in their determination to arrive at that especially fugitive tone, that sweet disorder in the pelmet, and tough too with their frequently just-as-tough clients, who, of course, unlike their mentors are scarcely ever sure of what they want. Bennison, androgynous, doe-eyed, delicate, was tough as well. His inspired tyranny of client and craftsman as well as his resolve, unsparing to himself, to get it right gave depth and richness to his work. Like a neurotic movie director he would shoo everyone from the room and sit absorbed in the colors and harmonies he played with, shifting and changing the elements far into the night, before calling back his aides to realize his new discoveries. He knew how fleeting his achievements would be, saw much of his best work destroyed before he died, yet slaved until he dropped to heighten, broaden, and deepen our understanding of the way we could live now.

Let your eyes therefore feast lingeringly and long on these photographs. Learn the lessons of the old master and ape his tricks. See how light is used as sparingly and with as many variations as water in an Arab garden, how darkness is foil for glitter and gilding. Rejoice in the cleanness and newness of natural materials like linen and sisal. Witness the marriage of the splendid and the absurd, the florid and the chaste, the smart and the shabby. Learn to dare to butcher old carpets and needleworks and give them new life, and if you are not a magnet to pretty, old things, speed to merchants of taste and wisdom and, as Geoffrey Bennison would say to his customers, open your handbag. □

CORRECTION

The SunarHauserman showroom designed by Frank Gehry is located in Houston's Innova center, not in Dallas as was stated in Journal, page 86, of our February issue.

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LUMINOUS CLOSE-UP

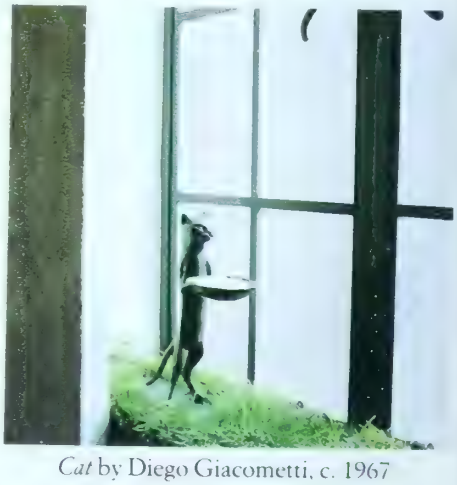
(Continued from page 212) custom made taupe leather-covered mattresses, two slip-covered armchairs, and a black strap lounge chair designed by Patino and Wolf provide the seating.

The hallway and dining area have tile flooring, its grid pattern an important part of the overall design. A circular lacquered dining table, used also for conferences, has polished stainless steel pullouts. It is the only piece that never moved. The rest of the furnishings—chairs, sculpture, pictures—change places often because "when a piece of art is too long in one place, you no longer see it," says Patino.

The taupe-white color scheme and the use of platforms are also featured in both the master bedroom and guest workout room. In the master bedroom no two whites are the same in either color or texture: white muslin walls provide better acoustics; on the bed designed by Patino and Wolf the white bedspread is silk on one side, cashmere on the reverse; bed pillows are covered either with angora or silk; an eighteenth-century Dutch chair has a white-on-white damask seat. In the guest room the platform bed is upholstered in the same taupe leather found in the seating area in the living room. Here guests may take their activity by sorting through photographs from the owners' collection, which are framed and propped against the wall, or use the weights and exercise bar.

Bob Patino and Vicente Wolf have accomplished their aim: a simple, elegant background against which to display their varied collection of furnishings and art—and a calming retreat from days of making other people's lives more comfortable. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



Cat by Diego Giacometti, c. 1967

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MARVIN WINDOWS
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Wall of ground-face block at left plays off curving pipe railing and glass block.

(Continued from page 168) the former, Lake Michigan the latter), but both also display Meier's earlier tendency to concentrate virtually all architectural interest on the "view" side of a house. (In doing so he was merely acknowledging that the idea of formal entry no longer mattered in postwar America: because of the automobile most private houses, whether architect-designed or developer-built, are now entered via utilitarian rear or side areas such as kitchens or garages rather than front doors, which survive as merely ceremonial vestiges.)

This new house is a noteworthy departure from Meier's prior mode, no doubt because its hilltop site is so fully exposed on all sides that it precludes the kind of casual treatment Meier gave the plain entrance façades of the Smith and Douglas residences. The winding approach road to this new structure, which Meier plotted with great care across the hundred-acre estate, takes one around the building almost 360 degrees. It is a confident presentation of the whole, an announcement that this rare modern intrusion in a landscape dotted with fine Greek Revival and Victorian houses is proud of its bold juxtaposition to its charming neighbors.

The house first reveals itself through the trees in the impressive, iconic Meier manner. Because of the circuitous arrival sequence, one can read the clearly defined, strongly contrasting segments of the design almost as if one were scanning an axonometric diagram. The most dynamic component of the complex composition—the curving glass-walled and white porcelain-paneled pavilion containing the dining room on the main floor and a study above—juts forward like the prow of a crystalline Moderne ocean liner rising above the swelling hillside. This undulating architectural element, similar to those Meier used in the forefront of his High Museum of Art in Atlanta and even earlier in his Atheneum in New Harmony, Indiana, has become one of his favorite ways to mitigate the sharply rectilinear profile that has generally marked his schemes.

In stark opposition to this lyrical form, which glows like a giant lantern when lit at night, is the solid masonry volume behind it. Meier has customarily made a decisive separation


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in his houses between the openness of public gathering areas and the enclosure of private withdrawing spaces, another similarity this scheme shares with the Smith and Douglas projects. Here he makes that division even more emphatic by running a skylit circulation spine through the center of the house and cladding the three-story private wing (kitchen and guest rooms on the first floor, owners' suite above, and children's quarters on the top floor) in a material he had never used before: ground-face block, a high-grade concrete embedded with chips of natural stone. After years of almost exclusive reliance on sleek white surfaces, Meier's introduction of this new substance marks a major departure. Yet the ground-face block is handled with such complete finesse that it bears no resemblance whatever to common concrete block. Rather, Meier's fastidious detailing of the ground-face block gives it a feeling similar to the smooth dark gray Cold Springs granite that wraps around the base of those masonry segments of the house, and seems more appropriate to this country setting than extensive expanses of urbanistic stone.

The house is entered on the south façade through a doorway signified by a canopy suspended from two tension cables. Meier's sensitive handling of interior spatial progressions is readily apparent as one walks through the front vestibule. The architect keeps the ceiling height there low over one's head, then raises it as one comes to the bisecting circulation spine, allowing for a median transition that both anticipates and dramatizes the dynamic leap in height as one enters the two-story living room. Double-height living rooms are to be found in all Meier residences since the Smith house, but again there is a new direction here in his handling



North façade is house's most open exposure



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of the vast glass window-wall, his customary fenestration for those spaces. Instead of having the glass rise straight up from floor to ceiling with only minimal mullions to frame and anchor it (the virtually transparent lake façade of the Douglas house being the most extreme instance of that approach), Meier in this house terminates the living-room window at the one-story ceiling line. He treats the windows on the second-story level as a clerestory underlined by a wide frieze of unadorned white plaster.

The clerestory windows are even more surprising: they are of leaded glass (another new material for Meier), punctuated with red and blue squares in a pattern recalling both Frank Lloyd Wright and the architects of the De Stijl movement (who were profoundly influenced by Wright). The actual rhythm of the colored squares was adjusted to accord with the musical notation of the "Spring" movement of Antonio Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons,* arbitrarily chosen as a means of introducing a lively randomness into the design. As with the most successfully employed historical references, the leaded-glass windows seem thoroughly at home within the aesthetic range of this house, free from the awkwardness of overly literal translations.

Everywhere the eye falls it finds intelligently thought-out and impeccably rendered details—corners, joints, and meetings of materials which never call undue attention to themselves and yet sustain the closest scrutiny. Although this is a very formal house, it is thoroughly unpretentious and its high degree of finish is devoid of showy display. At the same time, the more mundane considerations of room placement, circulation, and ease of maintenance are no less skillfully solved, and it is clear after a visit that this design functions every bit as well as it looks.

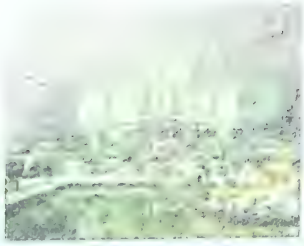
Stacking the bedrooms on separat floors of the three-story 7,500-square foot house affords a rare degree of pr vacy. The bathrooms serving the fami bedrooms offer particularly convinc ing testimony to Meier's attentiveness and that of his principal colleague an project designer, Michael Palladin Each bathroom, no matter how smal is given an imaginatively placed sky light or window that reminds one o the luminous quality of the larger pub lic spaces. A Meier house is indisput ably a "machine for living in," and a this stage of his career the architect ha refined its parts to the point that i purrs along like a precisely tuned Mer cedes.

Sitting in the glass-walled dining room looking north over hundreds o acres of gently rolling landscape, the observer feels the kind of harmony with nature often disclaimed as possi ble for such a highly abstracted house as this. It flouts all the Wrightian pre cepts about a structure being sited into, and not on, a hill; it uses declara tively man-made materials instead of natural substances more in harmony with the surroundings; and it takes al most no heed of those age-old symbols of domestic living which are supposed to give the inhabitants of a house an intuitive security. (Though, on a recent visit to inspect this work, Philip Johnson wishfully proclaimed the tilted porcelain panel on the south façade and a similar granite motif over the living-room fireplace as Postmodernist "keystones.") Without any of the trappings we have lately been urged to believe are essential for a home to have what the architect Donlyn Lyndon has called the "indwelling spirit," this bracing and yet calming house shows beyond a doubt that in the right hands reduction can also mean enrichment. □

FANTASY BESTOWED ON FORM

(Continued from page 196) and shades. Spikes thrust their way up next to tall circular leaves, light leaves go next to dark. Texture plays a part. So too does color, but color other than green is a bonus. It is the shape of leaves that I care most about. One of the main horrors of civic gardening is the flatness of the planting.

The cascade continues to flow downhill through three ponds, one round, one square, and one hexagonal. The surrounding grass is mown, but as the stream descends, the garden be-




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ones wilder and finally the stream s another at the bottom of the hill.

The box garden consists of six lve-meter squares edged with box. ey lie on two levels, three below and ee above. They are planted with tra- onal English herbaceous plants. No ite is allowed since I consider white olor to be planted on its own or with en or silver as a companion. In the x squares blue meets mauve, mauve ets pink, pink meets red, and so on ough the spectrum of the rainbow. ple trees are at the center of each uare. I have taken a spit of hatred ainst ornamental blossoms, they are wasteful. Why not have lovely blos- ms followed by beautiful edible uit?

At the far end of the box garden is a nall orchard, underplanted by narcis- and Lenten lilies. The curve of the nal divides the garden here. The end emphasized by a large Italian statue uated under a rowan tree. Below her another deep pond fringed with the 'rau Dagmar Hastrup' rose. This ond is filled with large fierce trout at will bite your fingers till they bleed ould you be unwise enough to tempt hem. The canal is above the pond. A ath leads around through a glade of unnera, wild flags, and some rather tylish trees. This is lighthearted. One uickly passes into the camellia wood, ur pride and joy but of stygian gloom except when in flower. We planted our wood ten years ago but already have some camellias 20 feet high. They flower from top to bottom. For three heady months I can pick, pick and pick. I pick bunches for vases, I pick for bowls, I pick for friends, I pick for the healthy, I pick for the ill. The gaps never show. Stripes, blotches, luminous white, pink, or red flowers, we have them all. I can hardly bear to go away when the wood is in flower. I was brought up on limestone where a struggling camellia in a pot was regarded with joy. Now as old age approaches, I have a whole wood of these wondrous trees.

We arrive at our spring. It is deep, cold, mysterious, and pure. The water can be seen bubbling through the greensand. The spring is backed by *Rhododendron ponticum,* now despised and out of fashion. Over the years I have grown fond of her vulgarity. She is like an overpainted chorus girl but a good sort at heart. I am also grateful for her hardiness. We get a lot of snow in winter—she is an invaluable windbreak. We leave the spring and turn again to view the canal. Either side are high beech hedges with room for a grassy path on the left-hand side. Arum lilies grow in clumps in the water. First the emerald leaves appear in May, shoots followed by masses of flowers. They look like great vases of lilies in church at Easter, elegant, proud, and



One of the garden's carefully framed views to a pastoral landscape



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[illegible] at the end of the canal is a [illegible] arch based on Kent's bridge at [illegible]. This is a trick: the water does not flow under the arches but diverts right and left to provide streams and falls. Behind is a steep bank on which we are making a small Greek theater in grass. At the top it will have three tall statues in front of the beech hedge, which ends the vista. The circle is complete and we are back at the head of the water garden. High clipped yew provides shelter. This is the perfect place in which to sit and forget the news on television.

Below the water and box gardens a different sort of garden begins. Sheltered by a clipped laurel hedge with a deep dark tunnel we come to the erection. No other name fits. It is not a gazebo, it is not a temple, and it is certainly not a folly. So an erection it was called and that remains its name. It is ivy-clad and high. The rounded top is emphasized by a gilded turnip. The erection itself has two windows: one window looks down on a stream below and the other over the countryside. The floor and steps are of old elm simply cut in circles from a fallen tree. If one rots, it is replaced by another. I have sown lots of wild pansy and wild strawberry seed around the base of the steps and hope for my reward this coming summer. Steps leading to stepping stones pass the erection and pass over a waterfall. Facing us is a nuttery, underplanted with primroses and *Anemone blanda*. We get lots of nuts, but the squirrels get more. The primroses flourish, the anemones do not. Most Novembers I get cramp crouching over damp ground planting another five hundred corms. These shortly become the dinner of squirrels and pheasant.

Through the nuttery one comes to another world. It is not England at all. This is the bog garden. The abundance is past description. It is a Douanier Rousseau picture, with our mongrel dogs instead of his tigers. Gigantic gunnera fight with polypodium, and the giant hemlock, of Socrates fame, bearing huge white cauliflower hea towers fifteen feet high. Its poisonc seeds fill the air in autumn. Murc would be easy. A sea of blue and purp *Iris kaempferi* and *I. sibirica* drift do to the stream and pools. We put some boulders as landmarks. Th seemed huge at the time and needec crane to lift them. Now they a dwarfed by the growth all aroun High summer is the best time for t bog garden. Feeling like Jack the gia killer, I venture forth with my mache and fell the hemlock and polypodiur Order is temporarily restored. I nev touch the gunnera. It would be lik shooting an elephant. Spring too lovely in the bog garden. Kingcups f the pools, flags flower, and wild ros appear from nowhere. On a lucky day kingfisher flashes past.

There is one last small garden. It's o the lawn in front of the guest cottag Many years ago, when my husband wa young enough to have adventures, h was unexpectedly absent all night. slept fitfully to be greeted by him nex



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morning with a check. He had been gambling all night and through either guilt or generosity gave me the proceeds. I immediately visited the smith and had the raw bones of a topiary bedroom made in iron. This garden is now mature. The double bed is made of box with a canopy of vines. The bedside table is draped with ivy, the dressing table is made of yew. A large armchair is covered in briar rose, the prettiest chintz in England for the two weeks it flowers, and scented all through the summer. I expected the children's friends to lark about while intoxicated and wreck the bed, but so far the box remains tightly clipped and intact.

I understand that paradise means garden in Persian. For me the garden is paradise. I don't notice the weeds or the mud or the midges. This is a happy illusion and one that I hope will last. To conclude, I give a piece of advice. A few times during each summer, rise at dawn and enjoy your garden. Wellington boots go admirably under a nightgown or bathrobe, and dawn is all it is cracked up to be. □

Editor: John Bowes-Lyon

THE THOROUGHBRED WAY OF LIFE

GAINESWAY

(Continued from page 154) confined to one barn, perhaps to one stall.

The stallions leave their barns to take the air in individual paddocks, to work in the breeding sheds (where they must be bemused each time seven men "help" them cover a mare), and to be shown to guests or given additional exercise in the exercise pavilion. So they won't bother one another, the horses are taken outside in carefully spaced groups, a traffic manager overseeing the movement to and fro. When the main paths are occupied by tractors carrying feed and muck wagons on their daily round-trip, the grooms lead stallions along special bypasses. The easy pace of all this activity and the uncomplicated appearance of the Gainesway complex make it hard to imagine that anything could go wrong. Such is the result of smoothing the days for unpredictable beauties.



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BODEGA TERRY

(continued from page 136) meet with a wainscoting of predominantly blue *azulejos*—the classic Spanish tiles adapted from Moorish mosaics—and above each box is a specially commissioned *azulejo* portrait of a famous Terry horse (there have been many). Tiles of knights and typical Spanish horsemen decorate the stucco elsewhere, above a gray checkerboard floor of cobblestone and cement.

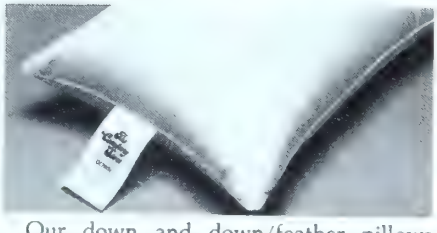
In an adjacent hall white arches rise thirty feet from the tops of shining wooden display cases filled with awards of every merit as well as custom-made *cabezales* (traditional tack and harness) and *borlajes,* the tassels that adorn the horses' heads and tails. Another huge room, with arches lined in brick and stone, stores turn-of-the-century carriages, which are pulled by two to seven horses in displays of coach dressage in the Bodega Terry patios.

A table in Tomás Terry's living room displays souvenirs that reveal his horses' repute in and out of Spain. One of them is a toy manufactured in the United States, a plastic version of the Terry stallion Legionario. Another is a photograph of First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy riding Descarado II, the Terry family's most beloved Andalusian stallion. Descarado II was known throughout Spain as the prototype of the Andalusian horse—luminous pale gray coat, delicate features, friendly nature, dignified character, unsurpassed refinement of action. In addition to carrying international dignitaries, he was celebrated time and again in newspapers, magazines, films, and television.

Celebrating is something the Spanish do a lot of, and it is a rare Andalusian fiesta in which horses do not participate. The Terry horses compete annually at La Feria del Caballo, the horse fair held each May in nearby Jerez de la Frontera, and they provide a foreground *en grisaille* to the colorful *trajes gitanes* worn by seas of women dancing the flamenco through the streets and fairground.

At the riding school in Jerez, during La Feria but also throughout the year Andalusian horses themselves perform the kind of complicated steps not seen outside Spain except at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna. (Vienna's Lippizaners are based on Spanish stock, their name signifying the imperial stud farm at Lippiza where the first foals of the breed were born in the sixteenth century.) Some years ago Tomás Terry and other members of his family visited Vienna to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the Spanish Riding School. While they were there, the director wanted to show them one of their former stallions, Honroso VI, which earlier had been brought to strengthen the blood lines of the Lippizaners. Before the Terrys could reach his stall, Honroso VI heard their Spanish voices and beckoned with an uncontained whinny.

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(continued from page 158) vaulted passageways through the buildings into courtyards, two on each side, that separate the breeds. The stud's twelve thoroughbreds are given pride of place in the Cour Lambesc, named after the prince who was director of Le Pin from 1765 to 1790.

During the almost five-month breeding season, all but the most valuable Thoroughbred stallions at Le Pin travel to neighboring farms to cover mares of all kinds. Le Pin horses represent the best breeds to be found in France, from Arabs, Anglo-Arabs, French trotters (widely recognized as among the finest in the world), Welsh ponies, Norman cobs, and the mighty native French Percheron, described at Le Pin as "six tons of energy packed in muscle and bone" and today, alas, bred mostly for horsemeat. Breeding season is when the trainees at Le Pin get their most critical husbandry experience. (The stud is the main training station for stud-farm management in France.)

Business is paramount at Le Pin. But the stud is also a prime tourist attraction in Normandy and visitors are accommodated by guides in red coats with blue trim, *le service du Haras,* who lead rapidly narrated tours. The last stop is the Sellerie (saddle room), a small dim gallery filled with some bizarre but honored mementos of Le Pin. Two skeletons of horses dominate the room, one of Intermède, a famous turn-of-the-century French trotter that sired 292 foals. The skins of other prized horses, looking a bit bedraggled, are displayed on the floor like rugs, but a velvet rope across the doorway prevents their being treated as such.

In the long history of Le Pin respect for its purpose has extended even to those who might have caused its downfall. The stud was most endangered during the Revolution, when its administration was deleted from the French budget because the majority of the country's stud directors were aristocrats. But the nonaristocratic director of Haras du Pin, upon orders to get rid of its stallions, instead secreted them on neighboring farms; when the Convention decided to reestablish several studs, the horses were returned home. Centuries later, during the German occupation, the stallions at Le Pin shared their boxes with Nazi sidecars, but they came to no harm, known even by the interlopers to be of great value.

Today, because the value of horses in our lives has changed from necessity to luxury, the keeping of horses at places like Le Pin, Bodega Terry, and Gainesway could cynically be considered as mere means to profit and acclaim. But the equine obsession goes deeper, to a hopeful question: if horses so agreeably answer our needs, doesn't it mean somehow that we are also answering theirs? For the privilege of not knowing for certain, people will go to extraordinary ends for their horses. □

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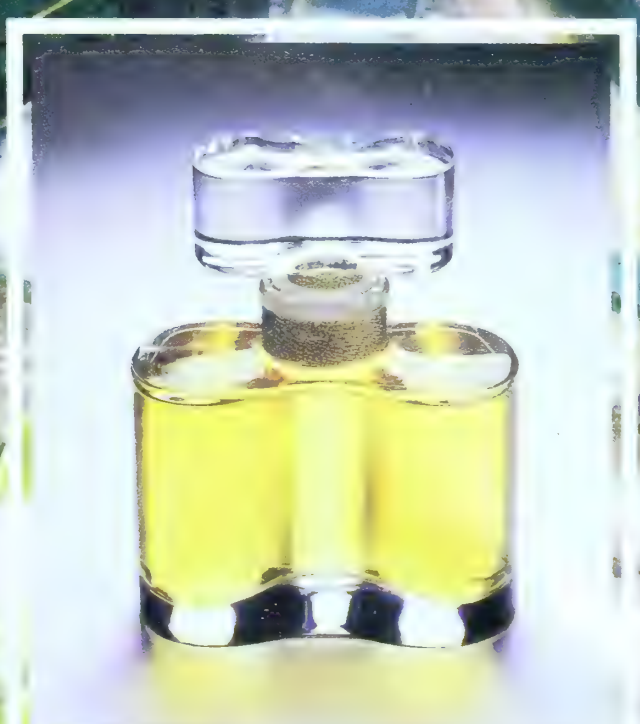


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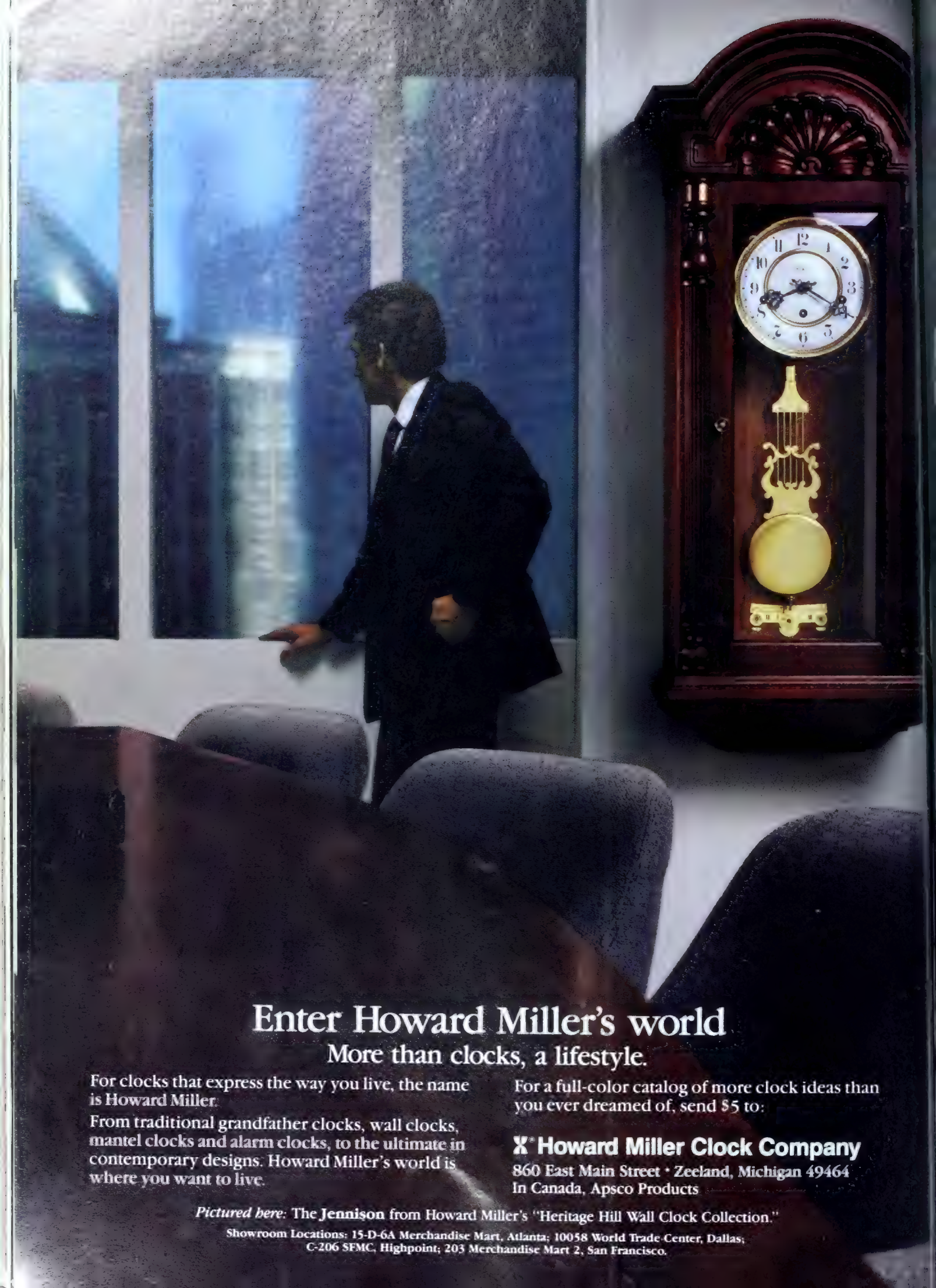


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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

COLIN AMERY is the architecture corr spondent for *The London Financial Tim* and architecture adviser to the Nation Gallery in London.

VIVIENNE BECKER is the author of *A Nouveau Jewelry* and the curator of "Th Jewelry of René Lalique" on view now the Goldsmiths' Hall in London.

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art crit ic and has written books on Christo and Al exander Calder.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY is editor-at large of *Esquire* magazine and author o *Steaming to Bamboola* and *The Whit House Mess.*

ANDREW COCKBURN is the author o *The Threat: Inside the Soviet Military Ma chine.* He is a contributing editor of *De fense Week* and is working on a book or military intelligence.

ALASTAIR DUNCAN is the consultant for nineteenth- and twentieth-century decora tive arts at Christie's and is the author of many books on the Art Nouveau and Art Deco movements.

ELIZABETH HARDWICK's most recent book is a collection entitled *Bartleby in Manhattan and Other Essays.*

CHRISTOPHER HEMPHILL is coauthor with Diana Vreeland of *Allure* and coeditor with George Plimpton of *D. V.*

EDWARD LEBOW is working on a biography of the late Marian Willard.

WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN conceived and edited *Garden Design.* He is the author of *A Book of Roses.*

WENDY W. LUERS, a human rights consultant, is married to the president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

ROCHELLE REED writes on style and the arts from her home base of Los Angeles.

JEAN STROUSE is the author of *Alice James* and is working on a biography of J. Pierpont Morgan.

ROGER TOLL is a journalist and former editor-in-chief of *The Mexico City News.*

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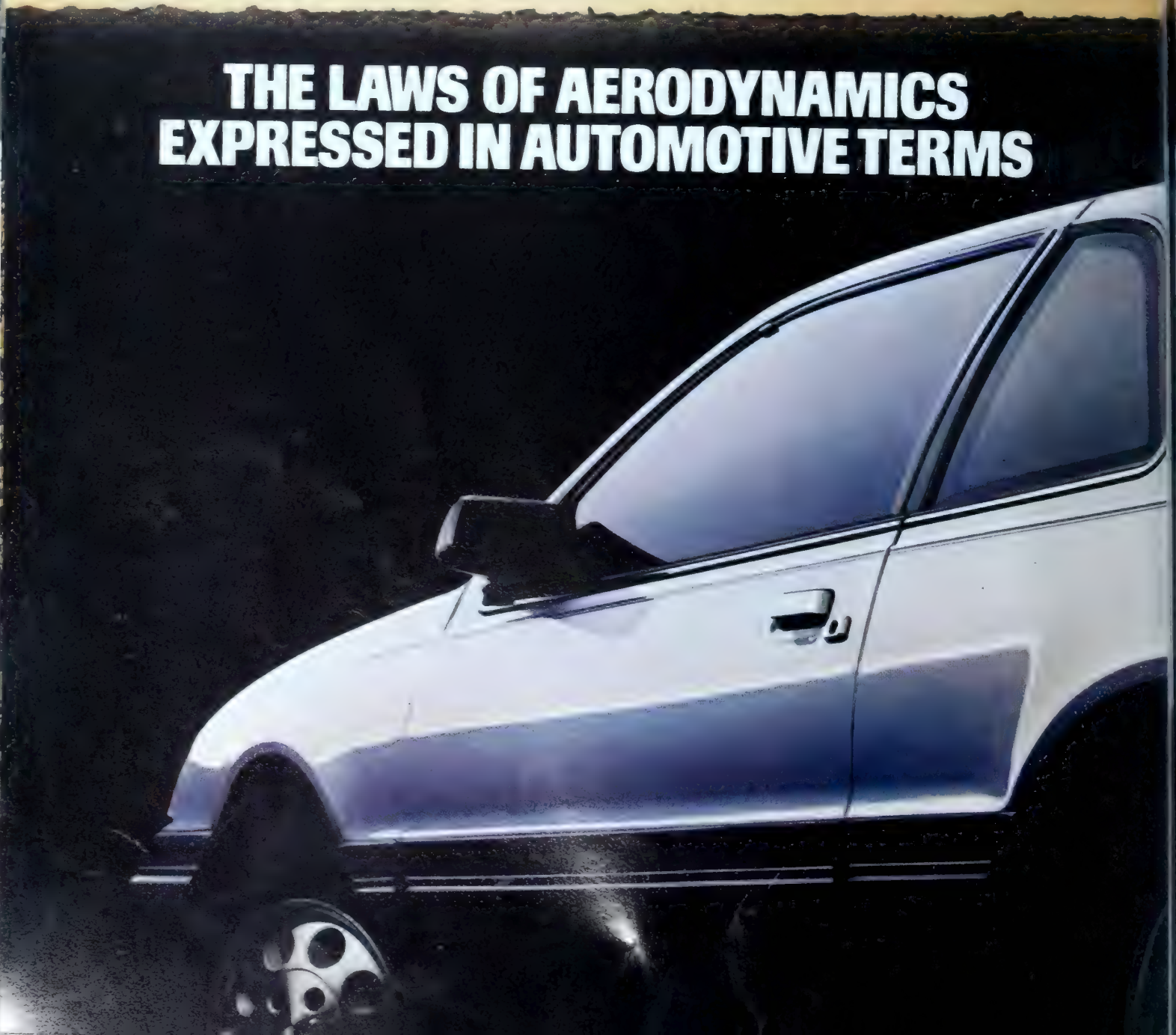
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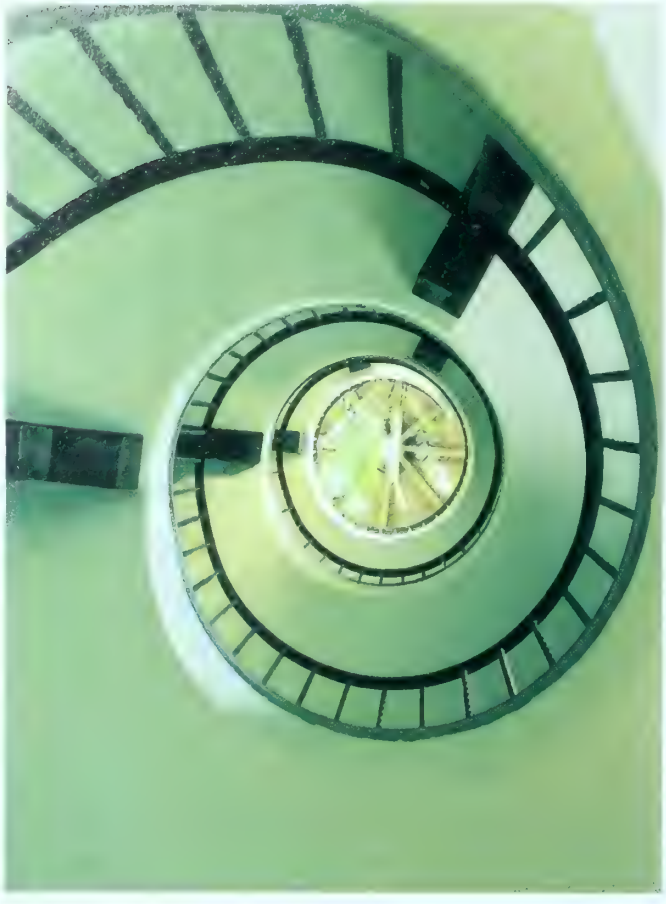
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I've climbed a lot of stairs in search of stories for House & Garden, and in the main the climbs have been more than worth it. After our car climbed the Hollywood Hills to get us to the Castillo del Lago, page 204, we then had to do some climbing on foot to explore the Spanish Colonial–style house built in the 1920s and recently renovated by Donald and Alice Willfong. The new owners are not sure exactly how to count the many levels of their towering tile-roofed hillside house, but the beautiful circular stairway, *right,* makes the passage a true delight.



Stairs I've climbed at the Castillo del Lago in the Hollywood Hills, *above,* and at the Villa Savoye, Le Corbusier's masterpiece outside Paris, *below.*

There are six floors in the nineteenth-century house of Lee B. Anderson, and it seems to be the air of the nineteenth century you breathe as you pass through them today. Mr. Anderson's impeccable Gothicized house contains one of the richest collections of American Gothic Revival art and furnishings in the world, page 190.

Jack Liesveld, House & Garden's man in Paris, likes Modern architecture as much as I do, and so he drove me out to Poissy for a visit to Le Corbusier's famous Villa Savoye. I don't know which of us was more exhilarated as we tramped up and down the circular stairway, *right,* and ramps of the villa. The house had been handsomely restored to reflect the original colors in the rooms of what many have always regarded as the classic all-white Modern house. For Martin Filler's observations about the influence of this work of architecture and some stunning photographs of this anything-but-all-white house, turn to Le Corbusier's True Colors, page 174.

Our story on the Villa Savoye is only one of several in this issue on cross-cultural creativity and how it affects the way we live and think. When Phyllis



Lapham married Robert Lapham, the Paris-trained interior designer found that one of her homes was to be a Japanese-inspired house in Pebble Beach on the coast of Monterey. How she came to understand and enhance that house is the story of Pacific Orientation told by Marilyn Schafer, page 160.

For antiquarian and decorator Hethea Nye the orientation is English. Both in the Manhattan shop of R. Brooke, where she deals in English antiques, and in her personal rooms, the point of view is the same. To learn how all of this works, turn to For Ever England, page 198.

Writer Colin Amery suspects it was the small country houses of Tuscany and Umbria that influenced architect Roger Ferri when he designed the graceful house shown in its sylvan setting on our architecture pages this month. Don't miss the sky blue of the soffits, page 188; I pressed for their inclusion in our layouts for they symbolize the wonderful fusion of nature and art in this house and I knew that this was going to be an issue that would welcome the change in the seasons.

So before you immerse yourself in all the design and decoration influences included in the pages to come celebrate with us the coming of sunny skies and balmy weather. We're opening the issue with a beautiful collection of American Impressionist paintings along with impressions of another sort, those by Elizabeth Hardwick who writes about The Heart of the Seasons, page 122.

The paintings are from the new Terra Museum of American Art, which opens this spring in Chicago. Fortunately my friend Larry Booth, the architect of the Terra, has designed the vertical museum with a series of ramps which will save us all a lot of climbing. In this month's Tastemaker, Dodie Kazanjian, our Washington contributing editor, interviews the new museum's founder, Ambassador Daniel J. Terra, who is also America's first cultural ambassador-at-large, page 46.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief



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LA PROFESSORESSA DELLA CUCINA

Marcella Hazan continues to teach the American palate the marvels of Italian cuisine

By Christopher Hemphill

Of course, a bachelor always hopes to be asked out. But what if not? For years, it shames me to say, my craven solution was Stouffer's "entrées." Then Marcella Hazan, the sibyl of Italian cooking, changed my life. This sounds extreme, but I mean it. She freed me from what she calls "thralldom to the frozen-food shelves." Judging from what I see ahead of me in the checkout line at my local supermarket, others could use the same liberating lesson.

It was Marcella's choice of words that first enticed me. What other writer—of cookbooks or of anything else—would characterize artichokes as "mordant"? Who else could describe oregano as "swaggering"? True, in Elizabeth David I had already encountered a cookbook writer whose style I esteemed equally. Her instructions, however—"a wine glass of" this and "a handful of" that— were discomfiting to a skittish novice in the kitchen. Marcella, instead, held my hand with directions that admitted of gradations like "medium low" and "medium high" and even specified "six or seven turns of the pepper grinder." Willy-nilly I was learning how to cook. More to the point, I was also learning how to eat.

"I always say learn how to eat first," Marcella commented approvingly. We finally met over a room-service lunch in her New York hotel suite. Between apartments here, she and her husband, Victor, were about to embark on a tour to promote her latest book, *Marcella's Italian Kitchen*. "Not bad, this," she continued, picking warily at a club sandwich and sipping Jack Daniels. Odd in an Italian, she drinks bourbon with her meals as she has developed an intolerance to wine; odd in a cook if not in an Italian, she also chain-smokes. Medium size and rather round with watchful, hooded eyes that somehow combine gravity and humor, she speaks in a throaty, Silvana Mangano–like voice—just the sort I imagined from reading her.



Marcella Hazan: a traditionalist who with ingenious simplicity manages to stay one step ahead of the latest food trend.

"That's all Victor's doing," she says. "When he translates, he keeps me in the books." Lithe, slim, and thoroughly bilingual, Victor Hazan acts as a sort of all-around manager as well as translator. Although he has earned an independent reputation as an oenophile, like many another husband of a powerful woman he seems content to take second place. Having once worked in advertising, that background serves him well in the "packaging" of his wife. As for Marcella, she was formerly a teacher of mathematics and biology. She often notes that, among the world's cuisines, Italian food is probably "most accessible to the home cook," but surely her training explains why her recipes are so easy to follow. "If you can say it simply," she allows, "with very few words . . . that's teaching really."

Together the Hazans have had immense influence, but it has been some time in coming and is still not properly recognized. Marcella's first book, *The Classic Italian Cook Book*, enjoyed critical but not popular success in the original 1973 edition and only caught on after its republication by Knopf in 1976. Since then the Hazans have played a major role in displacing the spaghetti-parlor image of Italian food that used to prevail in this country.

More Classic Italian Cooking, which followed in 1978, had a more specific—and more immediate—impact. Consider that bellwether of modish food, the New York caterer Glorious Foods. When I was invited to parties during my apprenticeship to Marcella—coinciding with the so-called food revolution of the late seventies and early part of this decade—her presence followed me. As I remember it, 1979 was Glorious Food's Year of Radicchio; 1983 the Year of the Yellow Pepper. In the pages of her second book Marcella had heralded both delicacies by lamenting their unavailability in


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Lately balsamic vinegar, another in-[illegible] Marcella first championed, has appeared in the mass market. Nor does her influence stop there. "If I had invented pasta salads," she writes in the new book, "I would hide." Many, in fact, hold her responsible for that unfortunate, now virtually universal dish, a recipe for which she had inserted, quietly and with several qualifications, in the second book. "It's the one thing Marcella regrets," Victor admits.

The irony here is that nothing could be less fashion-fraught than Italian food, particularly as Marcella practices it. For all its marked regional variety it rests on inviolable foundations, which in her new book she calls its language. She has now explained the three key words of its syntax: the noun *battuto,* a flavor base that when cooked develops into a *soffritto,* and the verb *insaporire,* which the dictionary definition, to make tasty, she writes, "renders the meaning if not the native force of the word." All Italian social classes share these precepts, and Marcella now sees "this potent mixture of the patrician and the humble" as the source of their food's vitality.

For me this also accounts for its deep-seated elegance. It is worth noting though that when Marcella uses that word, it is in the stricter—and, if you like, more "elegant"—sense it has in her earlier field of mathematics, meaning a sort of ingenious simplicity. Take, for example, the recipe she included in her second book for a self-basting chicken stuffed with two lemons. Although salt and pepper are its only other ingredients, the process is just short of alchemy. Having once tried the result, I have seldom cooked chicken any other way.

The Hazans found that particular recipe while renting an apartment in Genoa. In preparing the first two books, they roamed all over Italy like field anthropologists—"the way one takes down unwritten folk songs and stories," Marcella says. She revels in the diversity of her country's ma[illegible] ports and inland cities, which she [illegible] scribes as "so many Shangri-Las," n[illegible] ing the affinities with Italy's other gre[illegible] glories, its art and architecture. In B[illegible] logna, the home of the Carracci a[illegible] Guido Reni, she finds the food "whol[illegible] Baroque in its restless explorati[illegible] of every agreeable combination [illegible] texture and flavor." An "austere[illegible] composed play upon essential a[illegible] unadorned themes" refers to a Flore[illegible] tine T-bone steak but could equally a[illegible] ply to Brunelleschi's Santo Spirito. [illegible] Sicily, she continues, "almost eve[illegible] dish starts out with an idea as simp[illegible] and severe as one of their Norman cha[illegible] els but can end as densely embellishe[illegible] as the most prodigally Baroque of the[illegible] cathedrals."

Also like field anthropologists, th[illegible] Hazans relied on the tape recorde[illegible] "Try to get a recipe from an Italian! Marcella protests. "We don't kno[illegible] how to give one. Let's say it's a lam[illegible] stew. We say, 'Make a *battuto* of thi[illegible] . . . make a *soffritto* . . .' And the lam[illegible]





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never comes up. So I'd ask, 'Wha about the lamb?' 'Well, of course, the you put in the lamb!' It was the mai ingredient! The tape helped me be cause I could hear the emphasis at certain point. If they said it quickly knew I could do without or say only little. But it was so boring afterward t listen! Often they were talking abou the son and it was in the middle of th recipe and I'd have to listen again t the story about the son who went int the army and I don't know what else."

Although Marcella's own asides ar never garrulous, a fugitive autobiogra phy does emerge from her pages. In moving passage, in her second book about "smells that have the power t summon intact a whole period of one' life," she wrote of sardines roasting over a slow charcoal fire tended by he grandmother in a "never-changing long black dress and black kerchief." Sardines, a favorite food, are a specialty of both her native Cesenatico on the Adriatic coast and of Venice, her adopted city for eight months out of the year. Of their plentifulness she says, "It must be one of Providence's special ways of rewarding the poor."

In her new book the autobiographical element has become more marked. Introducing a sausage and potato recipe *alla paesana,* she recalls a smoky, primitive room belonging to one of her father's tenant farmers in which she first tasted it. "The making of the dish," she writes, "its ingredients pulled literally out of the shadows, was like ritual magic." Describing a dish of veal scaloppine with red peppers and cornichons which she and Victor discovered in a Tuscan country restaurant after a day of wounding frustrations, she reflects on the "magic power of good cooking to restore hope and on the benevolence of a Providence that has put such magic into the hands of so many plain people."

Magic. Providence. These are strong words, but deserved. As always, Marcella's point is a lesson in how to live. And her most basic lesson, which she left me with, is profoundly commonsensical. "There're only two things you can't do without," she said, "sleeping and eating." "There's another, of course—making love—that it's not very nice to do without. But you can live without it. Eating—no. And if it's something you have to do, why don't you do it well?" □

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ASCOT OF THE AIR

The Paris Air Show is the place to be for the jet set in June

By Andrew Cockburn



With a full view of the runway, the author ate *turbotins à la crème* in the Grumman chalet in front of the futuristic X-29.

Once upon a time in England, so my mother used to tell me, everyone knew where to go in the summer. In the third week of June one attended Ascot, a starchy affair where no divorced person was allowed in the royal enclosure. At the end of July there was the much less formal Goodwood, and after that everybody had to be in Scotland or Yorkshire for the start of the grouse shooting season on August 12.

Meanwhile, across the Channel in mid June big business and society convene for an event I first discovered almost fifteen years ago: Le Salon Aeronautique du Bourget, the lively Paris Air Show held every two years at the site of Lindbergh's victorious landing. Even for the nonaviation enthusiast the fairground atmosphere, the stunt flying, the wildly mixed crowd—from tourists to arms dealers—is worth the trip. The big Farnborough show in England can hardly compare. Perhaps it is the determinedly British institutional quality of the gathering or the weather, but it is hard to imagine anyone attending who is not professionally obliged to do so.

During the ten-day exhibition at the old airport the public wanders amid the stands in the permanent buildings where everything from intricately crafted models of planes to mysterious pieces of engines are on display, all of which appear to have VCR monitors displaying their artifacts at work.

The focus of the show, however, and the real point in going are the flying displays. Planes roar overhead all day, from ten in the morning to four thirty in the afternoon. Fighters, helicopters, commercial and transport planes, acrobatic and parachute display teams go through their paces immediately above the airfield and often at a terrifyingly low altitude. Ordinary paying visitors can bring their shooting sticks to watch, but a far more pleasant way to experience Le Bourget is to secure entrance, either by invitation or some form of press credentials, to the chalet quarter.

The chalets are where the great corporate powers of the business set up their headquarters for the show. Varying in size and splendor, these tend to resemble one- or two-story ranch houses. Those on the much sought after B row which front right onto the airfield have terraces where guests can relax at tables, sip their drinks, gossip, and watch the flying displays. Those in the A row, on the other side of the street which divides the two rows, have a slightly less favorable position, so guests must repair to the roofs to see the planes take off and land.

It was my friend, photographer Elizabeth Lennard who articulated the obvious parallel with Le Bourget as we arrived at the 1985 show. "So like Cannes," she murmured as we strolled between the chalets, bearing emblems of aerospace titans like Grumman, General Dynamics, Dassault, Matra, Messerschmidt, and many others. A veteran of the film festival, she had found the atmosphere very familiar from the moment we entered the press office littered with tripods and press

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On our first day at the show Elizabeth and I were torn between heading right for the much talked about futuristic Grumman X-29, a jet plane that points its wings forward in an unconventional manner, or the enormous MI-26 helicopter. Eventually settling on the X-29, we made our way to Grumman, which had a prime spot on row B. This corporation, best known for the warplanes it makes on Long Island for the navy, had selected for its decorative motif what Elizabeth termed Long Island Golf Club—lots of glass and paneling. Although one can read too much into this, it appeared that these temporary abodes do reflect the personalities of their occupants. Hughes, down on the A row, had a decidedly Western ambience while Northrop, a company that prides itself on being more cosmopolitan than most of its American competitors, strove for a somewhat provincial arborlike atmosphere with roses climbing up latticework and hostesses dressed in summery floral frocks.

One day at the show may be enough for the casual visitor, but Elizabeth and I found that it took three trips to see and absorb everything. The Soviet pavilion and American pavilions—miniversions of the aviation halls in the Smithsonian—are large permanent structures that require several hours to take in all the spacecraft on exhibit there. Our route around the grounds, however, was usually planned with lunch in mind, since the world of aerospace not only is hospitable but generally keeps a good table.

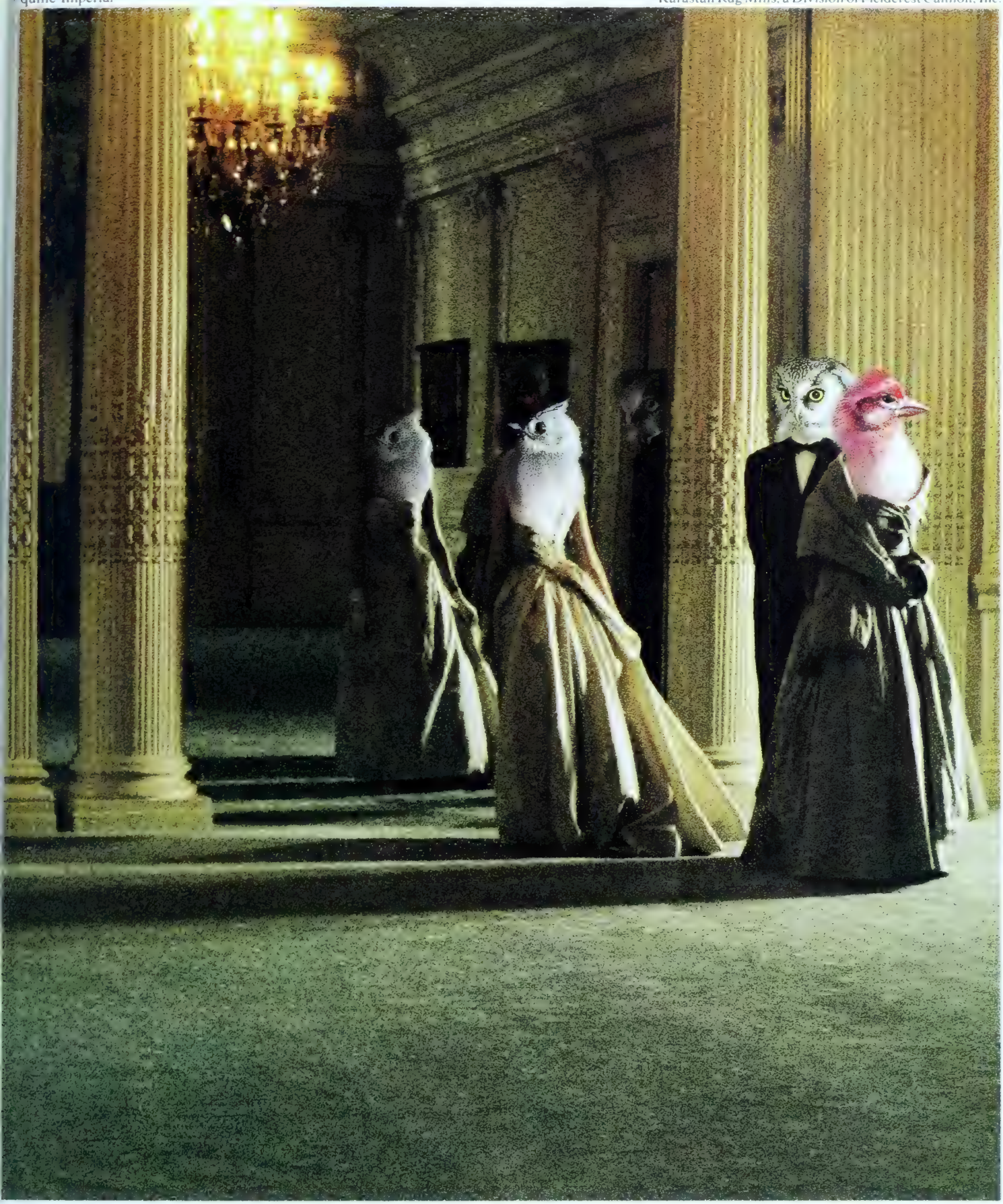
Grumman in particular served an excellent lunch, including *poitrine aux épinards* and *turbotins à la crème,* supplied by Parisian caterers. General Dynamics, on the other hand, chose to emphasize their Texan provenance that year by flying in gallons of chili and assorted barbecue accoutrements. For the most part we found that it profited us at lunchtime to be calling on one of the major French manufacturers who with unabashed national favoritism had all been allotted choice spots in the prime B row.

It was at one of these venues that Elizabeth discerned an evident contrast with Cannes. "The men are so much better looking here," she observed of the *haut monde des armaments* as we tucked into a delicious *oeuf en gelée* on the terrace of Matra, purveyors of missiles and related electronic equipment. Indeed the French are foremost in the belief that weapons should be marketed with as much style as any other of man's creations. Thus an elegantly displayed Matra cluster bomb had been christened the Beluga in acknowledgment of the physical resemblance between its lethal bomblets and the richest of caviars.

It was from the Matra terrace, on the second day, that Elizabeth and I did some of our best viewing of the flying displays. The aim of the organizers is to keep the atmosphere as colorful and fast-paced as possible. As each of the "acts" completes its performance, the next is waiting on the runway, engines roaring, before hurtling along the tarmac and into the air. It must be said that even the lumbering airliners and transport planes appear more exciting when they take off and rumble around at a low altitude overhead instead of disappearing quickly into the distance as they normally do at airports. But it is the sleek and potent warplanes that the crowd applauds. Seeing and, particularly, hearing a Mirage 2000 or an F-16 fighter streak off the runway belching flames from its tail, climb straight up, then turn over on its back zooming back down toward the ground is a much more immediate experience.

The military displays are rendered even more effective by the artful use of colored smoke streaming from the planes' wingtips so that as a Mirage fighter twists and turns with great agility 500 feet above the crowds, orange trails trace the patterns of its acrobatics against a cloudless backdrop. I have always been particularly fond of the French paratroopers' display because they use parachutes of assorted vivid hues. These experts can maneuver their canopies so that they turn and soar almost like kites before drifting

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gently onto the grass beside the run way. Another perennial favorite with the audience is the British Harrier jump jet, of Falklands fame, which can take off and land vertically as well a come to a dead stop in the air along with other unique tricks. The most spectacular display, however, is usually the performance of the Patrouille de France, the French air force's acrobatic team. Wheeling and diving in perfect formation in their brightly painted little Alpha jets, they tend to make even the most blasé arms salesman look up and gasp. When this team came to New York for the centennial celebration of the Statue of Liberty last July 4, they used red, white, and blue smoke to write USA—COOL and make gigantic tricolor hearts in the sky over New York harbor.

When I was at the 1973 show, the F-14 fighter made its first appearance and put on its best effort for the late shah of Iran. There was also the premiere of the General Dynamics F-16, which sported a cheerful red, white, and blue color scheme in those days (in the 1980s somber military hues appear to be de rigueur), and the thrilling finale of the so-called sale of the century. The grand prize in that competition was a huge NATO order for fighter planes. By the time the show opened, the field had narrowed to the F-16 and the Mirage F-1E, built by Dassault. Rumors and slanders swirled around the chalets of the rival manufacturers as the two planes roared about against the blue June sky. The suspense kept on mounting right up to the final weekend of the show when the American plane was finally declared the winner.

Those exciting days may be returning in the not too distant future as the fighter planes for the 1990s are unveiled—this year the French are exhibiting the prototype of their newest warplane, the Rafale, and its future competitors will not be far behind. Whatever is in store for us this June, we can be sure that the old friends we said good-bye to as we prepared to battle the traffic back into Paris along the A-1 for the last time in 1985 will be there again. □

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(The above are actual quotes from letters and comment cards. Names of the guests have been changed to protect their privacy.)

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DANIEL J. TERRA

America's first ambassador-at-large for cultural affairs pursues the best in American painting for his new museum in Chicago

By Dodie Kazanjian

We have more frontage on North Michigan Avenue than Neiman-Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, Marshall Field's, Lord & Taylor, or—what's the name of that other one?—Bloomingdale's," says Daniel J. Terra looking down from the rooftop of his new Terra Museum of American Art. Even the wind that Chicago is famous for and subzero winter weather can't stifle his enthusiasm. "We have more frontage than the Whitney. Yes, we do. But we don't have as much frontage as the Metropolitan . . . yet," he laughs uproariously. His explosive laugh has an infectious quality that makes any listener want to join in.



Ambassador Terra, *above,* on the dramatic central staircase of his Chicago museum. *Below:* Details of interior ramp and elevation by architect Laurence Booth.



For more than three years Ambassador Terra and I have been talking about the opening of his North Michigan Avenue museum. Beneath us on this cold January day, the museum that bears his name is far from finished. The skeleton of a ramp system is in place, but welding, hammering, plastering, and painting continue at an accelerated pace so that the museum can be ready for its scheduled opening on April 21. (See the opening feature of this issue for a selection of American Impressionist paintings from the museum.) We, along with his wife, Judith, are on top of the tallest of four buildings (eleven stories) that will make up the Terra Museum. These buildings take up 245 feet along Chicago's Magnificent Mile where Terra plans to attract as many as he can of the estimated 14.5 million pedestrians who pass by here every year. He says the museum "will ultimately be the tallest known art museum. This land is so valuable, we had to go vertical." His idea is to bring American art to the people. That's why he picked a site on the avenue that has one of the highest pedestrian traffic counts in the nation, second only to Fifth Avenue between 48th and 57th streets.

Don't be fooled by Dan Terra's age, 75, or his full white head of hair or his diminutive stature. He has more energy than a Fourth of July firecracker. He is, first of all, chairman of his own company, Lawter International, the printing-ink manufacturing company in Northbrook, Illinois, which he started in the 1930s. The son of an immigrant Italian lithographer, Terra at age 25 pioneered a printing process with fast-drying ink that "revolutionized magazine printing" and made it possible to substantially shorten deadlines "so that news items in national magazines wouldn't be stale by the time the magazines came out." In 1936, using his new process, *Life* magazine began publication. "I had a cot for a six-week period in the plant where it was being printed so I could be there all night if they had problems."

In 1981, President Reagan appointed him America's first ambassador-at-large for cultural affairs. His office is at the State Department, and last year he gave 109 speeches around the world promoting the importance of America's cultural achievements and urging private-sector support for the arts in

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this country. And to make sure his mu seum opens on time, he's been com muting for the past year at least twice a week between his two homes in Wash ington and Kenilworth, near Chicago.

A longtime collector of America paintings, Terra has had a museum i Evanston, Illinois, since 1980 (it wil remain open as a branch of the new on on North Michigan Avenue). His firs wife, the late Adeline Evans Richards was an art historian and inspired Terra to begin collecting more than fifty years ago. But it wasn't until a New York dealer mentioned to him that there wasn't a museum of American art within 400 miles of Chicago that he got the idea to open his own museum. "One of the problems with the little museum in Evanston is its location," he says. "We don't even have bus ser vice there on Sundays, and weekends are the biggest part of museum atten dance. We were in a quiet hard-to-find spot, and we were getting excellent crowds. So we decided that we had to go to the other extreme. Imagine what American art would draw if you had the best location. And when you start thinking in terms of Chicago, the best location has to be North Michigan Av enue."

Many of Dan Terra's paintings—his collection now numbers more than eight hundred important American works—are on loan elsewhere and are being reassembled for the museum opening. The most famous, *The Gallery of the Louvre* by Samuel F. B. Morse ("It's the icon of America," he says), which he purchased in 1982 for $3.25 million—a then-record price for an American painting—is returning from Cincinnati. *Brace's Rock, Brace's Cove* by Fitz Hugh Lane, which National Gallery Deputy Director John Wilmerding says is one of the finest examples of Luminism, and *The Jolly Flatboatmen* by George Caleb Bingham are being hand-carried from Sweden. And *Lilies* by Frederick Carl Frieseke, Terra's most recent acquisition, is being framed at the Berry Hill Gallery in New York, but will be ready on time. The opening exhibition, "A Proud Heritage: Two Centuries of American Art," will feature about a hundred paintings from the Terra collection along with more than sixty major paintings from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadel-



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Terra chose Laurence Booth because of his experience with conversion and restoration. "Larry Booth has done most of the conversion work of the loft buildings on Printers Row in Chicago," says Terra. "I think he's come up with some very intriguing plans. He took that Helena Rubenstein building and really did something."

"The museum is not inward looking. It's outward looking," explains Laurence Booth, referring to the four-story-high window that exposes the ramp system and defines the entrance into the museum. "It breaks the museum open and makes it much more American. It's not like an exclusive club. It's open to all the people. That's the spirit of the place. And it's certainly the spirit of the ambassador and his generosity."

James Wood, director of the nearby Art Institute of Chicago, which has an extensive collection of Amercian art, feels that "this is an opportunity for the city. There is no question that there is room for a new vital institution." Art historian Barbara Novak goes even further: "It's tremendously important for a new museum devoted to American art to exist and tremendously important for it to happen in the Midwest. We don't have enough of them yet in this country because many people don't share Ambassador Terra's sense of the value and richness of American art. He has a genuine enthusiasm and I respect what he's doing."

Terra did not begin as a collector of American art. "The first painting I bought was in 1936," he says, as he and Judith and I drive to the museum in Evanston. "It was a nineteenth-century English landscape, which is still hanging over the fireplace at home. And it cost $40."

But it took him more than twenty years before he bought his first American works—two of the four studies of John Singer Sargent's *The Oyster Gatherers of Cancale.* Twenty years later he bought the third study at a cost that "was 51 times as much as either one of the others. That gives you a pretty good idea of what has happened to the value of important American paintings." Another indication: George Caleb Bingham's first version of *The Jolly Flatboatmen* painted in 1846 (Terra owns the second version of 1848) was sold in January by Senator Claiborne Pell for $6 million, the new record price for an American painting.

And Terra predicts the trend w continue. "We're on the cutting ed of the most dynamic surge of interest American art that this nation has ev seen."

When we arrive in Evanston at th first Terra Museum, which he refers t these days as the "little museum," I' immediately drawn to one painting particular. In 1985, Dan Terra called t ask me to go to the Coe Kerr Gallery i New York to take a look at his latest a quisitions. One was *In the Garde Corfu* by John Singer Sargent, which recently saw again on loan to the Whi ney's Sargent show. And the othe *Summertime: Woman and Child in Rowboat* by Mary Cassatt, I now fin myself in front of once again.

American Impressionist painting play an important part in the Terra col lection, and standing in this room sur rounded by Cassatt's *Summertime* an *The Cup of Chocolate,* Charles Court ney Curran's *Lotus Lilies,* Winslo Homer's *The Croquet Match,* Jame McNeill Whistler's *Note in Red: Th Siesta,* John Leslie Breck's *Rock Ga den at Giverny,* Frieseke's *Lady in Garden,* and so many others, it is ap parent that women and gardens are common theme in the collection. An his most recent purchase, Frieseke' *Lilies,* continues this theme.

"This garden is right next door t the Monet compound at Giverny," Terra says. "The painting is just called *Lilies* because the main flower that's in the picture is the white lily, as you can see. But what makes that very exciting to us is we know that garden so well," he says turning to his bride of less than a year, the former Judith Banks. (About two years ago while the three of us were having dinner in Washington, he told me that Judith reminds him of all the beautiful women in his paintings.)

"The name of the house is the Perry House because Lilla Cabot Perry was the earliest of five American artists who lived there," the ambassador continues. The others are, in addition to Perry and Frieseke, Theodore Robinson, John Leslie Breck, and Frederick MacMonnies; all five are represented in the Terra collection. "We have about fifty pictures in the collection which were painted either in this garden or in gardens that are close to it, including the Monet gardens themselves."



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Dan Terra's passion for *Lilies* is ap parent. "This is a drop-dead picture. really is. Frieseke didn't always make but this time he was absolutely superb And there isn't anybody in America art who I think paints these magnifi cent flowers like Frieseke did. An beautiful, beautiful female figures."

Later during lunch Terra says, know the story behind all the painting before I buy them," he says. For in stance, if there is a house in the paint ing, the ambassador often visits the sit before buying the painting.

"That's part of learning what these artists were all about because of all th information you can get out of thes visits. We went to Shinnecock Hal [the Long Island home of Willian Merritt Chase] and spent two days a that house just exploring it before w bought that great Chase pastel. It's so fabulous." He lowers his voice to a near whisper and says, "Let me tel you, as great he was, Degas never did any better."

You can't talk about the Terra collection without mentioning Maurice Prendergast. "The last non-American paintings we collected were the French Impressionists, and there was something about Prendergast that resembled the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists," says Terra. He has acquired about eighty works (considered to be the most comprehensive collection) by Prendergast, 58 of which are monotypes. These are now traveling in a show that first opened at the National Gallery of Art in Washington in January 1985.

In the past year Daniel Terra has bought more than twenty important works to fill gaps in his collection. Through one collector in Zürich he found several paintings by early modern artists Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, Stuart Davis, and Patrick Henry Bruce. "I don't think it's compulsive buying," he says. "I think it's very careful, deliberately planned buying to fill out the collection. There are always gaps in all of these periods, and that acquisition was a fine step forward in the early modern collection.

"I'm aware of where probably ninety percent of the last remaining American historical works, perhaps a hundred, are in private hands. I never stop trying to negotiate a purchase." Right now he's trying to obtain several

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Georgia O'Keeffes from a private collector. At the present time he has only one O'Keeffe, *Red Amaryllis*.

Terra doesn't collect contemporary art, but that's not because of lack of interest. He has hired art critic Judith Russi Kirshner as the curator of contemporary art at the museum and already has plans for exhibitions through 1989. "We have a philosophy about buying contemporary art," he says. "We'd like to buy it, but we don't have the wherewithal to buy everything. And we think that if the museum appeals to the general public, we will get our share of gifts. We have some very important collectors of contemporary art in the Middle West. In the meantime, we have continued to buy the most important American historical works that we can afford to buy. And we now can honestly say that we're pretty strong from about 1840 to 1940."

Even though he's not buying contemporary art, Terra continues to study it. He says he reads everything he can get his hands on and is never without a second briefcase, which he calls the art briefcase. And whenever he travels, he visits as many galleries and museums as he possibly can. "It's a terribly exciting period. I think it's part of the dynamism of our time that the modern art movement is moving so fast and in so many directions. Artists today are doing some things that some people regard as being pretty wild. I don't. I try to understand it."

Along with exhibitions of contemporary art, Dan Terra's idea for his museum is "just to have a continuous flow of very important works such as Chicago has never even dreamed of seeing. That's the whole point of it. In the first year that this museum opens, Chicago will see some of the most famous American art in the country. They will surely see half of the top five hundred paintings this country has produced."

With this sweeping statement made —so typical of his feisty exuberance —Ambassador Terra tells me he has to leave. "I'm going to give a speech. Judith says I must be out of my mind to have arranged to speak at the same time as the Super Bowl, but I say it's the only way I can find out who the real art lovers of Chicago are." And he laughs again his uproarious laugh. □



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By William Bryant Logan



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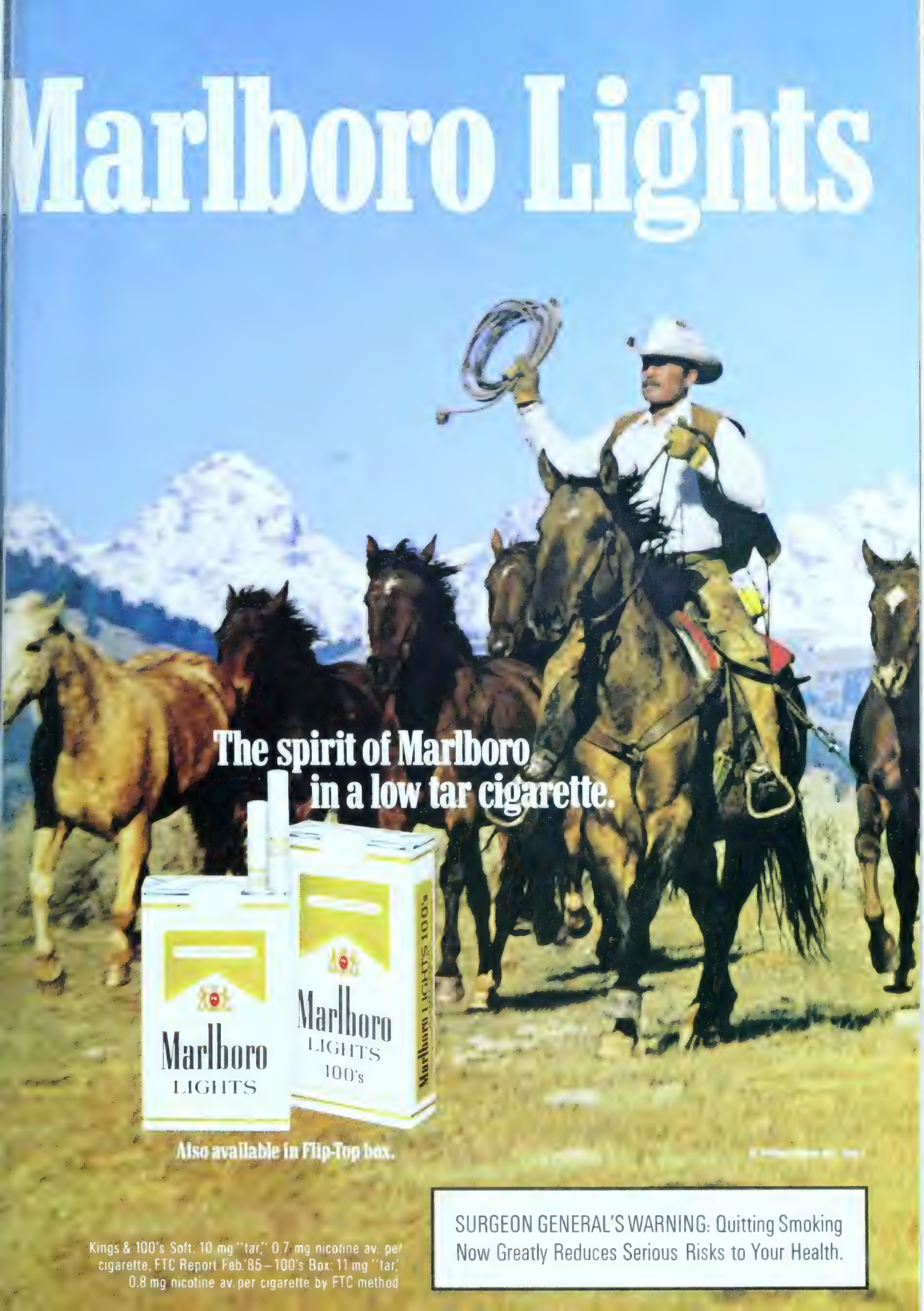
It is a good thing that there are angiosperms. Without the 200,000 species of seed-bearing plants we would be paddling about with the ducks sieving algae out of the water with our teeth. There are few things as beautiful or efficient as a seed. A single kernel of the old Reid's Yellow Dent corn—long and translucent like a tiny white-headed glass of amber ale—will create more of its own kind at a ratio of 1,280 to 1, some for eating, some for planting again.

I am addicted to seed catalogues. Dreaming of the vegetables they picture is almost better than eating them. I smile to see F1 HYBRID. NEW! printed in big red type beside that astonishing tomato. Recently I've begun to get a different sort of catalogue: always in black and white, sometimes handwritten, sometimes just a typed list. There are fuzzy pictures of cute kids—all garden catalogues have them—but these seedsmen are up to something. They list old varieties, open-pollinated varieties, even wild introductions, some of which have long since been dropped from larger catalogues and some of which have never been grown outside of family farms.

After all, there is one trouble with hybrids. Their seed isn't true to type. To keep growing them, you must return to the company again and again. Naturally the companies, encouraged by the sales of hybrids and by plant patent laws that since 1970 have allowed them to acquire exclusive rights to their creations, drop more and more of the open-pollinated varieties. It isn't true that, say, Burpee and Stokes have banished the older vegetables. Many of the entries in Cornell's Heirlooms Garden of nineteenth-century varieties come straight from large firms' lists. But the pressure on such houses to drop less profitable lines is great, particularly since many of them, Burpee included, have been taken over in the past decade by corporations like ITT, Amfac, Celanese, Sandoz, and Upjohn, which look out for volume markets in agriculture—where their pesticide and fertilizer lines might also be employed—not for the needs of the home gardener.

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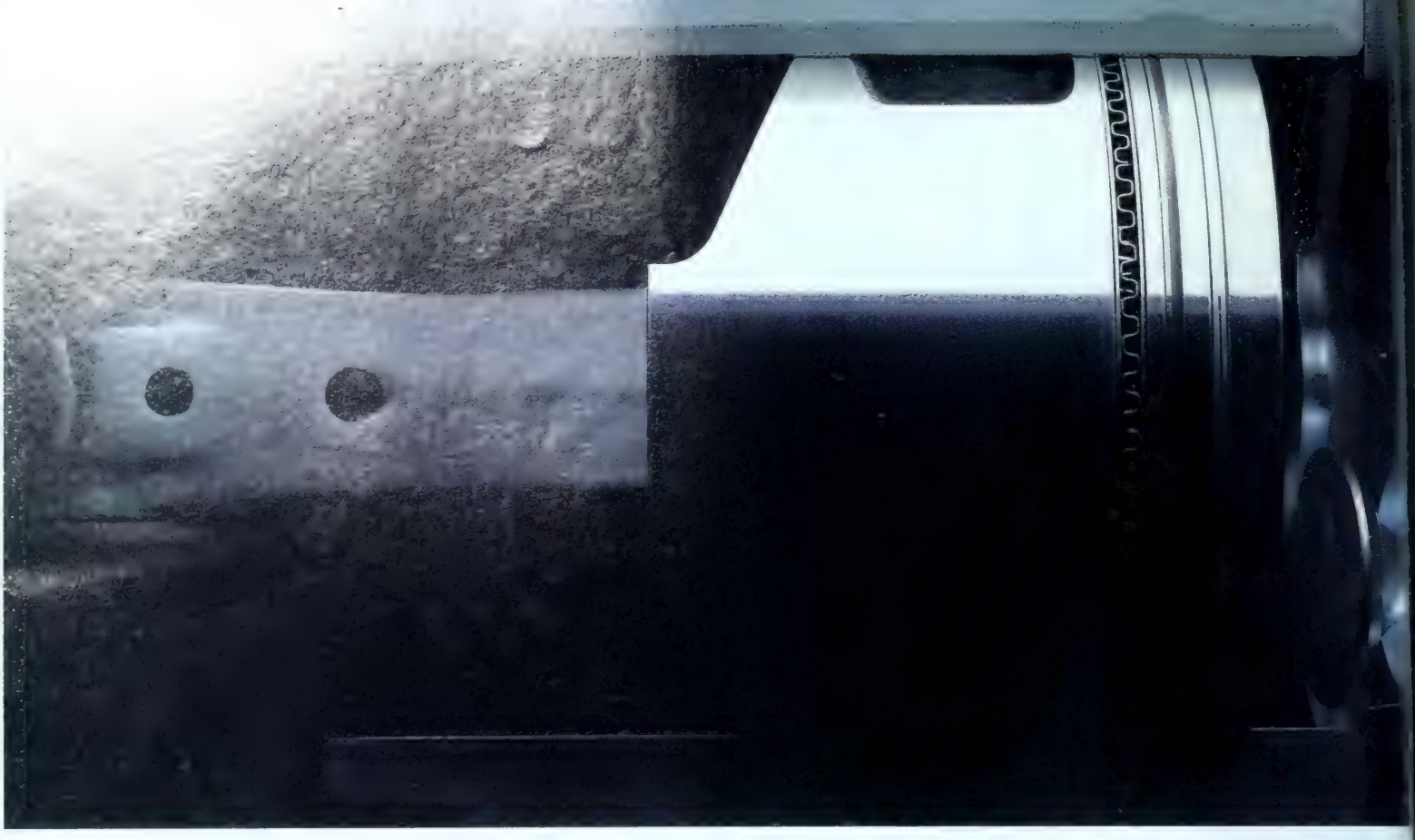
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[illegible] a lot. Will [illegible] repairs ax handles when he is not farming his self-sufficient place in Farmington, Maine, or looking for old crop plants. "I specialize in not specializing," he says. Let's be frank. A man with 3,000 varieties, including loose-hulled barleys and oats, flaxes, ground cherries, chicories, endives, fava beans, soy beans, and turnips in addition to more popular edibles like beans, squash, tomatoes, and fruit trees, is specializing in a fine madness. He sent in twenty different parsnips to the USDA's plant introduction station in Ames, Iowa, and received a note thanking him for tripling their collection.

Last April he drove to New Brunswick. "I especially look for abandoned farmsteads with nothing but a cellar hole left," he says. "There you may find a whole botanic garden of parsnips, elderberries, Jerusalem artichokes, sweet peas, fruits . . ." Near the town of Stacyville he and his partner visited a disused farm called Mullies Place. They went there looking for apples and pears. Since the farm had been abandoned about 1900, they found them all right, on trees so tall they couldn't reach the branches even by standing on each other's shoulders. They were surprised by an unusual elderberry patch that had run out along the orchard's edge, and even stranger was a Jerusalem artichoke. "There was still snow on the ground," he remembers. "We wouldn't have found it except that it was protected under lodged stalks. It was rose-colored, unlike any I'd ever seen. We called it Mullies rose."

Will doesn't offer a catalogue of his own, though he sends out 5,000 samples annually in exchange for postage. His list appears, along with those of more than 550 gardeners, in the *Seed Savers Exchange Winter Yearbook,* a fat paperback of over 6,000 varieties offered for trade each year by the organization that Kent Whealy runs out of Decorah, Iowa. One seed saver is an engineer with a passion for okra; another is a descendant of Cherokees who collects indigenous corns and distributes them to tribes; a third won ten dollars on a lottery ticket and took her kids on an outing during which they found the rare tomato that created a family seed business; another loves blue cornbread; one studies the endosymbiotic relationships among all edible plants; another works the third shift as a punch-press operator at a Cincinnati can factory so he can tend his extensive squash gardens by day; another is a botanist with a grant to gather cucurbits; and yet another is the mayor of a Kansas town, a volunteer fireman, works on a wildlife refuge, and has turned his Main Street doryards into a vegetable patch. The S[illegible] Savers Exchange is the core netw[illegible] for a subculture that now inclu[illegible] about fifty seed companies plus sm[illegible] er seed exchanges. Hugh Wilson, [illegible] botanist, has collected squash and [illegible] noa from central Chile to the Son[illegible] Desert of Mexico. The best informa[illegible] on native crops always remind him[illegible] home: "We go into a little town in [illegible]



a, and they send us down the road to et a guy. Invariably he turns out to just like a seed saver: a reservoir of tural knowledge."

There are over 5,000 breeding lines tomatoes preserved at the Ames nt Introduction Station, but Jeff Cormack prefers the flavor of the ortgage Lifter. It was developed in est Virginia by Radiator Charlie, a man named for the repair business he opened at the foot of a steep grade on which trucks would often overheat. During the 1930s he crossed his four favorite tomatoes—German Johnson, an Italian variety, an English variety, and the beefsteak. Planting the first one in the middle and the others around it, he pollinated the central plant from the other three, then uprooted the outer ring. From the crossed Johnson he selected the best tomatoes, saving the seed. Next season he planted out ten seeds, one in the middle and the rest around it. Again he hand-pollinated and preserved tomatoes from the middle plant. After several generations he had a stable variety so large and tasty that, selling the seedlings for a dollar apiece, he was able to pay off the $6,000 mortgage on his house in six years. Hence the tomato's name. McCormack has found both Radiator Charlie and the plants and will offer the Mortgage Lifter in his Southern Exposure Seed Exchange catalogue. "I try to put seed and stories together," he says. "It closes the gap between culture and agriculture."

Radiator Charlie is as far from the store-bought tomato as is his patch from the contraption that picks commercial fields. Self-propelled, the machine cuts off the whole plant at ground level, lifts it and shakes its tomatoes onto rods, discards the naked plant, pushes the fruit onto canvas belts where damaged specimens are removed, and shunts the remainder into bins.

Menacing as it may seem, the picker is not at fault for the bad taste of tomatoes, which prompted a cartoonist to draw a supermarket bin labeled RED TOMATO-LOOKING THINGS. Refrigeration kills the taste of love apples. Even twenty minutes in the cooler will do it. So will early picking. If you harvest a tomato at the mature green stage, it will ripen by itself. Picked at immature green and treated with ethylene, it tastes like something extruded.

The home or market garden is the best place for the tomato. Good-tasting hybrid varieties are well-thought-of there. McCormack will offer one if it grows up strong and delicious, but a gardener I know complains, "Hybrids are made to grow anywhere and taste OK to everybody. What I like is something that grows well where I am and tastes great to me." It isn't easy to find that sort of thing. Dick Meiners at Pinetree Garden Seeds in New Gloucester, Maine, tests thirty old varieties of tomato each year, most of which fall mortally ill. Prudent Purple is a flavorful and very early tomato, fine for northern climes, but it splits open on the vine. "We'll fool around and see if we can improve it," says Meiners.

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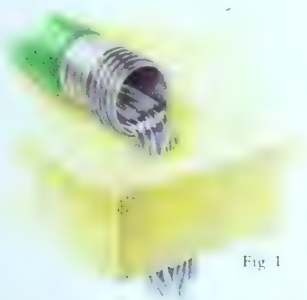


Fig. 1

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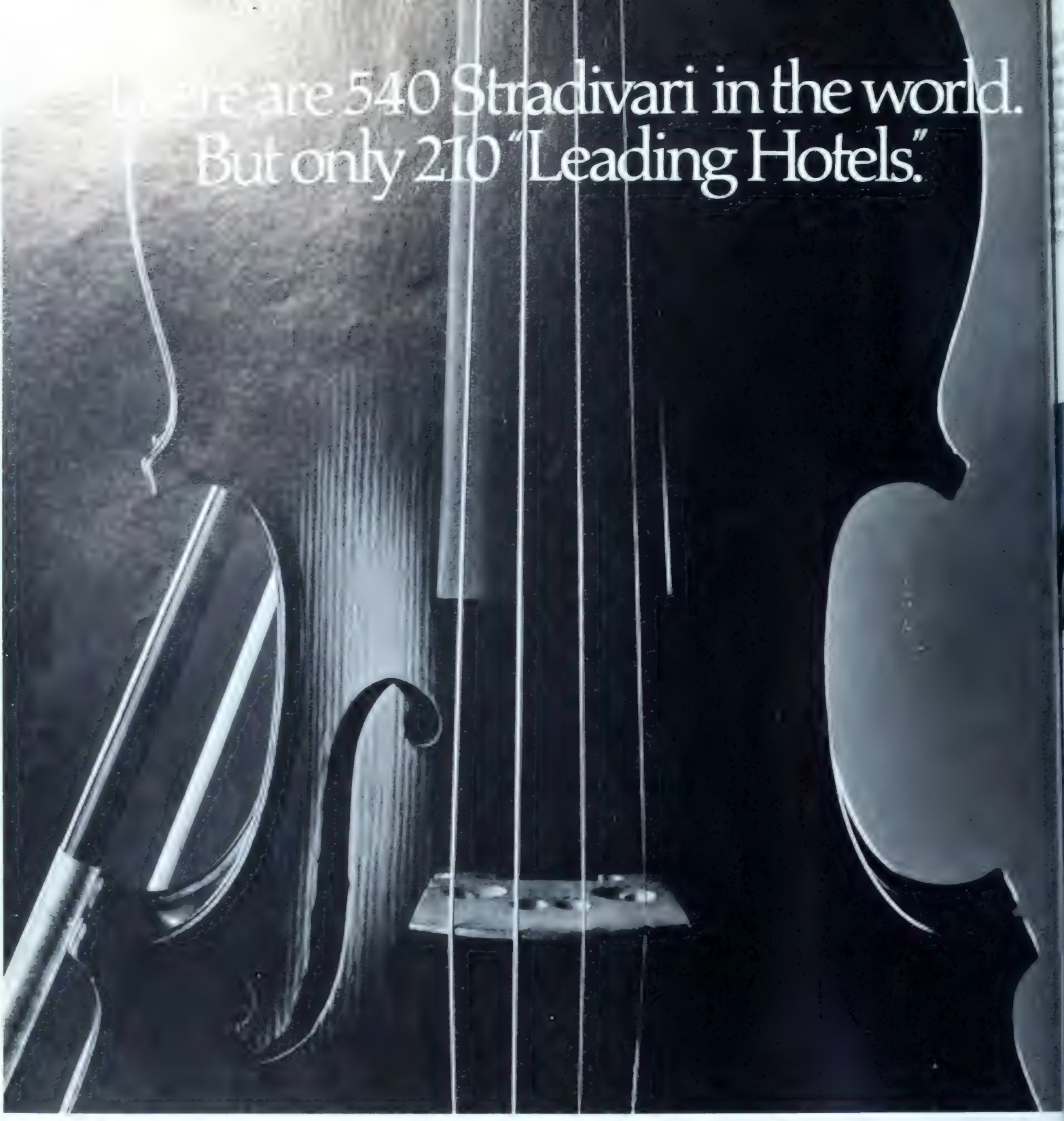
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Seed savers have still managed to salvage some very sweet, very acid, or very hardy varieties. Ron and Cynthia Driskill stumbled on the Siberia tomato at a greenhouse west of Calgary, Alberta. It came from a woman's mother who had brought it in a handkerchief from Russia. The fruit ripens in July in Alberta, where most tomatoes just die. Forest Shomer got another early one, Stupice, in an airmail letter full of seeds from an old man in Czechoslovakia. He offers it through his Abundant Life Seed Foundation in Port Townsend, Washington. Thomas Butterworth found a terrific canning tomato, the Super Italian Paste, on the D'Andrea family farm in Newtown, Connecticut. Ron Thuma traded for an old yellow pear tomato offered through the Seed Savers Exchange, sending it on to a woman who then mailed him a recipe for yellow-tomato preserves. "Thank you," she wrote. "I haven't tasted this recipe since the thirties." A muscular heavy-ribbed tomato called Large Early Red, listed in a Minnesota magazine as early as 1862, is still a favorite of Tom Woods. "I just slice it and eat it with salt and pepper," he sighs.

The tomato is the most popular vegetable in America. (All right, it's a fruit, but let's not be picky.) A lot of seed savers would as soon grow the Three Sisters—corn, beans, and squash—indigenous plants that were the basis for Indian agriculture from Central America to the St. Lawrence. They were most often grown as a complex, the corn making a pole for bean vines, the beans fixing nitrogen, and the squash keeping varmints out of the patch. Robert Hasenstab, a graduate student in archaeology at the University of Massachusetts–Amherst, experimented: the local raccoons did not trip over his pumpkins. The onset of corn culture among the Iroquois, he concedes, did coincide with a dramatic increase in raccoon bones in their kitchen middens.

Corn and squash inspire cults as much as culture. They are among the most genetically variable of all the angiosperms, and they cross readily. To keep strains pure, the gardener bags tassels, clips blossoms shut, and pollinates the plants by hand. Also, since corn responds to incest as the Hapsburgs did, he plants at least a hundred seeds of each variety, preferably selected from different ears.



Seed catalogue perennial: a rosy child. From the collection of Barbara Richer

The Tewa—Pueblo Indians of New Mexico—had elaborate ritual reasons for accomplishing the same ends. They separated their cornfields by color—blue, red, yellow, black, white, and all colors—keeping each far enough from the other so that cross-pollination could not occur. Still, since each color embraced considerable genetic diversity, the strains were hardy. In drought or deluge at least one of the fields would produce. The Pueblos say that this adaptability is owed to the instructions of the Great Spirit, who during their many years of wandering told them to remain at least fifty years in one spot. This is just long enough for the plants they carried with them to acclimatize, so a corn that traveled hither and yon would have an experience as broad as its cultivators'. John Kimmey, director of Santa Fe's Talavaya Center, puts it simply: "The plant remembers."

Corn and squash growers sniff at the poverty of varieties commercially available. "The ordinary corn we use for flour is so hard to grind," laughs Craig Dremann of Redwood City Seed Company. "The Indians must have given it to us as a joke. You spend more energy grinding it than you get from eating it." Indian-flour corns are easier to work with, and the blue or red varieties produce lovely flecked cornbread. Maynard Philbeck bakes his blue cornbread with cracklings or bacon;

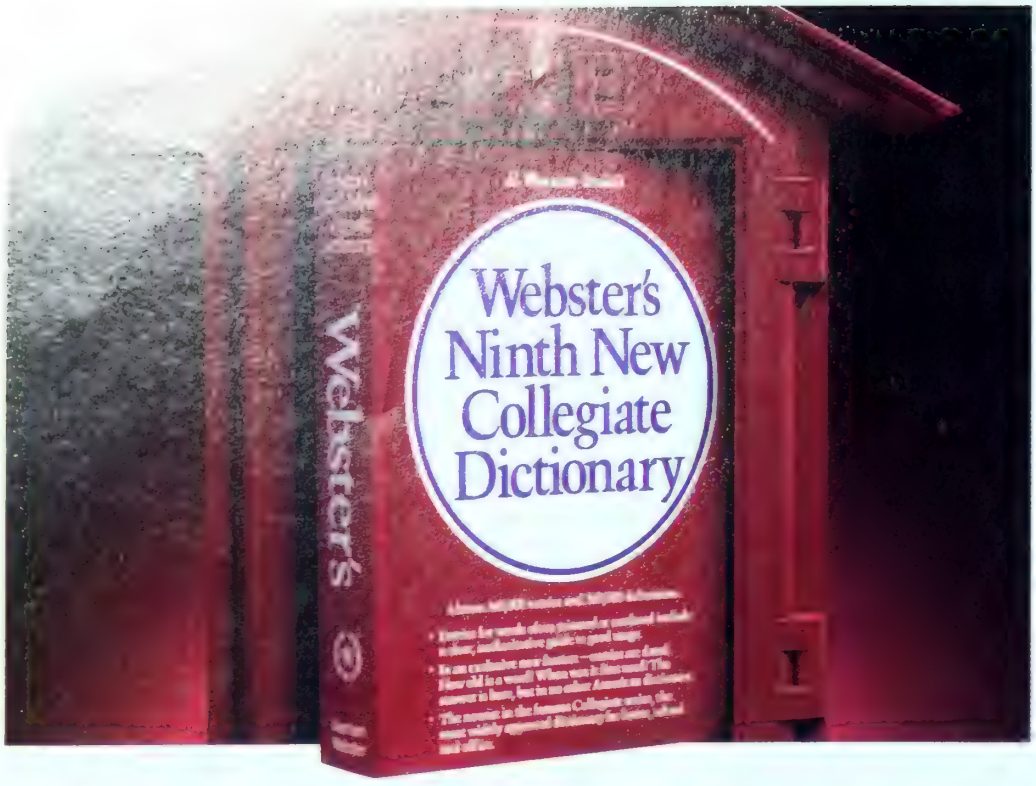


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DECORATOR PREVIEWS

the Iroquois nations made corn cook ies with variegated beans or blackbe ries in the batter. Sweet corn was we known among the Indians, but the re of us didn't catch on until the middle the nineteenth century. The hybrid are all too sweet. Jan Blum of Seed Blum in Boise, Idaho, prefers an ol multistalked variety called Aun Mary's; Alan Kapuler of Peace Seed in Corvallis, Oregon, has bred his ow sweet corn out of three old strains. It i a rainbow corn with large ears and fla kernels.

Until recently hybrid field corn were bred exclusively for increase yield. Their kernels were starchy. Joh Holtzman has been selecting Reid' Yellow Dent—one of the parents o the first successful hybrid corns—fo increased nutrition. An average hybri yields 10 percent protein and .25 per cent lysine; a corn capable of support ing an adult human would yield 1 percent protein and .7 percent lysine By selection alone he figures he ha succeeded in upping the nutritive val ue of his corn to midway between th two. He isn't going to eat it. He wil feed it to the Holtzman albino rat about one million of which he raise each year for the laboratory trade.

Squash growers have a differen sense of mission. According to Hugh Wilson, the center of genetic diversity for the cucurbita is surprisingly not in central Mexico, where it is thought to have originated, but in North America. In Sardinia, Ohio, Tom Knoche keeps about 300 varieties, growing them in tandem with Glenn Drowns of Iowa so that if either of them loses a crop, the other may preserve it. Supermarket squashes don't have the sweet fruity flavor he loves in Candy Roaster or the White Acorn. The latter is so sweet that he won't use the sugar a recipe calls for when he bakes it. Louise Bastable runs a community garden in Middletown, Massachusetts, on property that once belonged to J. H. Gregory, the nineteenth-century squash king. "They call the butternut a squash," she scoffs, "but I think it's just a vegetable. It doesn't have the taste of an old one like the Essex."

Bean collectors are like rock hounds, mad for numbers and kinds. Almost every seed saver has a few varieties, even if only to climb the corn, but the legendary John Withee had over



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A seed saver's *amour fou* need not be limited to cultivated plants. Craig Dremann has formed an attachment to the ground cherries (genus *Physalis*). Of the 22 species growing in North America only four are now used for food, prominent among them the tomatillo. "We talk about the loss of rain forests," he comments, "but literally in our own backyards there might still be a valuable commercial crop." One variety cultivated in California goes for four dollars a pound wholesale. "Before we plow that field with the last of the wild ground cherries," he says, "we ought at least to taste it."

He isn't just whistling into the wind. Four years ago Gary Nabhan, a founder of Tucson's Native Seeds/SEARCH and an ethnobotanist, became interested in the chiltepine, a wild chile occasionally found in Mexican dooryard gardens. Today it is a commercial crop in the Southwest, an ingredient in hot sauce, and a source of genetic material for improving jalapeños. One pea-size chiltepine turns a bowl of soup into a firebomb. Dry and crush them, mix with vinegar, and make something dangerous.

Seed savers are partial to Indian myths. The Three Sisters, or Diohe'ko, of the Iroquois are their shorthand for three favorite crops. I don't think the connection is sentimental. The agricultural tribes had a religious system that tied them directly to the everyday. Diohe'ko means "these sustain us." And 5,000 miles away the Aztec corn goddess Tonacaygohua had a name that translates "she feeds us." Maize means "our life." Transmitted over two continents by what must have amounted to a game of mythic post office, the story that food plants sprung from the breasts or the body of a dead mother is common to the Bororo of Brazil and the Senecas of New York.

Not many gardeners would put it so graphically when sober, but what was to the Indians a belief in the numinous power of their daily bread is an art to a lot of gardeners, especially to the seed savers. Gardening is the art of daily life, perhaps the only art that starts and ends in the same thing: seed. Thelma Crawford is retired in Wellsville, Kansas. She can't grow as much as she used to. These days, she has just 250 closed-in beds, with less than 50 in the open. "A lot of plants got lost," she remembers. "Now I can find some of them again. I like it. We get back together this way."

In the meantime, if anyone has Blue Eagle corn, a blue black Hopi corn as big around as a beer can with little white dots where the silks are attached, or the Stovewood bean, a monster with seeds four inches across, please let Kent Whealy know. □

KING'S ROAD RANSOM

The small treasures of London's Galerie 360

By Vivienne Becker







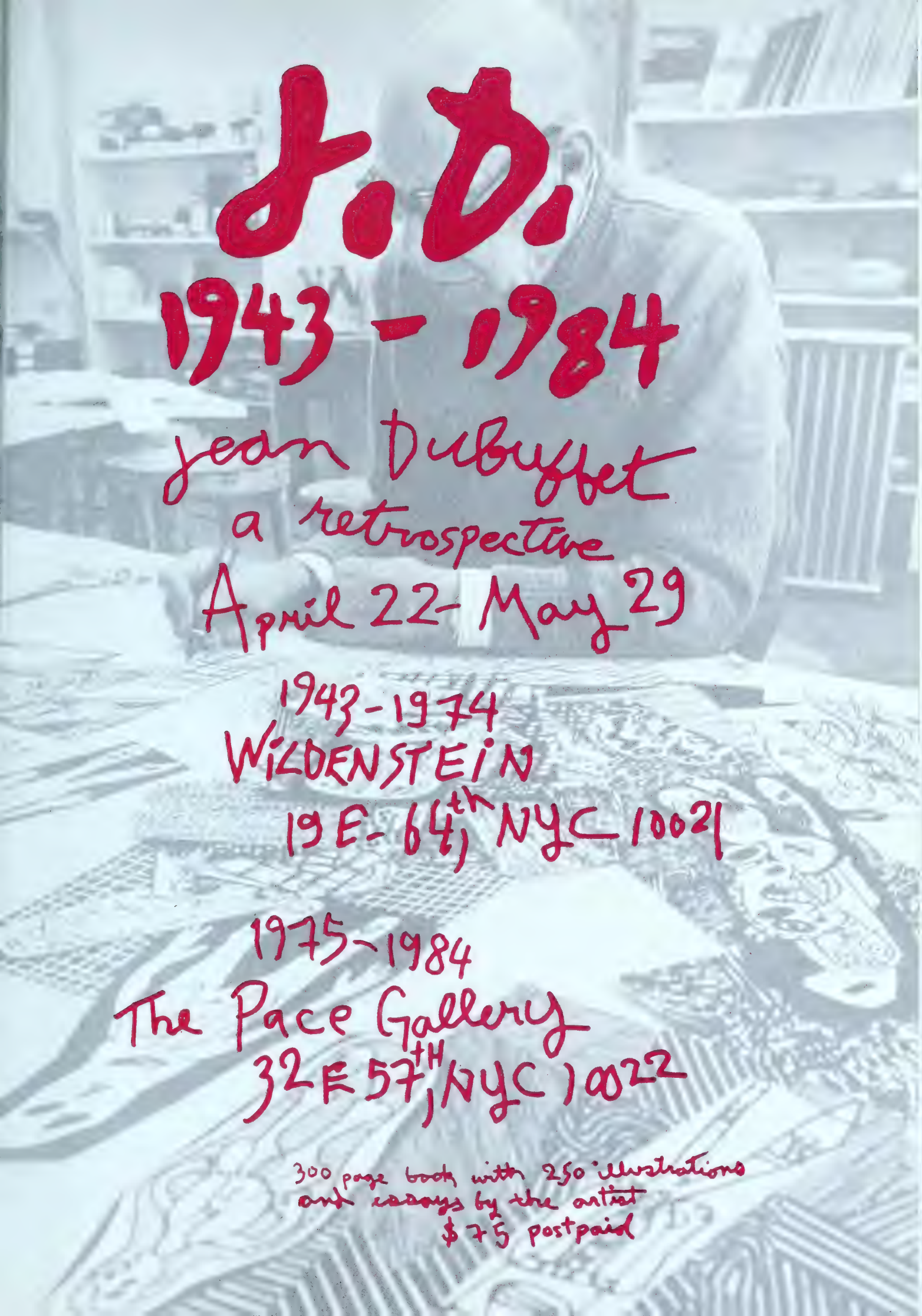
Clockwise from top left: Glass decanters and drinking glasses, Victorian to Art Deco; owners Herbert Bienefeld and Colin Sparks in Galerie 360; a carved ivory handbag, c. 1930. *Below:* Silver pieces in front of a Victorian needlework King Charles spaniel.

Herbert Bienefeld and Colin Sparks of London's Galerie 360 started working in the antiques trade quite independently of each other. But when they met in the Portobello Road Saturday market, where they both had stalls, they discovered a common interest in objects made of ivory and tortoiseshell—particularly colonial objects. And this has led them into "strange areas" off the beaten track of classic taste which in England has always meant the late eighteenth century.

Their business has followed a gentle progression, they are quick to point out, not a meteoric rise. From a stand in one of London's leading indoor antiques centers they moved, in 1983, to a shop on King's Road. Galerie 360 is on one of the last unprepossessing stretches of that road as it leaves behind it stately Sloane Square and weird World's End. The shop has the atmosphere of a small, enticing emporium, gradually filled to bursting with rich-looking objects, draped with silks, brocades, and tapestries. The owners' taste and choice of objects is hard to define: they search for a pure, original design fiercely evocative of its age and user, for an inventive and skillful marriage of material and form. Besides their specialties of ivory, tortoiseshell, and decorative silver, they sell furniture, pictures, extraordinary and enormous glassware, handbags, leather goods, giant magnifying glasses, walking sticks, a collection of dog collars.



The shop has enabled them to experiment with fabrics that they feel have been underrated and also, for instance, with the occasional majestic garden sculpture: a well-built white marble kneeling figure of Ruth with a wheat sheaf dominated their display for some time, sardonically surveying all the worldly trinkets around her. The pale paprika color of the shop is a fitting background for the varying shades of tortoiseshell, the worn ivory, the old silver, and particularly the vegetable colors of the fabrics (faded pinks, opulent oyster, willow greens and parched yellows, silky smoke blues). Colin and Herbert admit they like the well-worn textures and tones of surfaces enriched with age: they were very fond of a long eighteenth-century bench with an original leather cover that had turned the color of "sucked caramel." They are keen, too, on iridescent fabrics: the reflective glimmer of a nineteenth-centu-


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[illegible] wall hanging skewed in a [illegible], its silk woven to look like water with waves of sea green, gray, and blue and crests of shimmering copper foam, or the sparkle of silk-embroidered cushions piled in soft heaps in a light walnut Biedermeier bed.

It is a small and oddly shaped shop so that large objects often become a means of display. A pair of conservatory urns from the 1880s, made of black wrought iron and grass-green tin with trailing ivy decoration, prove ideal for holding two very large gold-and-black silk-embroidered square cushions. The urns hold sway over a Swedish eighteenth-century tea table, its tiled top covered with oversize drinking glasses, decanters, and an Art Deco perfume bottle. Nearby are two very solid, rigid obelisks made of specimen woods as souvenirs of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, and next to them a pair of pinkish gray marble lighthouses, which are actually 1920s cocktail bar lamps.

Colin and Herbert manage to produce the unexpected in even the most conventional of areas. Colin says, "People come here to find what they are not looking for." They point out a Royal Doulton match striker made of pottery to look like a large earthy stone, or a pair of Spode potpourri jars in subtle tones of gray and yellow, most unusual for the 1840s when you would expect to find a riot of color. Behind the potpourri jars hangs a 1910 silk-embroidered bedspread, the color of freshly planed wood, with the motif of a basket of pink roses. The color picks up the lightness of a delicate pair of faux-bamboo chairs and also of all the ivory objects in the cabinets, among them a huge turned tobacco jar for the hunter who shot the elephant, graceful Chinese carved fruit, a pineapple, a sweet corn, and two pale peaches on a leafy branch.

Colors can be bright too, and objects larger than life. A gigantic Edwardian powder bowl, nine and a half inches across, has an enameled lid of vibrant royal blue. Colin and Herbert's attraction to such unusually large objects has led to some problems. They remember a pair of eighteenth-century Dutch brass wall sconces that were so large they could not be hung in the shop. They were sold to a Lebanese couple determined to hang them in their London dining room, even though the whole wall of the room had to be reconstructed to hold the sconces securely. "It is an interesting attitude toward objects," says Colin, but then he finds certain buyers can be difficult, eccentric, and capricious. On one occasion, as a special favor, Colin had agreed to take a huge Aubusson carpet to a lady whose house in Belgravia was being redecorated. She also wanted a friend to decide with her, and he was expected to arrive from the United States at any moment. It was hard enough to get the carpet there, and when Colin arrived he was horrified to find the room in which it was to be tried covered in dust and dirt while it was being painted in wonderful trompe l'oeil. Colin waited for two hours. When the gentleman, an American hamburger tycoon, finally arrived, the couple went upstairs, had a huge row, and then disappeared. In the end they didn't buy the carpet, and Colin ended up with two parking tickets and a precious antique rug that needed cleaning.

Colin and Herbert have very different tastes. "We don't spend much time together in the shop, otherwise we argue," they laugh. Herbert is German and has more European taste than Colin, a cool Englishman. Herbert explained that he does not like eighteenth-century objects very much. He prefers later periods and the streamlined architectural lines of Art Deco. He pointed to a favorite silver bowl, a sublime twentieth-century blend of form and function. Colin started by liking a period between 1760 and 1800 but has broadened his outlook and now likes certain aspects of nineteenth- and twentieth-century design. Colin admitted that he has an occasional weakness for very flashy things, glittering and flamboyant, that Herbert doesn't like at all. Herbert shook his head in disgust. But as Colin explained, "They do have a definite place in a certain lifestyle, although it's not mine. And I like the way the late Victorians had the courage to show how much money they had made." They have a shared affection for the whimsical and bizarre. As Herbert tried to explain, "Mine is a slightly quirky taste."

Sometimes they keep very curious things for the right moment, or, at least, the right display in the shop. Recently they acquired a medium's crystal ball mounted on a silver stand made by the famous English art silversmith Omar Ramsden. One evening they took it out from its black silk cover (to keep all the energy in) to display at a party. It absolutely dominated the room. They feel sure it will sell to a clairvoyant, one with sophisticated taste and budget. "Occult things do appear occasionally. Normally I refuse them but this was special and Herbert rather likes the macabre." Colin recalled only too well that they once had a skull-and-crossbones silver inkwell which took four years to sell. Their touch of macabre for the time being is an extraordinary carved ivory figure of a skeleton leaning wearily on a sword at the base of which curls a thick snake; a monkey clings to the skull of the figure, another dodges behind its kneecaps. They know it is Japanese and early nineteenth century, but they have not discovered the meaning of the sinister symbolism.

Meanings, makers, and names are not that important to their shop. They buy purely on taste and instinct. "It is a wide and floating area of expertise in which things can easily escape you." Colin recently bought, in a London street market, a very good-looking glass bowl with ormolu mounts. They sold it immediately and it was in fact an early piece of Baccarat. The dealer who bought it told them what it was after he had paid for it and it had been delivered to his shop. "That's fair," smiled Colin. "Greater knowledge buys greater things."

Many of Galerie 360's customers come to find presents: a nautical object, an owl- or duck-shaped claret jug for the bird watcher, Edwardian cigar or cigarette cases in tortoiseshell and silver, giant ball-shaped perfume bottles, or perhaps letter openers or visiting-card cases in carved ivory or shibayama. These elite present-givers are nonetheless shrewd about prices and still enjoy haggling, but they are prepared to pay for something extraordinary in perfect condition. Colin added, "We think of things we would like to receive ourselves; in fact everything we buy, we buy for ourselves—we just don't take them home." □



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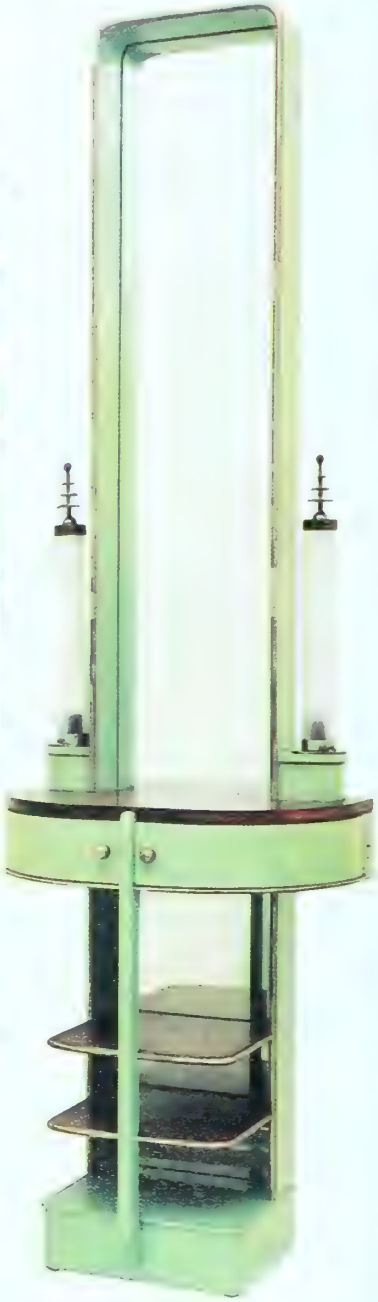
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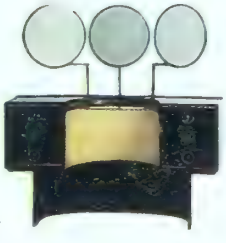
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ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed







JAZZ MODERN

Never in American history has a radical new style been embraced by the public with the giddy enthusiasm that greeted Art Deco, the populist version of Modernism that transformed everything from architecture to appliances in the aftermath of the hugely influential Paris exposition of 1925. Art Deco was the modish emblem of a ravenous new consumer class that acquired goods on an unprecedented scale. A syncretic blend of many Modernist strains—Wiener Werkstätte, Cubism, Expressionism—it possessed a hybrid vigor that often won out in designs that were undeniably novel if rarely reposeful. In America an adventurous new generation of designers, including Donald Deskey, Paul T. Frankl, Gilbert Rohde, Walter Dorwin Teague, and Kem Weber, infused Art Deco with a strength seldom achieved by their chichi compeers in Europe. In "American Art Deco," at the Renwick Gallery in Washington through July 26, and in his new book of the same title (Abrams, $49.50), Alastair Duncan evokes this antic interlude and its innocent optimism about the rewards of materialism. *Martin Filler*

Top left: Screen by Donald Deskey, 1929. *Center:* Gilbert Rohde vanity table, c. 1935. *Above:* Side table by Kem Weber, 1928–29.

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE?



Johns, *Flag on Orange Field #2,* 1958

Flag-waving goes back to school in Berkeley, California, where the University Art Museum offers a survey of pop culture, "Made in U.S.A.: An Americanization in Modern Art, the '50s and '60s," through June 21. The show is a salute to all-American icons, such as Old Glory, Coca-Cola, and *Playboy* centerfolds. But there are poignant reminders of the American Dream as well, such as Robert Rauschenberg's tribute to President Kennedy and the space program. *David Bourdon*



Tom Wesselmann, *Great American Nude #8,* 1961.

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el Adler Gallery	1018 Madison Avenue	517-4005	**Art of the 1920's: Russia, Italy, Vienna, New York**
de Bernard Gallery	33 East 74th Street	988-2050	**Sam Szafran: Watercolors and Pastels April 7-May 2** **Leonardo Cremonini: Paintings and Watercolors May 6-June 6**
e Cecil Gallery	16 East 72nd Street 3rd Floor	517-3605	**Bruce Gagnier: Recent Paintings through April 18th** **Christopher Cairns: Bronze Sculpture April 23-May 23**
ds Gallery	956 Madison Avenue at 75th Street	772-6606	***A Century of Women Artists* and *Five Centuries of Master Prints*** **Catalogues available**
Kerr Gallery	49 East 82nd Street	628-1340	**Edward Seago April 23-May 20** **19th & Early 20th Century American Paintings**
m Gallery	1018 Madison Avenue	772-7666	**David Levine: Paintings and Watercolors of Coney Island life and others. April 7-May 6**
y Friedman Ltd.	26 East 82nd Street	794-8950	**20th C. European Art & Design: Bauhaus, DeStijl, Realism, Symbolism, Vienna Secession & Russian Constructivism**
ham Gallery (2nd Fl) **ham Modern (3rd Fl)**	1014 Madison Avenue	535-5767	**The Cubist Legacy: American Artists and Modernism** **Paul Resika, Paintings; and Peter Stevens, Sculpture**
ra Haime Gallery	1000 Madison Avenue	772-7760	**May: Fifth Anniversary Exhibition: P. Dunoyer, M. Jaramillo, J. Larraz, R. Llona, S. Merlino, P. Miller, L. Mutal, F. Sutil, S.Vari**
rtina Hamilton	19 East 71st Street	744-8976	**Elizabeth Johansson: April 4-25** **Kevin King & J. Langley Howard: May 2-30**
ian Horan Fine Art	35 East 67th Street	517-9410	**Specializing in 20th Century European and American Masters**
riel Karasik Gallery	1094 Madison Avenue	535-7851	**20th C. Decorative Arts: furniture, ceramics, posters, paintings, sculptures, jewelry & Italian glass from 1930-1950**
Knoedler & Co.	19 East 70th Street	794-0550	**Michael David: Paintings and Drawings April 4-30** **John Walker: Recent Paintings May 2-28**
ayette-Parke Gallery	58 East 79th Street	517-5550	**Color and Expressionism: Oils and watercolors by major Brücke, Blaue Reiter and Bauhaus artists May 7-July 11**
on McCoy Inc.	19 East 71st Street	570-2131	**Michael Tetherow April 11-May 2** **Jane Kaplowitz May 9-June 6**
n Michelman, Ltd.	The Volney 23 East 74th Street	535-4524	**Important 19th & early 20th C. American & European paintings, pastels and watercolors. Private dealer, by appt. only**
im Moeller Fine Art **ited**	52 East 76th Street	988-8483	**Through May 16—19th & 20th Century European Masters: Paintings, drawings & sculpture from the gallery collection**
on/Neuman Gallery	42 East 76th Street	744-8460	**James Bishop April Calder Circus Drawings May** **Newman, Krasner, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, & others May**
derwoude Tananbaum	24 East 81st Street	879-8200	**April: Norman Bluhm & Michael Goldberg, The 50's & 60's** **May: Post Abstract Expressionism: Major NY School Artists**
denstein & Co., Inc.	19 East 64th Street	879-0500	**Jean DuBuffet—A Loan Exhibition of Works from 1943-1974** **April 22-May 29**
hard York Gallery	21 East 65th Street	772-9155	**Charles G. Shaw (1892-1974): Abstractions of the Thirties** **May 1-29 Catalogue available**

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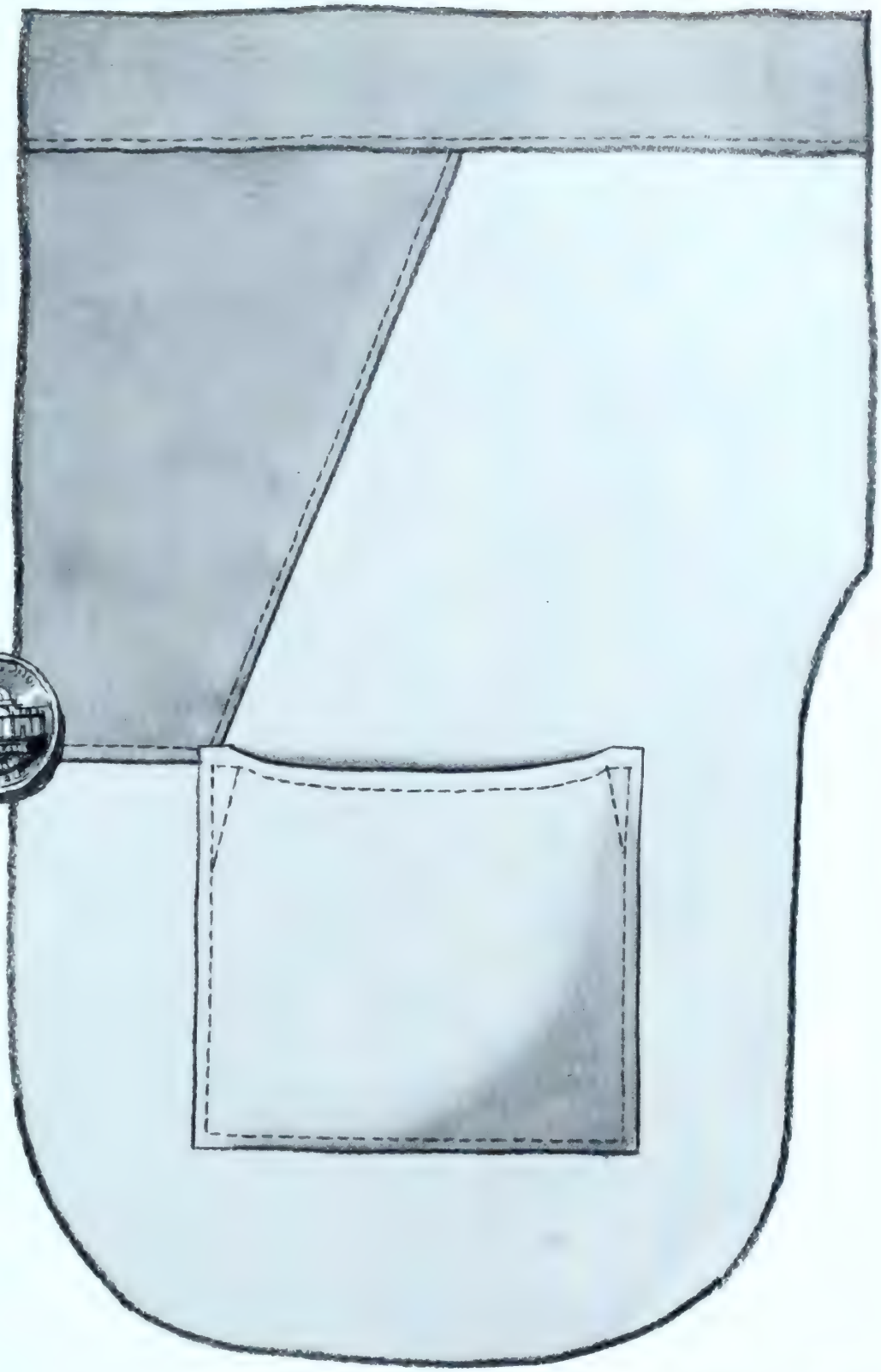
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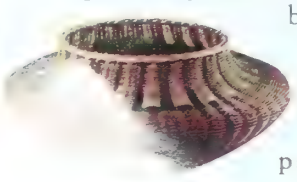
exhibitions not to be missed



Clockwise from right: Braided wool-rep beaded drawstring bag, Pawnee tribe, early 20th century; *Cogs,* cotton-tape hanging, Sherri Smith 1985; *Cylinder Form,* plaited and braided leather, Ken Carlson, 1985.

THIS NOBLE BRAID

Fabric designer and textile scholar Jack Lenor Larsen has curated a superb exhibition for the American Craft Museum in New York which explores the intrinsic fascination and expressive depth of plaited materials. "Interlacing: The Elemental Fabric," through July 17, assembles 150 intricately and imaginatively worked objects in a definitive array of fibers as well as clay and metal, revealing the complexity and richness that can be brought forth from this most basic technique for joining two elements together. From the powerfully direct artifacts of tribal societies (such as a bold polychromed palm-fiber panel from Papua New Guinea) to the most sophisticated contemporary designs (such as baskets by American craftsmen John McQueen and Ed Rossbach), the show demonstrates why the simplest devices are often the most artistically effective—and affecting. An accompanying book of the same name by Larsen and Betty Freudenheim (Kodansha, $60) will become a standard reference on a subject that is as deceptively simple as a fugue by J. S. Bach. *M.F.*





Right: Plaited palm-fiber mat, Mindanao, Philippines, 1980. *Left:* Rattan basket, Jonathan Krout, 1980.

WINDOW TREATMENTS



For many artists, a window is much more than an opening to admit light and air. Among the most enduring and intriguingly diverse themes in art, the window is now the subject of a fascinating exhibition, "The Window in Twentieth-Century Art," at the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston April 25 through June 28. Windows mediate between inside and outside, provide a transition between foreground and background, and generally help artists focus their vision. For Belgian Surrealist René Magritte a window is a confounding metaphor for the duality between illusion and actuality. For American sculptor George Segal it is a clean-cut compositional device, providing an architectural context for his plaster-cast figures and reinforcing the harmonious geometries that underlie his tableaux. For these artists a window is an opening into the wondrous realm of imagination. *D.B.*



Top: Segal's *Girl Sitting Against a Wall II,* 1970. *Above:* Magritte's *Evening Falls,* 1964.

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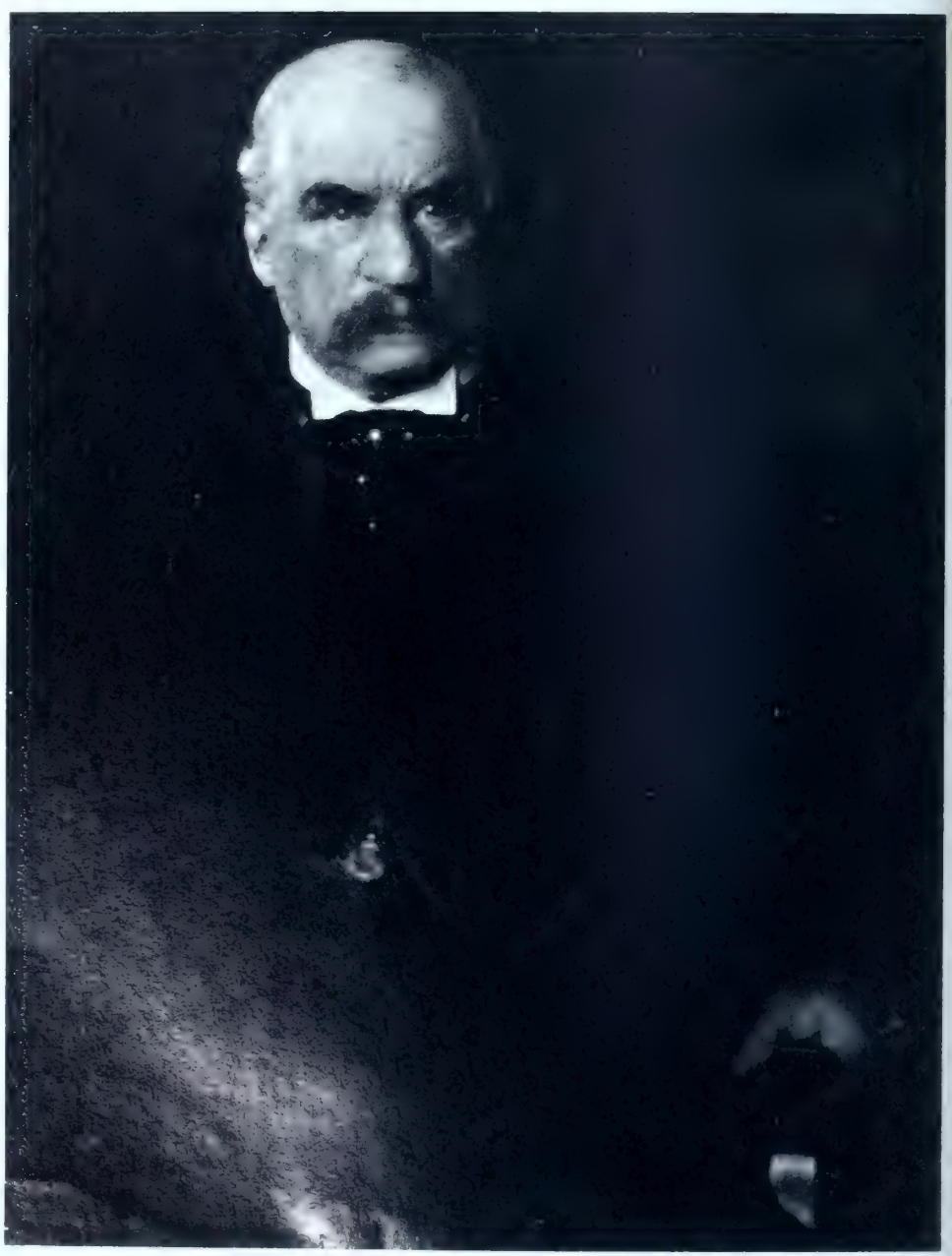
A centennial show at the Morgan Library celebrates its founder's omnivorous appetite for splendid art objects

By Jean Strouse

When J. Pierpont Morgan died in 1913, he had never seen his entire collection on exhibit. He had kept rare books, manuscripts, prints, and drawings in his private library on East 36th Street, had displayed a number of objects and paintings at his various houses in New York and London, and had had a great many individual pieces and whole collections out on loan to the South Kensington Museum (now the Victoria and Albert) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Only once, a year after his death, did most of the items he'd assembled appear together—at the Metropolitan, in a colossal exhibition that stayed up for two years and occupied the entire second floor of the museum's northern Fifth Avenue wing.

It included Gallo-Roman, Germanic, and Merovingian antiquities, frescoes from Boscoreale, Assyrian reliefs, Byzantine reliquaries, Gothic boiserie, paintings, jewels, watches, miniatures, ancient glass, tapestries, enamels, majolica, Sèvres, Meissen, Chinese porcelain, ivories, silver plate, Carolingian gold, bronzes, German metalwork, Regency furniture, sixteenth-century sculpture groups from the Château de Biron, and Raphael's Colonna altarpiece, *Madonna and Child Enthroned, with Saints*. The Metropolitan loan exhibit did not include the collections in Morgan's library nor the pieces—primarily European decorative arts—he'd already given to the Wadsworth Atheneum in his birthplace, Hartford, Connecticut.

Morgan had acquired this encyclopedic array of objects—valued after his death at approximately $60 million—in just over twenty years. As a child, he





J. Pierpont Morgan by Edward Steichen, 1906, *right*. *Left:* A Moor atop *Snail with Nautilus Shell*, Nuremberg, c. 1630.

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views, bits of stained glass, and graphs of Episcopal bishops [illegible] occasionally bought books and paintings as a young man. But it was not until his father, Junius Spencer Morgan, died in 1890 that Pierpont Morgan, then 53, began collecting in earnest, partly because a substantial inheritance furnished the means but also because the privilege of collecting belonged to the family patriarch.

Assessments of Pierpont Morgan as collector contradict one another as cheerfully as do assessments of his role—robber baron or conquering hero—in financial history. He was president of the Metropolitan Museum from 1904 until his death, and his successor, Robert W. de Forest, called him "easily the greatest art collector of his time." S. N. Behrman in his book on Duveen anointed Morgan the "Lorenzo the Magnificent of American collectors." But Frank Jewett Mather, reviewing the Metropolitan exhibition in *The Nation* in 1914, found its effect "wholly impersonal," suggesting a "standardization alien to the finest processes of artistic appreciation." And Roger Fry, whom Morgan hired as assistant director of the Metropolitan in 1905, left after four years in a rage at the American millionaire, reporting inimitably to Virginia Woolf that a "crude historical imagination was the only flaw in his otherwise perfect insensibility [to art]." Frances Henry Taylor later came to Morgan's defense, arguing that the financier had recognized Fry "for what he was, a second-class Englishman making a career of first-class American society."



In 1902 Morgan acquired the Lion's Jug goblet made in Rapperswil, 1688.

Taylor went on to call Morgan the "greatest figure in the art world that America has yet produced," while noting that he was "always more interested in the artifact than in the image." And Frederick Lewis Allen concluded that the motive in Morgan's collecting was a "romantic reverence for the archaic, the traditional, the remote, for things that took him far away from prosaic, industrial America."

Like Adam Verver in Henry James's *The Golden Bowl,* Morgan used a modern industrial fortune to stock an American museum with treasures from the European past. To this end he had no single Berensonian adviser but bought through a great many dealers, often en bloc, assembling collections of extraordinary range and singular quality. He spent from three to six months a year in Europe, primarily buying art. For the most part, he worked through major dealers such as Seligmann, Duveen, Durlacher, Agnew, Sedelmeyer, Wertheimer, Lowengard, Goldschmidt, and Imbert and, for books and manuscripts, Quaritch, Olschki, Sotheran, and Pearson. He and his librarian, Belle da Costa Greene, sought advice from experts, including Sir Hercules Read, Sidney Cockerell, J. H. Fitz Henry, and Wilhelm Bode. He took Roger Fry on a buying trip into the Italian countryside in 1907, but most of the time dealers came to him: once word got out that Il Morgan was in a particular town, his hotel would be beseiged by all manner of vendor.

Just where the art collections would ultimately rest had not been resolved at the time of Morgan's death, and he left that large question, along with the bulk of his estate, to his son, J. P. Morgan Jr.

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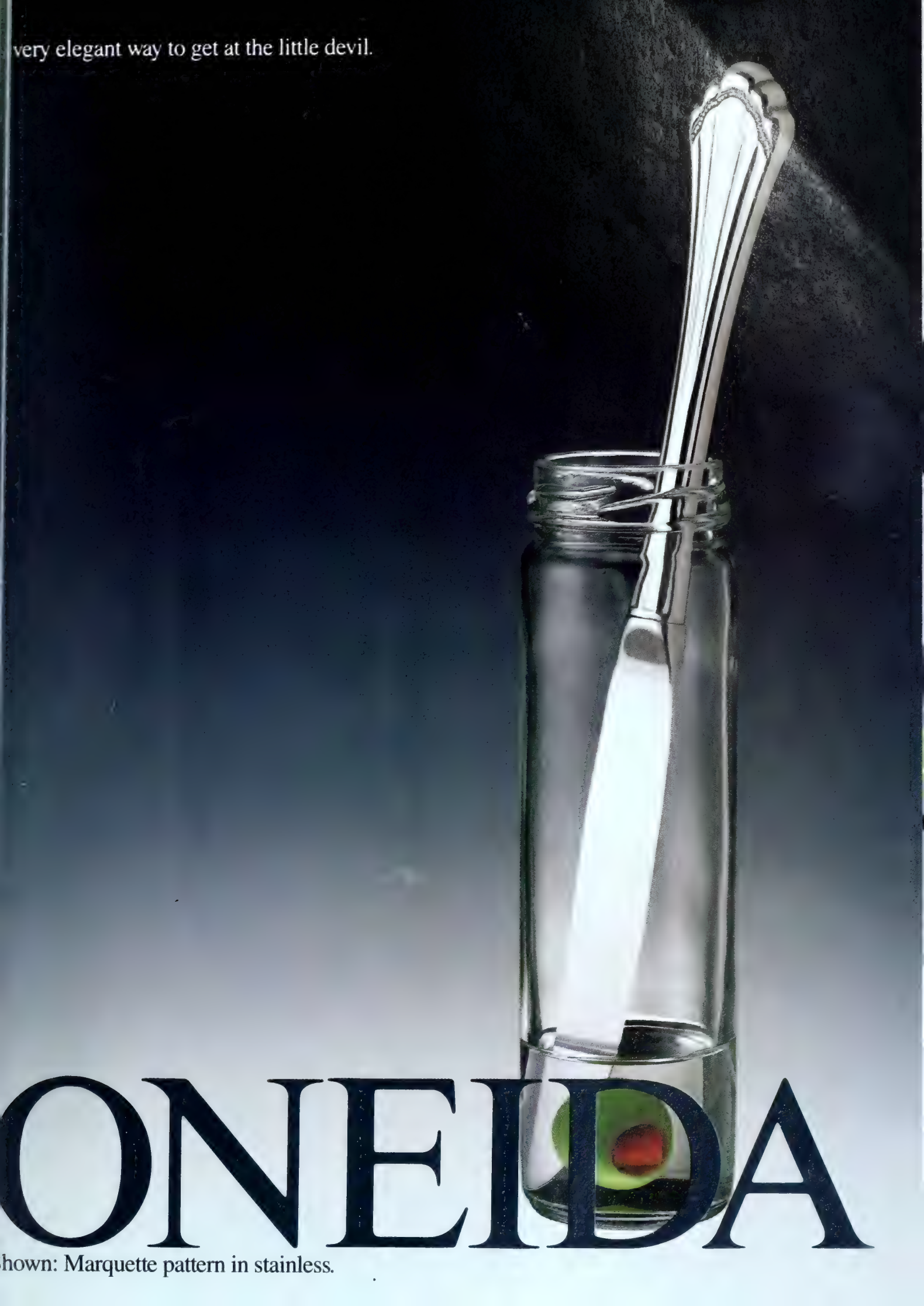
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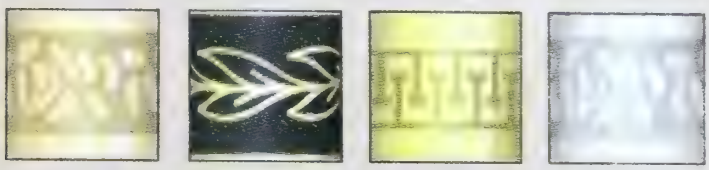


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(Nearly half the estate consisted of art objects; the other half, about $70 million, was invested in the various Morgan banks, stocks, bonds, and real estate. Legend has it that when John D. Rockefeller, already worth $1 billion by 1913, learned from the obituaries of Morgan's holdings, he shook his head and said, "And to think he wasn't even a rich man.") Pierpont Morgan's will indicated only that he had wanted to make some "suitable disposition" of the collections "which would render them permanently available for the instruction and pleasure of the American people." The junior Morgan left his father's private collections at the library more or less intact. He sold a number of important items in 1916 to help settle the estate: five Fragonard panels, *The Progress of Love,* went to Henry Clay Frick, and John D. Rockefeller Jr. bought a large collection of Chinese porcelains through Duveen. Then Jack Morgan gave about 7,000 objects from the 1914 loan exhibition to the Metropolitan and about 1,500 pieces, mostly seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European decorative arts, to the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford.

A fine traveling exhibition of selected objects from the Atheneum, "J. Pierpont Morgan, Collector," now at the Morgan Library in New York, shows several aspects of Morgan as collector and testifies to his reverence for artifact, craftsmanship, princely provenance, and objects far removed from "prosaic, industrial America." The exhibit features majolica, silver-gilt, ivory, Meissen, and Sèvres.

The most spectacular pieces in the show are silver-gilt—many of them drinking vessels—made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by German goldsmiths for wealthy princes and merchants. There's an elegantly whimsical nautilus shell (Nuremberg, about 1630) made into a snail, with a cutout silver-gilt mount, ridden by a Moor with a bow in one hand and reins attached to the animal's frontal horns in the other; the nacreous creature seems to move along the floor in slippery undulation. An ostrich-egg ewer (also Nuremberg, seventeenth century) takes the shape of the parent bird, with an egg as the belly/vessel and elaborate feathered goldwork for the wings, neck, and tail. The head (more

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back clutching a stone, a sign of watchfulness. Ostrich eggs were thought to ward off poison, and perhaps this vigilant, iron-eating, delightfully odd bird stood guard over a prince's dinner.

Morgan purchased the nautilus and ewer, along with several elaborately wrought tankards and lion-shaped cups, en bloc from the German consul E. Gutmann, director of the Dresden Bank in Berlin, through J. S. Goldschmidt in 1902. Consul Gutmann may have run into some financial difficulty, for records at the Morgan Library indicate that he wanted immediate payment and came down about 25 percent in his price for this first-class collection. Morgan generally made his purchases all spring and summer and settled his accounts after the first of the following year—the Morgan bank in England braced itself for koning: in 1905 the March–July Duveen bill alone came to £231,272 or $1,123,982. But Morgan reluctantly altered the pattern for Gutmann. According to Goldschmidt, whose English was not as good as his French, Gutmann "never would have consented to sell his collection to such a low price except to Mr. Morgan on account of the ready money, because dealers or Museums are not able to pay at once as Mr. Pierpont Morgan!"

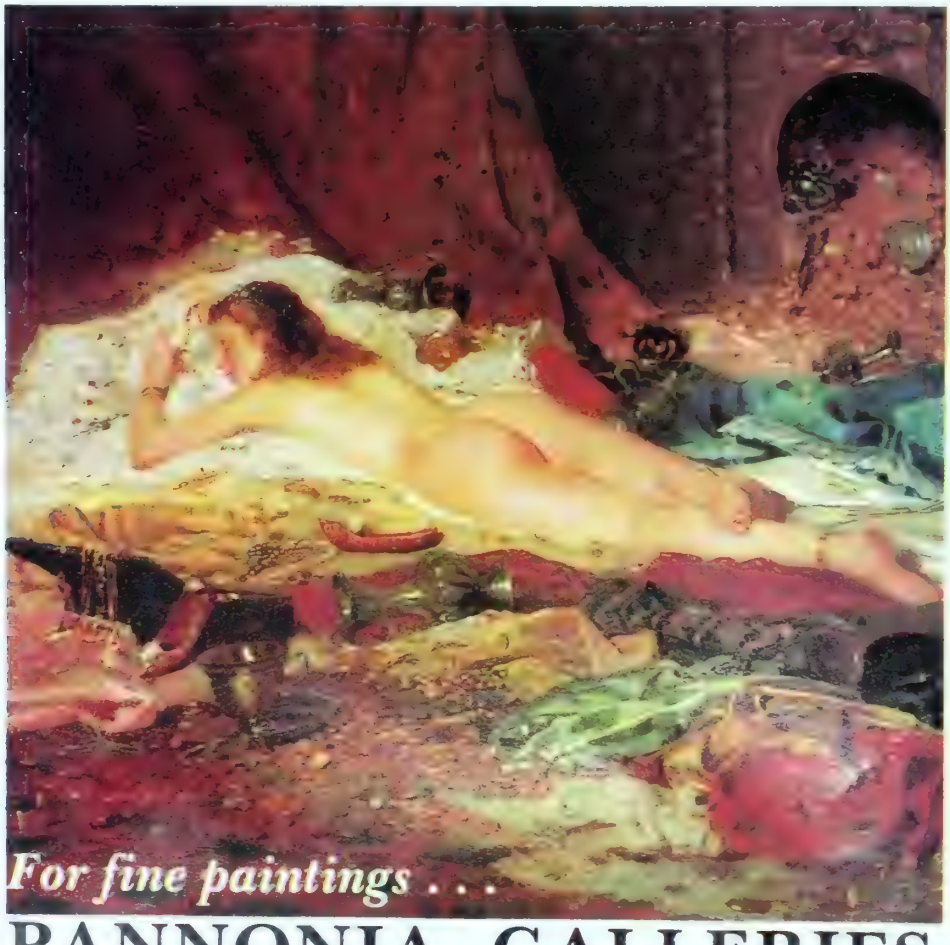
The ivory high-relief *The Fall of Man,* owned by Baron Anselm von Rothschild in 1866, was probably commissioned by the same type of aristocratic German or Austrian patron who employed the goldsmiths. The character and delineation of figures in this powerful piece (probably before 1650, from the circle or workshop of the Master of the Saint Sebastian's Martyrdoms) are striking: Adam glancing down, away from Eve, seems about to reject the proffered apple, and there's a vivid tension in his taut, gracefully modeled muscles and her open, half-encircling arms and serpentine hair—with benevolent animals looking mildly on.

The majolica, which was a great favorite with turn-of-the-century collectors, has a fresh, immediate appeal. Morgan bought primitive quattrocento pieces (an austere Florentine oak-leaf jar in blue and manganese, with profile portraits of two young men, dates from about 1431) as well as more luxuriantly ornamented plates, vases, tiles, and jars from the sixteenth century—all in strong clear colors.

Photographs recently discovered at the Morgan Library show some of these objects on display in Morgan's rooms, and a handsome catalogue provides commentary on each collection. Sir Geoffrey de Bellaigue finds that Morgan's Sèvres, acquired more through individual purchases than en bloc, reveals a "discerning eye for quality" and that it is less reflective of then-fashionable taste than of Morgan's own judgment: he had only a few sets of *garniture,* and not many pieces with distinguished eighteenth-century owners. William Hutton writes that few Americans took an interest in Meissen ware before the 1920s and that Morgan's collection here follows the taste of his time, for the Rococo; without specialist advice in this case Morgan acquired some fine pieces and a substantial number that are of negligible aesthetic quality. Essays by the Atheneum's associate director, Gregory Hedberg, the show's curator, Linda Roth, and historian Neil Harris do an excellent job of placing the exhibition in Hartford, Morgan's life, and the history of collecting.

Morgan aimed, wrote W. G. Constable, "to bring together the greatest assemblage of works of art of all kinds and of high quality ever formed in the United States (or indeed elsewhere) by one man." In art as in finance Morgan was a man of action—and few words. During the last third of his life he turned his sharp mind and keen sense of quality toward the pursuit of art, single-mindedly gathering the cultural heritage of the old world for the benefit and pleasure of the new. □

"J. Pierpont Morgan, Collector" is at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York until August 1 and then at the Kimball Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, from September 15 to December 1.



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WORLD RALLY CHAMPION

WOVEN IN OAXACA

Ancient techniques and natural fibers yield fabrics with strong modern presence

By Roger and Marie-Pierre Toll

As the sun slides toward the western ridge, the valley of Oaxaca in southern Mexico fills with light charged with the centuries of civilization this land has cradled. The area's roots lie deep in its pre-Hispanic past, amid the Zapotecs and Mixtecs and the sixteen other principal indigenous groups that still give the valley its unique flavor of age-old tradition and social ways.



Oaxacan yarns, *above,* are made ready for weaving on wooden handlooms, *below left. Below right:* Hand-spun wools of various thicknesses.

Spinning and weaving has been a force in the valley's economy for more than a millennium, but in recent years the traditional knowledge has been threatened by cheaper factory-milled rugs and blankets flooding the market. Spurred on, however, by growing U.S. demand for more natural, textured fabrics, some villages in the area are now experiencing a resurgence of their ancient craft.

Much of this new development has come about through the efforts of Roberta French, a middle-aged former Peace Corps volunteer and now U.S. consular agent in Oaxaca. French began designing and producing fabrics as a way to help bring some economic life back to the Zapotec weavers of the valley. Due partly to her finishing, marketing, and promoting of the fabrics, an old industry has begun to be reborn.

When French first discovered Díaz Ordaz, the little village where most of her spinning is done, its inhabitants were hardly able to scrape out a living. They produced rugs and serapes for other villagers in the area, which were especially useful in the surrounding mountains where the nights get cold. However, the traditional craft was rapidly giving way to the machine-made products, and only a few grandmothers still knew how to spin.

"When I first came here to start weaving hand-spun wools and cotton," says French, "the older women had to teach the young ones all their special techniques." The fact that periodic droughts and ruined corn harvests had to be offset by some cold cash helped convince young mothers with hungry children of the advantages of spinning. Soon, with local carpenters making rustic spinning wheels, a cottage industry, as well as some beautiful yarn, was born.

"Their first efforts at spinning were marvelous," says French. "Then, unfortunately, they got to be too 'good' and their yarn became smoother and smoother. So we have to emphasize that what we are after is the homespun texture. That is the look so loved by designers today, and here in Oaxaca they can still produce it."

The link between Roberta French and the spinners in the village is a 31-year-old Zapotec woman, Zenaida Santiago García, who has organized a number of neighboring families into a sort of production unit, with about fifty people working out of their homes. She is a dynamic entrepreneur who not only operates several mills but a bakery as well. Even the oldest of her five children, a teenager, has been enlisted. It takes an imaginative and enterprising person, French explains, to break through the *costumbrismo,* or







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The wool is from criollo sheep pastured high in the mountains; it's shorter and kinkier than that of valley sheep

weight of tradition, which keeps the way of doing things unchanging and holds the people to the past. Yet *costumbrismo,* when combined with modern technology and taste, can result in authentic and beautiful products.

Designing and making the yarn is the real secret, French says, not so much the weaving. After the raw wool is purchased in the dusty local market of Tlacolula four miles away, it is brought back to Zenaida's village in a bullock cart along primitive dirt roads. There the wool is washed in the village creek, when water is running, and laid in the sun to dry. Next comes the time-consuming process of carding the wool into smooth strands, which are spun into the basic yarn and tied into hanks, ready to be used in the fabrics Roberta French weaves in the city.

The wool that Zenaida and her neighbors have been using is from the criollo sheep pastured high in the surrounding mountains. Criollo wool, Zenaida says, as she works her spinning wheel driven by a bicycle wheel (better than the old wooden model, she explains), is shorter and kinkier than that of the valley sheep. Although it is too rough for clothing, the wiry wool makes for stronger and more durable rugs and upholstery.

"Wool is a protein fiber just like human hair," French says. "What makes the yarn strong is the twist, the way the fibers are twirled together. We heat it with either water or steam at near boiling temperature and set it in the same way human hair is set by a permanent. When done right, the yarn doesn't pull apart under pressure."

Today French and her team of spinners and weavers are working more with cotton fabrics than with wool, the result of market vicissitudes, she says. That is especially true in the United States, where more than a third of her production is sold. "They devoured natural wool fabrics there a few years ago, but now they want the cooler cottons, which is what Mexican decorators have been buying from us for many years." Most of French's production is destined for use as upholstery, bedspreads, wall hangings, and table linen. The wools are marketed in the U.S. by the Whitney Corporation based in Redwood City, California through Baker Decorative Fabrics; the Oaxaca cottons, part of another Whitney line called Colorado, are also distributed nationally.









"The process of working with cotton and wool is exactly the same," says French, "except that cotton doesn't need to be washed as wool does. We buy high-grade Mexican cotton in bales, card it, spin it, dye the yarn, then weave it, according to the designs we ourselves prepare, which are often decided together with the buyers."

While the spinning of the wool and cotton is farmed out to Zenaida's army of workers, the coloring of the yarn remains under French's careful supervision. In a large yard next to her home in the city of Oaxaca, the coloring is done in old bathtubs and metal garbage cans with top-quality German dyes. The weaving of the yarn is closely supervised as well. While four looms keep busy in a workshop not ten yards from French's bedroom, most of the production is handled by a team of fifteen weavers working on their own looms throughout the city. Many of the designs are supplied by Doug French, Roberta's son and a weaver, who also uses the cotton yarns for fabrics he has woven in the states.

But no matter how big production gets, the point is to preserve the old ways of spinning, carding, and weaving. It is these age-old traditions that result in the muted colors, variegated textures, and simple designs that people as far away as New York and Madrid find so appealing. As long as these aesthetic qualities prevail, the future seems bright for the spinners of Díaz Ordaz and the weavers of Oaxaca. □

From top: An organizer of the Zapotec spinning group, Zenaida Santiago García, winds hand-spun wool into skeins; dyed skeins hang to dry; earthtones predominate in woven wools from Oaxaca; simple patterns bring out variations in the yarns.

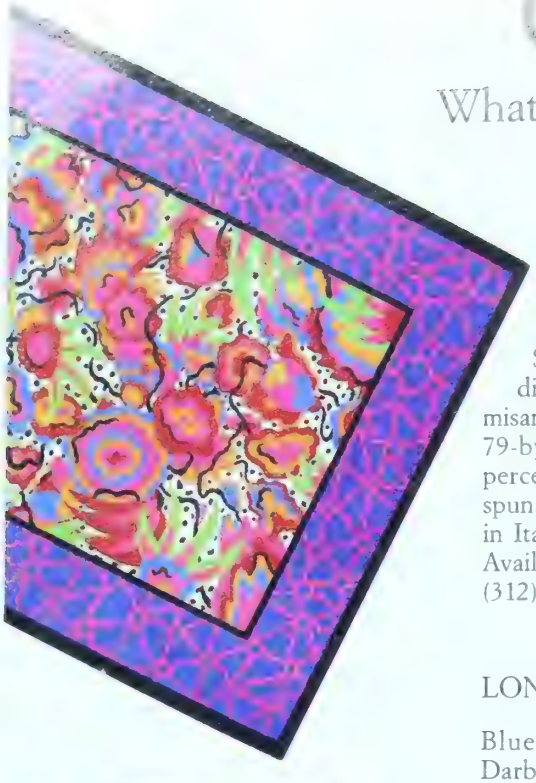


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LAURA ASHLEY

CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy



RUGS ITALIA

Memphis's George Sowden designed Kurdistan, *left,* for Elio Palmisano. Part of a group, the 79-by-118-inch rug of 100 percent New Zealand wool spun, dyed, and handwoven in Italy costs about $6,000. Available at City in Chicago; (312) 664-9581.





GOOD SEATS

Luigi Serafini mounted a spiral on a stool and created Suspiral ($750), *above left.* The Sun chair, *above right,* part of Charles Jencks's Symbolic Furniture program, is handmade of solid maple, rare wood veneer, and ebony inlay ($2,500). Both chairs are sold at Sawaya & Moroni, Milan, and at Giles & Lewis in New York; (212) 362-5330.

LONDON FARE

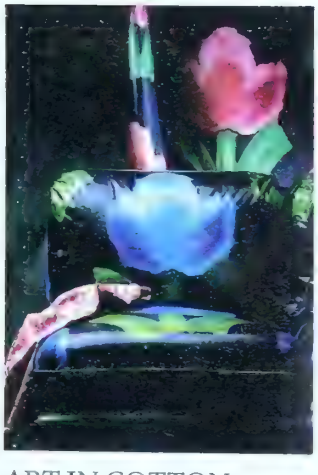
Blue flowers rim c.-1765 Darby shepherd, *right,* and matching shepherdess. Pair to be shown at Grosvenor House Antiques Fair June 10–20; London 581-0373.





HOUSES CAPTURED

Beloved, sometimes stately homes in the U.K. and U.S. are grist for the kiln of Jill Laurimore, *left,* British-based ceramic artist specializing in house portraiture. Her stoneware-and-porcelain works are accurate in detail but capture a spirit far better than a mere model. Price (average $7,000) includes one trip to measure, sketch, and interview, another to deliver. Her U.S. agent is Judi Wasserman; (914) 273-9610.

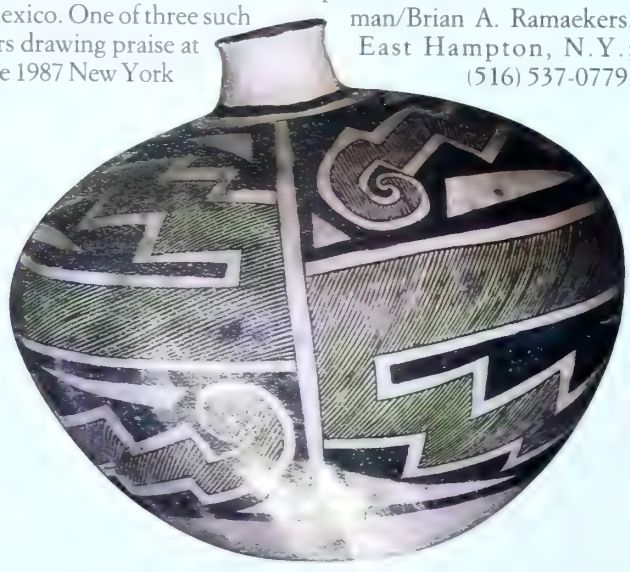


ART IN COTTON

The painterly cotton fabrics, *above,* were designed by abstract artist Howard Hodgkin for Designers Guild in London. Large Flower is $66 a yard, Moss $75. In the U.S. at Osborne & Little through designers.

SHOW STOPPER

American Indian storage jar, *below,* dating from A.D. 900–1400, was found in perfect condition in Socorro, New Mexico. One of three such jars drawing praise at the 1987 New York Winter Antiques Show, the unusually large (16 inch high) vessel costs $25,000. By appointment at Robert E. Kinnaman/Brian A. Ramaekers, East Hampton, N.Y.; (516) 537-0779.





PERSONAL NOTES

Blue Quilt embossed notepapers by Judy Severson, *above,* make for cozy correspondence. (There is a red group, too.) Available individually for $2 or in sets of six for $10 at the Museum of American Folk Art, New York, and Nantucket Looms; (617) 228-1908.


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Shown smaller than actual size of 13" in height.

hite pin-dot nightgown that features a bib-style yoke and ll gathered sleeves. Dainty eyelet trims the hem, yoke, eeves and collar. A satin bow provides a perfect accent at r neckline, and she's got a satin ribbon in her hair. On her et, she wears adorable fluffy pink slippers.

Complete with her own rag doll and security blanket

ut what makes *Bedtime* even more special are her charming ccessories. For she carries her own rag doll which is dressed st like she is, in a matching pin-dot gown and tiny fluffy ppers. The rag doll features a hand-painted face and long gtails of blond-colored yarn.

No bedtime girl would be complete without her security anket. And this precious hand-tailored quilt is one that a randmother would lovingly craft for her granddaughter. timeless heart and flower pattern complements the charm nd nostalgia this tender childhood scene evokes.

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The lovely quilt pattern of her security blanket is expertly hand-tailored.



Her delicate peaches-and-cream complexion is lovingly painted by hand.



She has her very own adorable rag doll dressed in a matching hand-tailored nightgown.



On her feet she wears adorable fluffy pink slippers.



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CHOICE

What's new, what's noteworthy

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From Machin Designs in England come conservatories, *right* and *left*, that are Victorian in style and state of the art in engineering. Machin's crew supervises construction throughout the U.S. and will consult on choice of model and adaptation to a specific site. Bonus: the collection of solar heat to supplement the main house system. Prices start at $5,000. For two-volume catalogue, send $5 to Machin Designs, 557 Danbury Rd., Route 7, Wilton, Conn. 06897.





EARLY SPRING

The Winterthur Muse um and Gardens intro duces the 'Winterthu Forsythia', *above*, i their new *Gift and Gar den Sampler* catalogue. A favorite of H. F. du Pont this plant has an early bloom and a lovely yel low hue. Each 3-foot plant $15 plus shipping. Call (800) 848-2929.

LAPIDARY TABLEWARE



The noted jewelry designer Angela Cummings, who is often inspired by nature forms, has now annexed the tabletop. Each sterling-silver utensil in her five-piece place setting called Shell, left, *is inspired by a different sea creature. $650 at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, and Bergdorf Goodman, New York, which also has Cummings's first alabaster accessories, including candlesticks, vases, platters, and the 11-inch bowl,* below, *at $130. All by Arita.*

ART WITHIN ART

Antique frames from the past three centuries are sold at Eli Wilner, 1525 York Ave., New York, *below,* where frames are considered works of art in themselves. The gallery offers expert advice on choosing a frame for a particular work and its room setting.





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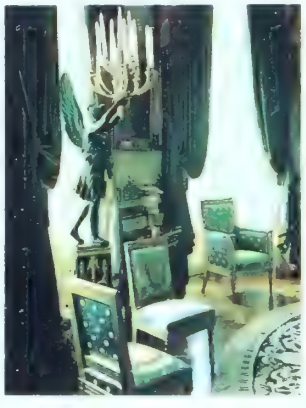
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JOURNAL

On the arts scene

EXECUTIVE PRIVILEGE

We think of the White House as an unalterable shrine, but as William Seale points out in his lively new study *The President's House: A History* (Abrams, $39.95), it has been redecorated constantly since John Adams moved in 187 years ago. For example, the Blue Room, *below*, was cream-colored under the Madisons, red during the Monroe era, redone in green by Andrew Jackson and blue by Martin Van Buren. In 1963 Jacqueline Kennedy restored cream walls but kept the upholstery blue. *Martin Filler*



MODERNE TIMES

The hypnotic spell of the silver screen made it the most persuasive force in popularizing modern interiors. Donald Albrecht's *Designing Dreams: Modern Architecture and the Movies* (Harper & Row/MOMA, $29.95, $15.95 paper) documents the phenomenon with fascinating photos, including, *below*, Dolores del Rio and her husband, MGM art director Cedric Gibbons, in the Santa Monica house he designed c. 1930. *M.F.*





TIMOTHY HURSLEY

NATURE SANCTUARY

Arkansas architect E. Fay Jones's new Crosby Arboretum Pavilion, *above*, centerpiece of a wildlife preserve along the Pearl River near Picayune, Mississippi, bears a striking resemblance to his Thorn Crown Chapel of 1980 in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, which was hailed upon its completion for its refreshing distance from the Modern versus Postmodern obsession. But Jones's intricately fitted pine cross-truss post-and-beam structures—recalling the Carpenter Gothic churches of rural nineteenth-century America—seem eminently suitable for both secular and sacred service. This latest incarnation would surely appeal to such Transcendentalists as Emerson and Thoreau, whose spiritual love of nature would embrace the interchangeable functions of these uplifted designs. *M.F.*

JEFFERSON AT EASE

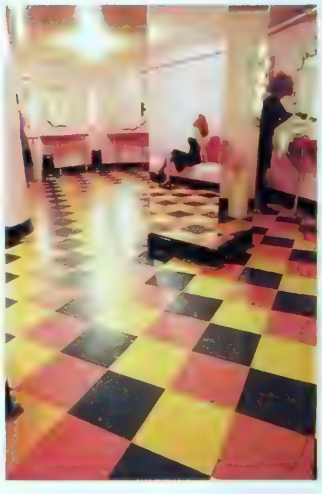
Thomas Jefferson lavished love on Monticello (a model as it looked 1769–84, *right*), declaring, "All my wishes end where I hope my days will end . . . at Monticello." At a new permanent exhibition there, you can see his Madeira decanter, his paint box, even his pocket pistols—objects that piece together the private side of the great man. There's a new center for historic plants too. *Margaret Morse*





LA VIE EN ROSE

When the owners of New York's Roseland ballroom chose to renovate, Peter Marino and Associates rose to the occasion. Playing on a grand scale, their result is a spectacular tented dance space and stage decorated in a black-and-white piano-key motif offset by artist Kimiko's bold murals, *above*, of dancing roses and jazz themes. Other flourishes include a pink powder room, *below*, where wilting spirits can be nipped in the bud. *David Lisi*





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SMALL ROOMS

Their potential for coziness, intimacy, drama, and convenience

By Mark Hampton

Small rooms seem to be thought of as unimpressive at best, and at worst as a distinct inconvenience. Considered mean and insignificant, small rooms, poor things, are frequently mistreated. Their decorative possibilities are ignored, and as a consequence a lot of really good opportunities, not only for decoration but also for practical use, are overlooked. It's a terrible waste. On the other hand, when necessity compels people to deal one way or another with a small room, the chief concern seems to be making it appear larger than it really is. This neurotic fixation is wasteful too, because it leads people to ignore the very properties of a small room which can make it fun, effective, and economical to decorate. In fact, rather than dwell on the disadvantages of small rooms, it is much more interesting to consider their positive aspects.

Coziness and intimacy are the obvious qualities that are actually easier to achieve in a small room than in a large one. Mr. Badger's house was probably a lot more inviting than Toad Hall. It was a lot more convenient too, I'm sure. Provided there is a backup realm of storage space, like closets and cupboards somewhere nearby, the task of working in a small room (painting, potting, cooking, reading, writing) can be infinitely easier than rambling around in a great big space. One or two rooms that permit a degree of pack-rat behavior are a blessed addition to any household. A space that is completely cluttered looks better than a space that is only cluttered in one corner: that corner inevitably becomes an eyesore.



A bedroom in the Keith Irvines' farmhouse shows how effective a large piece can be in a very small room.

Since packing a lot of furniture into a small room is usually essential for its comfort and convenience, it is worthwhile to mention that a lot of pattern is a great way to counterbalance the effect of so much furniture in a confined space. Several years ago I helped decorate a weekend house in Connecticut for a family whose New York apartment is large and light and calm with twentieth-century works of art. By contrast, their farmhouse is composed of a small eighteenth-century core with many additions, all equally small in scale. Off the narrow entrance hall with its steep stairway is a minute sitting room with a fireplace and two windows. The organization of the wall space is symmetrical. Two walls have windows, one wall has the fireplace, and the remaining wall has the door leading out to the hall. The room contains a short but deep sofa, a writing table with a comfortable open armchair, one large upholstered chair with a footstool, and two tiny slipper chairs. There are little end tables and a little bookcase. The room is completely filled. The walls are papered in stripes with a flowered border running around the top. The large furniture is in a big-scale chintz, the small furniture in a small pattern. The carpet is patterned, and the curtains, although plain, have a lot of fancy trim on them. There are prints and drawings everywhere. There are books, photographs, firewood, pillows, and newspapers. It is impossible to be in this room and be far from anything—the fire, the views out the windows, or the books and papers that share the space. Yet with all that pattern within the orderly arrangement of the furniture in the room the atmosphere is cluttered but tidy and very inviting. And, of course, it is enormously useful.

The most prevalent category of small rooms is no doubt that of the bedroom. The room in the illustration is a guest bedroom in the farmhouse of Keith and Chippy Irvine. It demonstrates many of the advantages and possibilities of smallness. Mr. Irvine's exuberant gift for whimsy is widely known, and when coupled with his


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Billy Baldwin's superb study in discipline proved again that it is a lot more important to look good than to look big

notable tendency to avoid stuffiness, it often results in rooms that possess tremendous comfort and spontaneity. In this wonderful bedroom we can readily see another surprising phenomenon found in the decoration of tiny rooms, namely the effectiveness of a huge piece of furniture in a cramped space. The big canopy bed, painted a shade of red that evokes the delicious illustrations by Carl Larsson of the rooms he created in his Swedish country house at the turn of the century, takes up about half of the room. What it gives in return for its spatial demands, however, more than justifies its overwhelming presence. It is, first of all, wonderful to look at. We must never forget that one of the cardinal rules of decorating is that the better it looks, the better it is. In a little space a huge bed or bookcase or wardrobe or whatever always takes on an architectural quality far more vividly than in a larger room or in a room with more competitive architectural detail. The Irvines' guest room also has a bookcase, a comfortable bedside table, a generous chest of drawers, more than one chair, and pillows galore. The chairs can be sat on, but they can also be used as a table to drop things on or to drape jackets over in a way only straight-backed chairs allow. Simple, straightforward comfort is frequently a very easy thing, like more chairs. The provisions of this room, arranged the way they are, could keep anybody happy almost without having to leave the bed.

A well-known monument to the beauty of tiny rooms is the so-called Hunting Lodge in Hampshire which used to belong to the great English decorator John Fowler and is now occupied by Nicholas Haslam, another of the same, who has happily preserved much of the background decoration from Mr. Fowler's time. That this beguiling house owes a lot to its occupants is obvious. It has, however, great character of its own, which the minuteness of its rooms (and they *are* minute) in no way diminishes. Everywhere you look, you see pattern and color, valances and cornices, borders and fringe, floor tiles and quaintly shaped Gothick windows.

All the lovely decorative variety at Hunting Lodge has another significant aspect and that is its comparative modesty in relation to the ever-increasing prices of furniture and decoration. It is not difficult to grasp the fiscal challenges that face a person today doing up a few rooms with fourteen-foot ceilings and windows to match. How sad it is to see a room that needs a really big mirror but doesn't have one and a couple of really big pictures but doesn't have them either. Small rooms permit an entirely different scale of decoration to be carried out. In Mr. Fowler's sitting room, there were some full-size upholstered pieces, light George III and Regency armchairs, bits of needlepoint on pillows, carpets, bellpulls, and touches of patterned cotton and chintz. The rigid effect of a set scheme was nowhere to be found. The same is true of the Irvines' guest bedroom.

By contrast, a strict room I adored was the studio apartment on East 61st Street which was Billy Baldwin's last home in New York. It too was small, and painfully typical of the unfortunate boxlike apartments that thousands of New Yorkers have to put up with. Rather than fret over what was wrong with the space architecturally, Billy simply overcame it with a strong scheme made of very dark brown walls, a trademark of his, shades of cream and off-white, and accents of brass and gold combined with dark lacquer, mostly black and blacky brown. The room contained a lot of furniture—a single bed designed to look like a huge boxy sofa, strict squared-off slipper chairs, the famous Cole Porter bookcases, a Korean screen, a large oblong writing table with a cloth to the floor, a classic sofa, and many small tables of every description and every date. The relentless right angles of the furniture placement made a positive feature out of the monotonous angularity of the architecture. Later on, he combined panels of mirror with the dark brown walls in some awkward corners and created delightful illusions of space where there was none. Mirror work in small rooms can be phenomenally effective. Billy's superb study in discipline proved again that it is a lot more important to look good than to look big.

There are many rooms that actually suffer from being too big. I would much rather have a modest-size bedroom and a big dressing-room storage area than the reverse. When planning closets and cupboards for bedroom suites, I always press for a separate room in which to put them rather than have an entire wall of doors in the bedroom itself, which can never be satisfactory from an aesthetic point of view.

And the enormous spa bathrooms of our day seem foolish to me. Who wants to move around in a room dedicated to bathing which is so large that you feel as if you have to put something on to walk from one side to the other? Huge kitchens can be exhaustingly inefficient too, unless you have a chef and three kitchen maids. Small hallways are a lot easier to decorate than enormous ones. In fact, hallways and corridors are perfect areas to indulge in the forbidden practice of overdecorating, since they are areas of movement rather than of contemplation. I love wallpapers and borders and moldings and pedestals in a hallway, all sorts of mannered pieces of furniture, and decoration that might appear arch in a space you spend hours in.

If you still think small rooms are not your cup of tea, then I will close with a reminder to look again at some of the most ravishing and seductive rooms on earth—the small private apartments built for Louis XV at Versailles. The rooms are tiny and the ceilings are right down on top of your head, yet with their gorgeous paneling and gilding they simply breathe the purpose they were intended for—privacy and comfort without sacrificing luxury or beauty. The intimacy they achieve would not have been possible on a large scale. In their smallness they have a universal appeal that spans centuries. □

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HOUSE & GARDEN, MAY 1987

THE HEART OF THE



Winslow Homer, *The Croquet Match*, 1872

SEASONS



William J. McCloskey, *Strawberries,* 1889

American Impressionist paintings from the new Terra Museum evoke the coming of summer

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Summer—a high, candid, definite time. It may slither out of the ambiguity, hesitance, or too early ripeness of spring and edge toward the soothing peculiarities of autumn, but summer is downright, a true companion of winter. It is an extreme, a returning, a vivid comparative. It does not signify that some are cool and some are dry and sweltering; summer is a kind of entity, poetic, but not a poetic mystery. The sun is at its zenith in the tropic of Cancer, a culmination.

Think of the yellow afternoons of the last century, such as we see in the paintings of our text, the illustrations. Then, we believe, it was another world—quiet, perhaps not so much reflective as drowsy and wondering. A luxurious pause, an inattention except for the concentration on pleasure. A caesura to honor the sun, the warm waters, the breezes of the mountains, and the hope of some dreamlike diversion of destiny in the pause.

Here, in the paintings—all from the new Terra Museum of American Art in Chicago—is a languorous game of croquet. It appears that this game may be one too many, too much like yesterday, a routine, and nothing to surprise. And Charles Curran's bursting, voluptuous water lilies. The sun has ravished the flowers, full force, and how ferocious they are amid the passive, sheltered glances of the young women in the boat.

What a lot of clothes the women are dragging about in these rich-toned landscapes. Hats, sleeves, petticoats, ties at the neck, parasols—a shroud of protection, giving a somewhat fatigued femininity to these lost summer days. Sargent's summer painter must be putting the bush and the field and the reflection of the stream on canvas. He looks much as a man would today: white suit, coquettish red belt, and what appears to be a handkerchief on his head.

But she, the companion, is reading in a hat like a haystack, a dark skirt, and holding the inevitable lacy umbrella, a thing of no apparent utility unless it be a

John Singer Sargent, *Dennis Miller Bunker Painting at Calcot,* 1888







Frederick Carl Frieseke, *Lilies*, 1912



Charles Courtney Curran, *Lotus Lilies,* 1888

weapon against a change of his mood there in the erotic sleepiness of a full summer afternoon, and the ground dry and not even a dog in sight.

I like to remember the summer season coming to those who just stay at home the year round, that is, most of the world. The plain patterns of simple domestic life meet each year with a routine. Nothing is unexpected. An almanac of memories disputes claims of the hottest day in decades or the level of the rainfall.

The furnace is shut down and the fireplace, if there should be one, is emptied and the tiles relieved of grit and polished to an oily sienna sheen. Windows washed, everything aired; moths seeking the bedroom light bulb; grass and weeds pushing up out of the hard winter soil; leaves on the maples and elms—nothing special; doors latched back and covered by a flapping screen—with a hole in it and rusty hinges; voices calling out of the windows; perennials determined to exhibit their workhorse nature, if most a little disgruntled and with more stem than flower; insects strong as poison; the smell of chlorine in a child's hair—from the community pool across town.

The congratulation of summer is that it can make the homely and the humble if not exactly beautiful, beautifully acceptable. Such brightness at midday and then the benign pastels, blues and pinks and lavenders of the summer sky. Much may wither and exhaust, but so great is the glow and greater the freedom of the season that every extreme will be accommodated. There are great gardens filled with jewels as precious as those dug out of the earth and then the hand that planted the sparse petunias and impatiens in the window box—there's that, too.

I remember days from the summers in the upper South and sights from certain towns in the Middle West, in Ohio and Indiana, places just passed through long ago. There's something touching about the summer streets of middle-size towns: everything a bit worn down in July, all slow and somnolent except for the supersonic humming bird in the browning hydrangea bush at the edge of the porch. The disaster of the repetitive but solid architecture of the 1920s—once perceived as quite an accomplishment of ownership, and suitable—comfortable according to what was possible.

The front porches. That unalterable, dominating, front-face mistake left over from the time before the absolute, unconditional surrender to the automobile and to traffic. There was a time when not everyone had a car, and to children then the traffic was interesting. The brand names, the out-of-state license plates—a primitive pleasure to take note of them, like stamping your palm at the sight of a white horse. And the family on the *(Text continued on page 230)*

Mary Cassatt, *Summertime: Woman and Child in a Rowboat,* 1894





James McNeill Whistler, *Note in Red. The Siesta*, 1882–83





BLASS COUNTRY

On forty acres in Connecticut, the American designer's 1779 house reflects his distinctive style: crisp, classic, unpretentious, and perfect

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Bill Blass's Connecticut retreat, *opposite,* was originally built as a tavern and carriage house. *Above:* In the entrance hall an 18th-century French table with a swan base holds the only flower arrangement Blass ever puts in the house; 18th-century wallpaper panels hang against walls painted three different shades of blue green.

I [illegible] an instinct about [illegible]," says Bill Blass. "The real-estate agent had told me, 'This isn't what you're looking for, but we'll stop by anyway.' The moment I saw it, I knew. It had a quality of saying, 'Take me.' Like a puppy in the window."

When Bill Blass talks about his country getaway in northwestern Connecticut, you wonder if he had in mind a place for himself or a deluxe kennel for the dogs. Canine references creep into every other sentence. "The dogs love it there." "They're particularly fond of the sofa." "That's an Austrian mirror—I like it because of the golden-retriever motif." "That's just an American hooked rug with a puppy dog on it." And so on. When he started rhapsodizing about the stately hundred-year-old maple trees, I thought, here it comes—*The dogs are just crazy about using those trees*. . . . We'll get back to his golden retrievers, Kate and Brutus, in a moment—you bet we will—but first a little history.

The house was built in 1779 and looks today essentially as it did then: a straightforward stone beauty. "There's a certain naive dignity to it," Blass says, "if dignity can be naive—a certain pride without being pretentious." It sits on the former Old Albany Post Road, a tavern and carriage house where coach passengers would warm themselves with mulled ale and a joint of mutton. It was called the Sabba Day Tavern, the owner presumably having decided Sabbath Day Tavern might inhibit customers from drinking to their hearts' content. Washington didn't sleep here—it wasn't an inn—but he did drink here when as general of the American revolutionary forces he stopped in to confer with French generals.

During World War I it was used as a rest home for wounded doughboys. "I think that's kind of attractive," he muses. "Then it was occupied by a spinster lady and her companion. I know that sounds suspect, but those ladies existed."

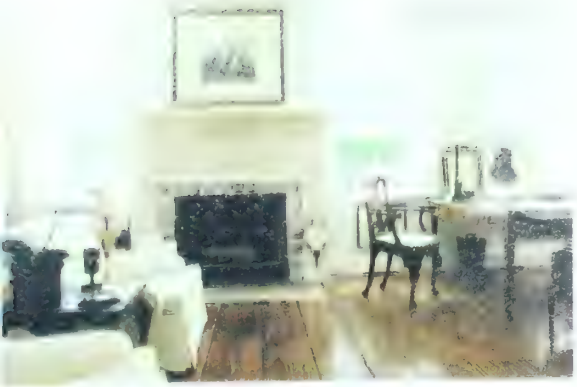
The floorboards, all original lustrous planks of wide hand-pegged maple, fairly resonate with history. "Which one's floorboards in the New York flat do not."

He bought the house in 1976. Until

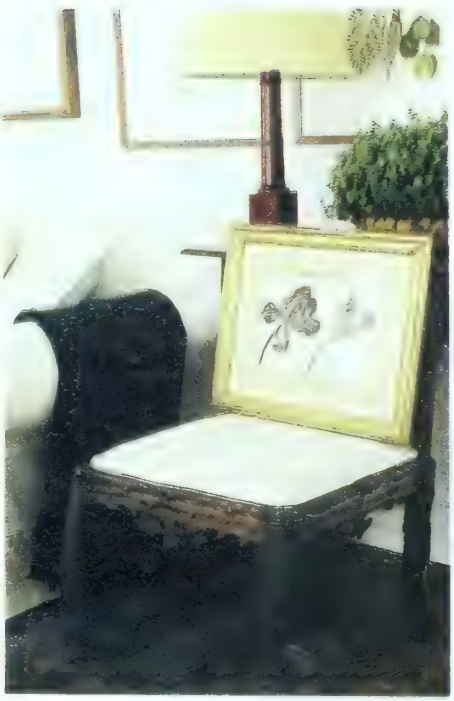




In the classic and simple living room the theme of brown and white is emphasized by a large mahogany 17th-century Italian standard-and-flag case behind white slip-covered armchairs. Audubon and Catesby engravings are on the walls; Blass has hung some very low under the windows. The mantel of one of the two fireplaces in the room is just visible on the right.









The sun-filled white living room, *above,* was originally two rooms—ladies' and gentlemen's waiting rooms; the plants on either side of the couch and the fern on far left provide a note of color. *Opposite above:* A Houdin bust of George Washington on the desk commemorates the spot where during the Revolution Washington met with French generals at the tavern. *Opposite below:* On a carved bench a Desportes watercolor of a tulip leans against a side table.





In the small sitting room, *opposite,* delicate Chinese watercolors of insects hang against watery-hued walls painted, like the entrance hall, three shades of a Colonial blue green. *Above:* Blass left the old kitchen, now the dining room, very much as it was. *Below:* A detail of some of Blass's Mocha ware jars and mugs on a Welsh dresser in the same room.

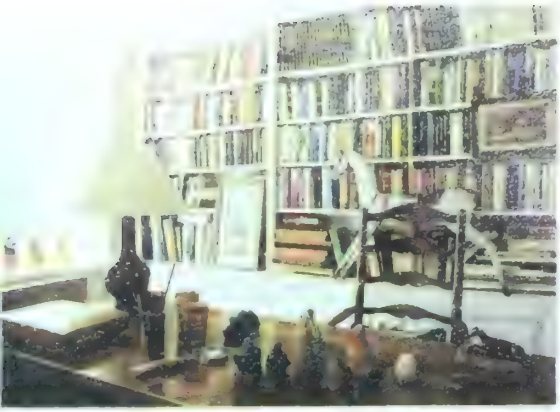


then he had been a renter: Maine, Southampton, etc. "But there comes a moment when you want a permanent home. I'm really very much a home person. A Cancer. I like to crawl into my house. Cancer people are addicted to their environment."

He had been spending a number of weekends with friends in the vicinity. Saturdays he'd ring up local real-estate agents and make appointments. His friends thought he was doing it just to amuse himself, to have a little weekend project. But actually he was looking—for a small farmhouse set back from the road sitting on some land.

Then one Saturday he found it. Billy Baldwin, the late great American interior decorator, happened to be a guest in the same house that weekend. Tempted to act immediately on his instinct, Blass went back and dragged Baldwin to see it. Baldwin confirmed his first impression, and the deal was done.

It came with six acres. Blass acquired *(Text continued on page 216)*







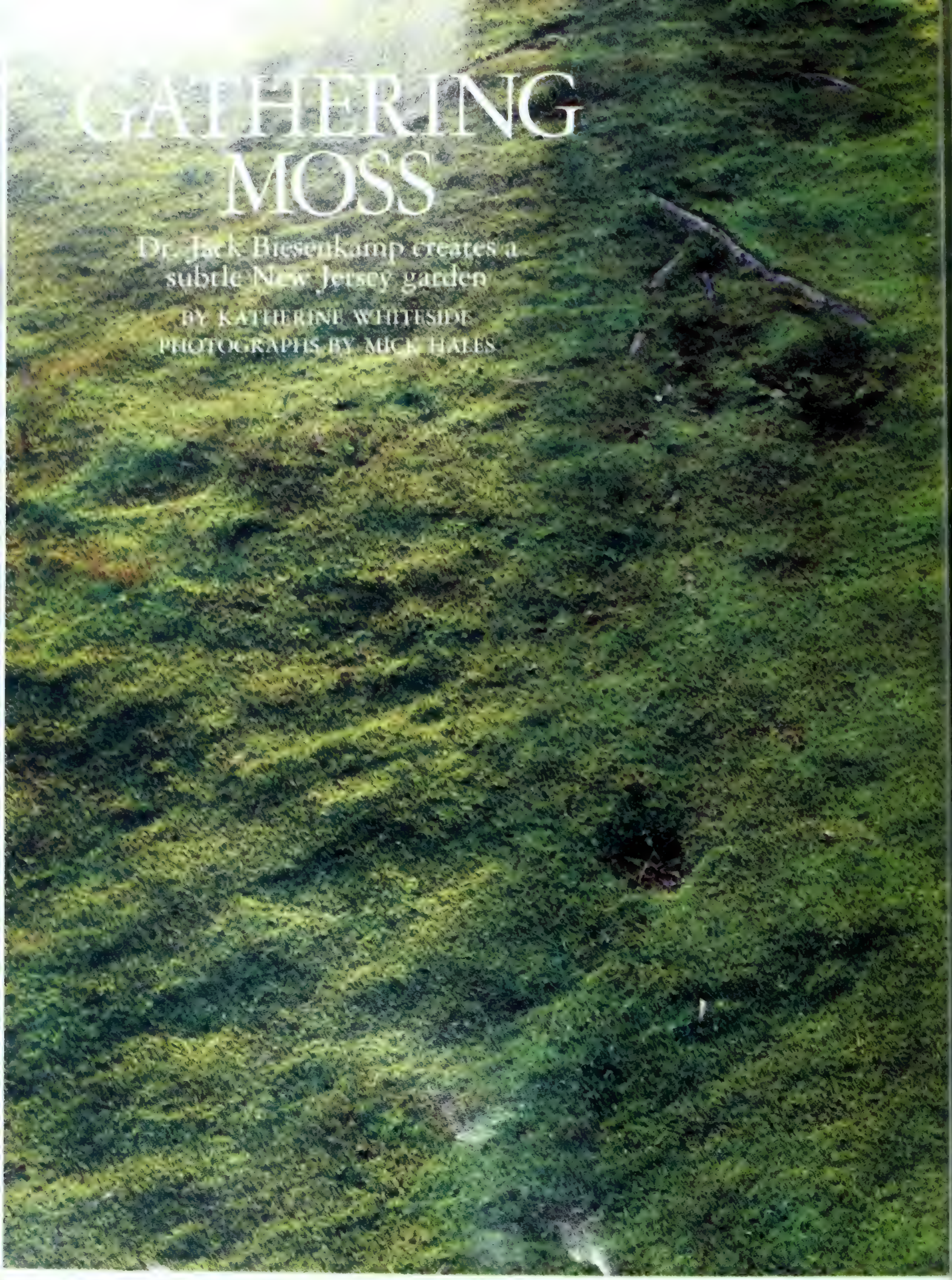


The old meeting room of the tavern, *above,* with two fireplaces makes a spacious master bedroom. Architectural details have been picked out in white and floors left bare except for an occasional throw rug. *Opposite above:* A long French table covered with dog objects and stirrup cups is used as a desk in one corner. *Opposite below:* In another corner of the bedroom, ivory and Victorian objects and a 19th-century English painting of a well-dressed bulldog.





Blass turned the old carriage house into a large one-room guest cottage. The bed is discreetly hidden behind a faux-wood screen from Juan Portela, and everything has been left extremely simple with horns on the walls and a fur throw on the floor. A Regency birdcage found in San Francisco is on the right.



GATHERING MOSS

Dr. Jack Biesenkamp creates a subtle New Jersey garden

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

The shallow roots of oak trees, lethal to lawns and mowers



alike, simply embroider the natural nap of mosses



A primeval survivor, moss will grow in deep shade, on



and or rock, and rise green from desiccation with a shower

Henry Mitchell claims that the lawnless life is not worth living. He is wrong. Dr. Jack Biesenkamp of Cherry Hill, New Jersey, has a little over an acre of garden—with not one blade of grass to be fertilized, mowed, or otherwise cosseted—and he finds life quite wonderful. In fact, even though Dr. Biesenkamp is an anthropologist who must travel at least four months out of every twelve, he manages to maintain a beautifully green yard that is the envy of the entire neighborhood. How is he able to do this? Biesenkamp collects and grows moss and over the years has created what may be one of the largest moss gardens outside the imperial gardens of Kyoto.

A recent visitor from the Japanese consulate wrote a letter to Jack Biesenkamp calling his garden "spectacular in a most Japanese sense: highly refined, yet reverent of nature; grand, yet humble." He continued by stating that the Japanese consider design and care of moss gardens to be "high art and a form of religious practice." Biesenkamp truly appreciates the praise but, as for the design and care of his own garden, the attitude is definitely more Western: "This is the result of simple deductive reasoning and a compulsive neurosis."

Biesenkamp started his moss garden fourteen years ago when he moved into a suburban house surrounded by many mature oaks and tulip poplars. The trees were beautiful but cast so much shade that the only things growing in the yard which *(Text continued on page 221)*



Springy and sensuous, moss always seems to inspire



designers with a desire for the clean, hard contrast of stone

OPEN HOUSE IN PRAGUE

Two lively years at the U.S. Embassy

BY WENDY W. LUERS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING



The Luerses brought contemporary American art to the American residence while they were in Prague: Gottlieb's *Indian Red,* Olitski's *Fifth Joyous Arrival,* and Stella's *Double Concentric Squares* hang in the hall of the Beaux-Arts house.





Banker Otto Petschek, *above,* built the house in the late 1920s. *Right:* Bill and Wendy Luers in the library.



During the time in Prague we did our best to help restore the house to its former splendor, and the Czech artisans who work for the embassy threw themselves into the task at hand

Our memories of Prague are strong and haunting even though we are happily settled in New York. Few days pass that we don't recall the two and a half years that we spent in Prague when my husband was the American ambassador in that regal city.

We had arrived exhausted and jet-lagged just before Christmas 1983. The Prague airport was grim and depressing and the drive in not much better. My spirits were sinking fast. The Art Nouveau details of the apartment houses in Prague's sixth district, which we would soon grow so fond of, were lost in the grime. Then just as we rounded a corner, the sun broke through, illuminating the gates that gave way to the imposing curved façade of our new home, the Petschek Palace, the American residence: a resplendent oasis in a tarnished golden city, gripped for 38 years by a Communist regime.

We had been told in Washington that Prague was one of the finest residences, but nothing had really prepared







View, *top left,* of the residence from the garden. *Left:* The Luerses with the residence staff, 1986. *Above:* In the rotunda entrance hall, some 17th-century furniture bought by Petschek: a walnut and marquetry side table inlaid with flowered scrolls and birds picked out in mother-of-pearl and a pair of Flemish walnut armchairs.

s for the grandeur that first day. The faces of our daughers, Ramsay and Connor, tired as they were, lit up with mazement as we entered the rotunda to be greeted by a ine of smiling staff. Everything seemed to be marble, gilt, ormolu, tapestry. Lights glimmered in the dozens of crysal chandeliers. From the Winter Garden we looked out beyond the curved terrace and balustrades onto a three nd a half acre park covered with snow surrounding Otto Petschek's dream house, which had somehow survived a vorld war and two occupations.

During our time there, we wanted to fill the house with Czechs both official and not. Because the society is so losed we hoped to encourage prominent Americans, particularly intellectuals, to visit Czechoslovakia, many or the first time. An employed Czech must receive permission from the party representative in his place of busiess to attend a function at a foreigner's house, especially t the American ambassador's. But it was almost impossible for the officials to deny a Czech translator of Bill Styron or John Updike or a colleague of George Kennan, John Kenneth Galbraith, or Henry Grunwald permission to meet them at a dinner or reception. As we were leaving, we made a list of our house guests and it totaled over two hundred separate visits involving over five hundred people.

Since my husband, a Soviet specialist, spoke Russian fluently, the initial phases of Czech came rather easily, and soon he was giving toasts and speeches in the language. My Spanish was of no help, but I soon had a necessary grasp of kitchen Czech since only two of the eleven staff spoke English; I gave up on grammar and used the first-person present for everything. Each Sunday during the first few months we would block out a section of the city and walk in the crisp winter air. During one outing on a freezing January morning we met Miloš Forman on Charles Bridge, in his native city to film *Amadeus.* The Baroque palaces and Gothic churches, the winding cobblestone streets of Old Town, the soaring St. Vitus Ca-





Rov De Forest's *Wise Horse's Dream, above left,* in the dining room, which seats 36. *Above right:* The family dining room, upstairs, used for private meals with house guests. *Below:* In the Damen Salon, *objets* and Meissen dinner service. *Right:* The winter garden.





thedral at the Hradčany, the glorious Art Nouveau (Secessionist) Obecní Dům, the old Jewish synagogue and cemetery, and the dauntingly beautiful libraries at Strahov became wonderful old friends to show our guests and see over and over through new eyes.

Otto Petschek, a highly successful banker and industrialist, had spent the latter part of the 1920s planning and building this great palace for his family of three daughters and a son. He and his brothers had amassed a fortune from a coal-mining empire in Brüx (Most) in the north of the flourishing republic of Czechoslovakia, which in 1918 had been carved out of the Austro-Hungarian Empire by the Czech political leader and philosopher Tomáš Masaryk. The Petschek family bank, now the Ministry of Foreign Trade in Prague, was used by the Gestapo as its headquarters from 1939 to 1945 during the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia. The highly developed Skoda armament works and machine-tool factories made Czechoslovakia, which boasted the tenth-highest living standard in the world, an early and tempting target for Hitler. In September 1938, with the Munich Agreement, England and France agreed to Germany's seizure of the Sudetenland, paving the way for the Nazi occupation of Prague and creation of the Reichsprotektorat in the Czech lands. Slovakia became a puppet state headed by a Catholic priest, Father Tiso.

The Petschek family saw the storm clouds gathering and in 1938 sold their vast mining holdings to the Zivnostenska Bank. The same year the widow of Otto Petschek gave for her daughters what would be the last garden party. On the morning of Saturday, May 21, news came on the radio from Germany of Nazi troops massing on the border. By three thirty that afternoon the family decision had been made: all the women, children, and governesses were to leave that night on a train—it was the only one going—headed for a Eucharistic congress in Budapest. Fifty strong, they continued on to Trieste and finally to Switzerland. It was assumed *(Text continued on page 227)*





The vast basement pool, *above,* heated by coal, is surrounded by scagliola columns made by Italian artisans. Petschek built luxurious bathrooms: the marble Lady's Bath, *left,* off the master bedroom and, *below,* the sinks in the master guest suite.



Galway Kinnell read his poetry to an audience of over a hundred

ART DECO DISCOVERY

The unfinished collection of Howard Perry Rothschild

BY ALASTAIR DUNCAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS DORLEY-BROWN





The mottled green-matte glaze of Gustavsberg Argenta ware vases with applied silver ornamentation, designed by Wilhelm Kåge and made in Sweden in the 1920s and '30s.



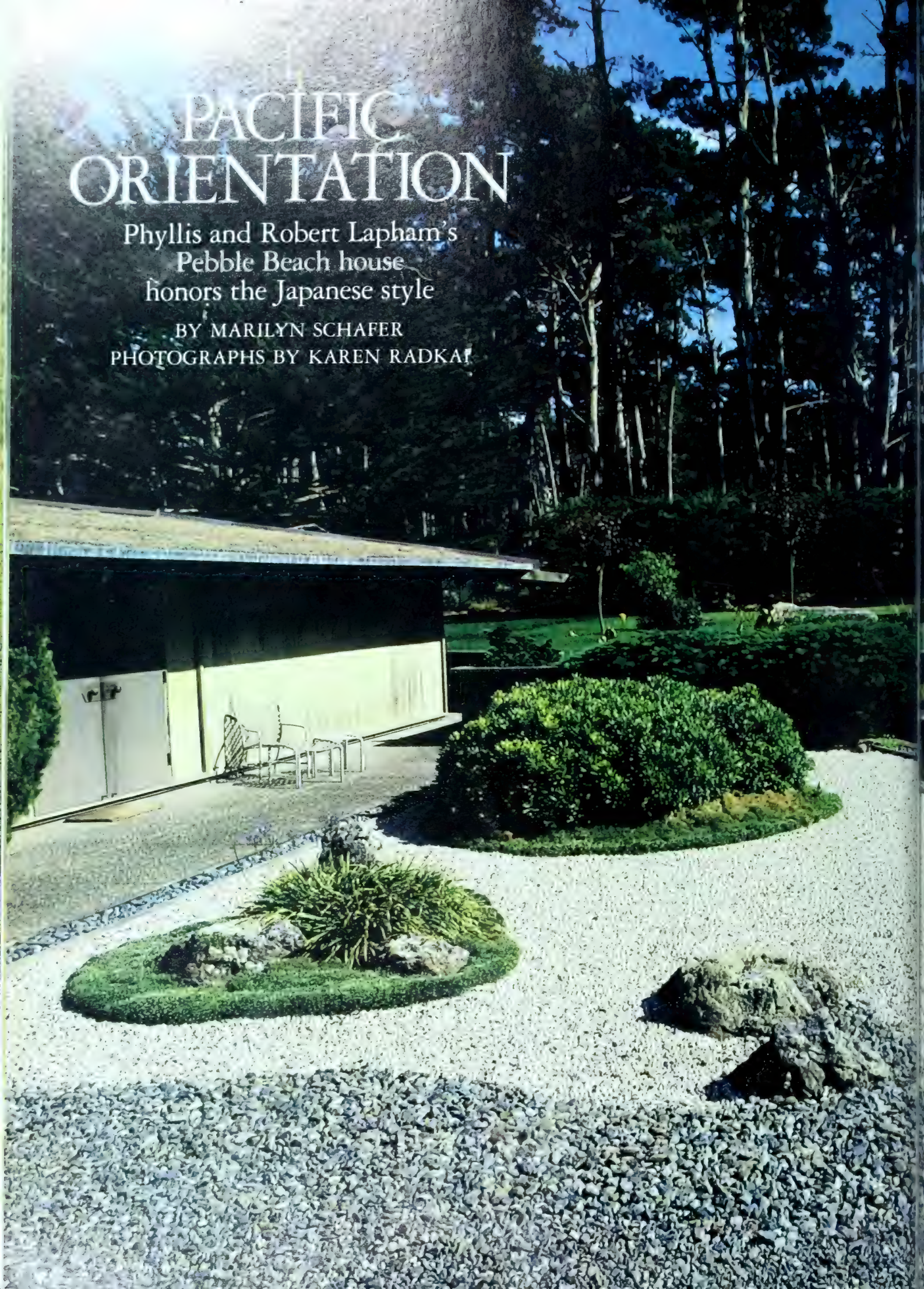
Howard Perry Rothberg started life in St. Louis where the family business was far removed from the one he would eventually pursue. The family soon moved on to Detroit. There in the late 1940s Rothberg studied privately under Wallace Mitchell, head of the painting department at the Cranbrook Academy in nearby Bloomfield Hills. A chance meeting at the time with Lincoln Kirstein, director of the New York City Ballet—then Ballet Society—appears to have been critical, leading the young man resolutely away from the family oil business into the uncharted world of the interior decorator. Notwithstanding parental opposition—or perhaps because of it—Rothberg embarked on his chosen career; in 1951 on a visit to Amster Yard in midtown Manhattan he established a branch of his decorating business in New York, where he later moved.

Over the past twenty years Rothberg has built up an important collection: a bold mix of European objects and paintings from the 1920s and '30s, twentieth-century American paintings and sculpture, Napoleonic porcelains, Louis XV provincial furniture, and much more besides. It is as surprising and inspiring as it is extensive. The collection has traveled and grown, through earlier homes in New York City, Southampton, and Coconut Grove. Three years ago Rothberg purchased Villa Marion (which he named after his mother) at the entrance to Sunset Island off Miami Beach, the perfect space, finally, in which to house and display his gatherings.

In the foyer are two forgotten landscapes by René Crevel from the pavilion of the French embassy at the 1925 *(Text continued on page 232)*

A Longwy ceramic vase, *left,* made by Pomone, the design studio of Au Bon Marché, c. 1925. *Opposite:* Boch Frères ware designed by Charles Catteau, c. 1920–25.





PACIFIC ORIENTATION

Phyllis and Robert Lapham's Pebble Beach house honors the Japanese style

BY MARILYN SCHAFER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



WEST MEETS EAST—Phyllis Lapham in bold Deco-style silk kimono. *Left:* The Laphams' Japanese garden looks out on Monterey pines.





A LINEAR FLOW—Red and black accents and a decorative antique screen animate the low horizontal lines of the living room. Sofas and crackled-lacquer chests designed by Phyllis Lapham.





ZEN-LIKE TRANQUILLITY—A long soak may be had in the bath, *opposite*, while watching golfers struggle across the spectacular but arduous Cypress Point golf course. *Top:* In the dining room, bamboo chairs by Pacifica beneath a huge paper lantern. Screen with cranes faces the living room. *Above:* The bed cover is woven indigo cotton, with a Japanese furoshiki as the central panel. Throughout the house movable shoji screens filter the light and add greater privacy.

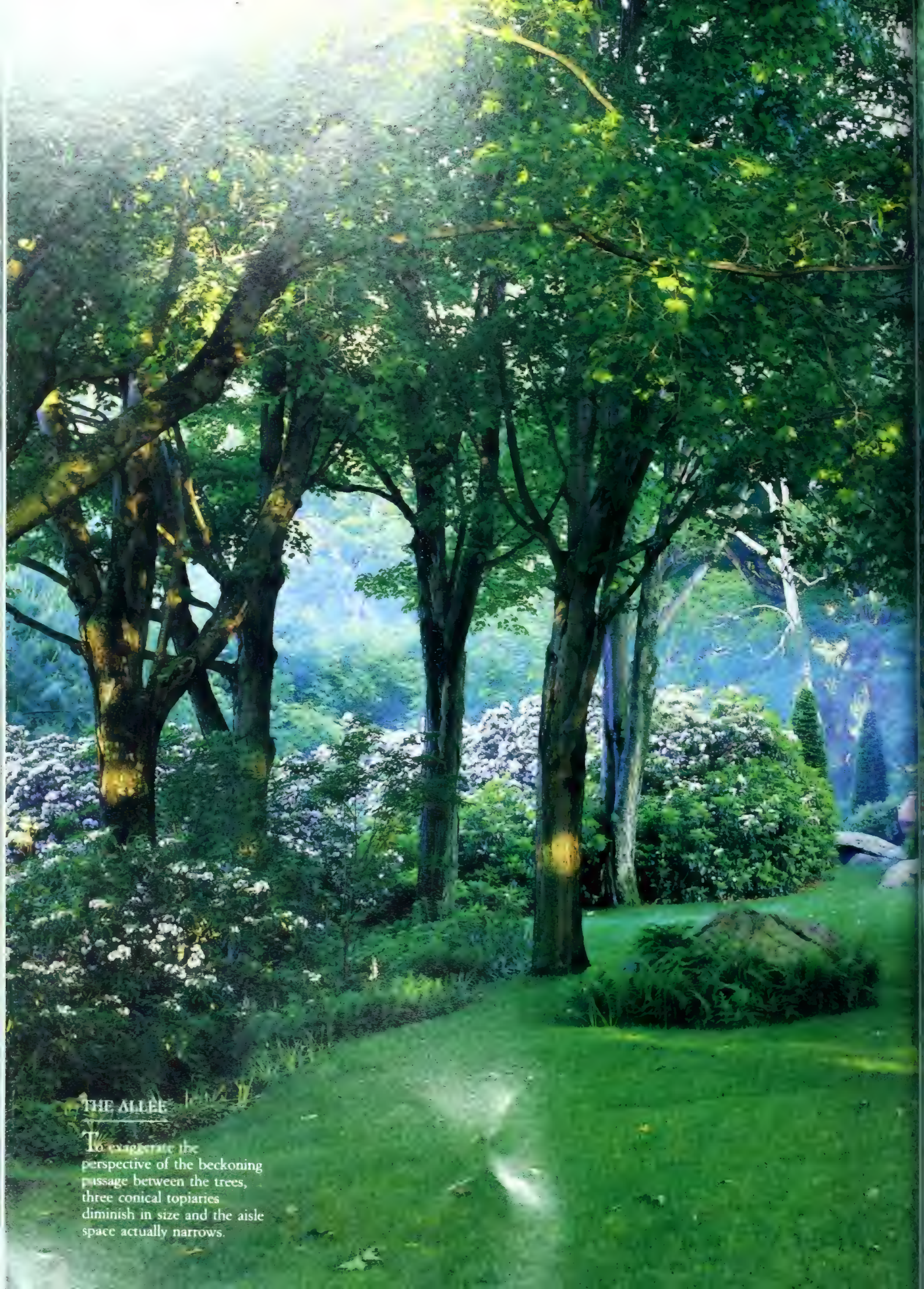
Between two crescent-shaped bays there is a jagged fringe of California coastline that fans out into the Pacific looking straight to China. Golf courses, surf-splashed and challenging in the extreme, trace the water's edge while, nearby, pines and gnarled Monterey cypress—which, some say, grew from seeds once borne on winds from the Orient—create a private, almost enchanted, forest. At the end of a lane the Lapham country house, low and broad-eaved, blends with its surroundings.

Golf was the magnet that drew Roger Lapham here in 1961, when he commissioned the house from San Francisco architect George Rockrise. Low-key in mood, much of the planning was Japanese-inspired partly because the architect is one-half Japanese. However, the self-effacing subtlety of the house was overshadowed because it was then furnished in the Italian provincial style.

A few years later Phyllis Lapham, newly married, came to live in the house. A former student at the École du Louvre, Mrs. Lapham is a skilled interior designer and *antiquaire* who today operates an antiques shop in Carmel. She lived with the house as it was until she discovered that as pieces of furniture were removed (to go to Mr. Lapham's children as they married and set up housekeeping), something quite wonderful happened. The spare, open feeling came into its own, and "Japanese" became the way to go. Phyllis Lapham modestly describes the process as one of enlightenment: the Japanese house we see now

(Text continued on page 235)





THE ALLEE

To exaggerate the perspective of the beckoning passage between the trees, three conical topiaries diminish in size and the aisle space actually narrows.



CULTIVATING ROMANCE

With the help of Nancy McCabe, the John Saladinos nurture a garden of many parts

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARGONELLI



Early in the spring of 1980, before John and Virginia Saladino closed on their hilltop house in northern Connecticut, they asked permission to plant their peas and start an asparagus bed. They had committed themselves to a garden as much as a house, and Mrs. Saladino, an accomplished cook, wanted to waste no time growing the kinds of plants that interested her most. Her interior-designer husband had been mentally rehearsing for a major personal garden for years with the aid of a still-growing collection of specialized books and a habit of touring gardens whenever he found himself in a new locality.

John Saladino views plant color, form, texture, and fragrance as his working materials and the movement of people through a progression of absorbing, surprising, delighting outdoor spaces as his scenario. He works

THE APPIAN WAY

Artist Christopher Hewat rebuilt a crumbling wall to suggest the ancient Roman road, *right* and *above*. It is planted with low-growing pink and lavender flowering perennials and leads to a 17th-century lead trough.

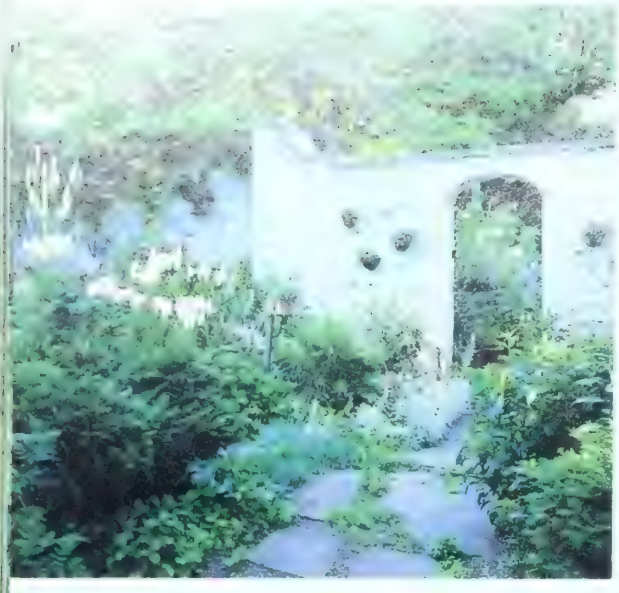




THE AZALEA GARDEN

Closest to the public road and first seen by visitors are the old azaleas, all one color in a small-blossoming variety.





THE COTTAGE GARDEN

Deep borders overplanted in the English style spill onto the path of the cottage garden.

within the mundane parameters of climate, soil, water, and predators (counting as his best investments an underground sprinkler system and a nine-foot-high deer fence enclosing six acres), but when he describes his garden he speaks of a "veiled glade. . . a Fragonard. . . the feeling of a distant piano playing Chopin."

When the couple bought Robin Hill—named by the first owners after a Forsyte estate in the Galsworthy novels—the 1929 Palladian brick house (House & Garden, February 1982 and August 1983) was a sleeping beauty that had been unoccupied although fully furnished for twenty years. The garden, ambitiously developed during its first three decades, also lay sleeping. Fine large trees, a swath of azaleas, an allée flanked by mountain laurel, and several walled enclosures survived within the larger setting of overgrown woods and pastures, about twenty acres in all. Nancy McCabe, the garden designer John Saladino hired "after six months of quizzing me about my knowledge of garden history and horticulture," was particularly pleased with the garden walls, whose fifty-year-old patina could not have been achieved with new construction.

Together the Saladinos and Nancy McCabe created the garden with the help of *(Text continued on page 218)*

THE KITCHEN/CUTTING GARDEN

Vegetables and picking flowers are carefully controlled in a symmetrical semicircular plot.





West entry façade of the Villa Savoye, *below*, 1928–31, at Poissy, near Paris. *Opposite:* Le Corbusier with his paintings in his Paris studio, 1954, by Alexander Liberman.



LE CORBUSIER'S TRUE COLORS

In honor of its architect's centenary, the legendary Villa Savoye is repainted in surprising hues that rekindle the debate over what the Modern movement was really all about

BY MARTIN FILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANT MUDFORD

failures—socio-
tual, urbanistic and
monplace. But for sheer misrepresentation of what Modernism was all about or even what it looked like, nothing comes close to Tom Wolfe's 1981 best-seller *From Bauhaus to Our House*. In that frontal assault on the predominant way of building in the twentieth century, Wolfe reserves some of his most withering scorn for Le Corbusier, the Swiss French architect born Charles Édouard Jeanneret a hundred years ago this October. Wolfe describes him as the "sort of relentlessly rational intellectual who flies higher and higher in ever-decreasing concentric circles until, with one last, utterly inevitable induction, he disappears up his own fundamental aperture and emerges in the fourth dimension."

Leaving aside the man himself for a moment, Wolfe goes on to characterize Le Corbusier's architecture as possessing "no colors, just the compound shades, white, beige, gray, and black. The interiors . . . had pure white rooms, stripped, purged. . . . They had open floor plans, ending the old, individualistic, bourgeois obsession with privacy . . . no 'drapes' . . . no upholstered furniture. . . . And no more 'luxurious' rugs and carpets. Gray or black linoleum was the ticket." But was that the way it really was?

One great paradox about the age of mass communications is that misinformation can now be passed along to more people than ever before. That phenomenon affects all areas of knowledge; not even the visual arts are free from it despite pictorial evidence to contradict verbal distortions. The Modern movement in architecture was able to become a true International Style primarily through its transmission via photographic reproduction. Almost all of those pictures of the twenties and thirties were printed in black and white (color would appear on a regular basis in architectural journals only as late as the sixties), and indications of hue had to be given textually. As those photos were reprinted further and further from their sources, the crucial descriptions of tonality were dropped; eventually some writers, and most damagingly Tom Wolfe, came to believe in the literal-
k-and-white image.

nt centennial celebrations in honor of the major makers of Modm—especially those of Mies van der Rohe last year and Le Corbusier this year—have stimulated reinvestigation of their frequently misunderstood designs. No aspect of those iconically familiar but historically obscured buildings has been more surprising than the rediscovery of their actual appearances. For example, the reconstruction of Mies's Barcelona Pavilion, completed last year, has revealed not a frigid Platonic ideogram, but a veritable Minimalist jewel box alive with sumptuous materials, natural patterns, and intense colors contained by appropriately understated lines.

Le Corbusier was an accomplished painter and a more committed colorist than his great German counterpart. Though Le Corbusier's Purist philosophy called for the exclusion of many historical elements, color was not among them. Any number of buildings throughout his long career provide ample documentation: the delicate pastels of his Pavillon de l'Esprit Nouveau of 1925 in Paris and Maison Cook of 1926 in Boulogne-sur-Seine; the polychrome façade of the Unité d'Habitation of 1947–53 in Marseilles; the supersaturated vermilion and ultramarine of his crypt chapel at the monastery of La Tourette of 1953–59; and the bold rectangles of red, yellow, and green on the exterior of his Heidi Weber pavilion of 1963–67 in Zürich. All remind us that it is no more correct to think of Le Corbusier's architecture as all-white than to make the same assumption about the temples of the ancient Greeks. For just as we have learned that the Parthenon and other sacred precincts were originally adorned with bright, even garish, pigments, so are we now coming to understand that Le Corbusier's sanctuaries of the Modernist faith were also often painted to assert their man-made nature.

So it was with Le Corbusier's most famous domestic design, the Villa Savoye of 1928–31 in Poissy, thirty kilometers northwest of Paris. This canonical masterpiece of Modernism, a fixture in almost every history of twentieth-century architecture, has suffered greatly from the depredations of time. The house was poetically called Les *(Text continued on page 222)*

Skylight illuminates deep and pale blue walls repainted in colors taken from pigments made to Le Corbusier's specifications for the Salubra paint company in 1931. No color photographs exist of the house in its original state, and surfaces inside and out were replastered and restuccoed after the devastation of World War II.







Master bathroom celebrates the joys of personal hygiene liberated by sunlight and air. Original turquoise tiles preserve one of the few indisputable colors in the villa. *Opposite:* Intense orange of living-room wall contrasts with gray built-in table, one of several Le Corbusier installed in lieu of conventional furniture.

















Living-room fireplace, *opposite,* with chimney painted terra-cotta in contrast to pure white of structure's supporting members. *Clockwise from top left:* Ground-floor walls painted dark green to recede beneath overhang of main living floor; freestanding wash basin in entry hall; curving staircase rises from ground floor to solarium; driveway within colonnade was determined by steering radius of automobile; external ramp links terrace with solarium above; light penetrates into center of house; Savoye son's bedroom with storage divider; behind the divider, a secluded study space.





A PASTORAL PAVILION

Architect Roger Ferri balances art and nature in a Pennsylvania country house

BY COLIN AMERY PHOTOGRAPHS BY CERVIN ROBINSON







The house, seen from the east, *above,* is set on a grassy ledge and rooted by a fieldstone base. *Opposite:* The living-dining room with its dramatically curved ceiling; standing lamps and dining table designed by Roger Ferri. *Left:* Budding form of newel post was handcarved of mahogany and birch. *Preceding pages:* From the north, three pavilions, linked by the living room at the center.

Magic places inspire magic houses. To come across this house on its quiet ledge above a flood plain is a remarkable experience. It is like no other house. From the outside it is an apparently simple arrangement of pavilions firmly rooted to the ground on a base of natural stone. The modest slope in the land that leads from the house to the stream has been dramatized by the architect. Now it is a series of grand grass steps, a formal progress of geometry that dies away into the floor of the forest. It is this meeting of nature and art that is the key to the design of this highly original house.

Both the owners and the architect, Roger Ferri, were inspired by the genius loci, that sometimes indefinable quality that sums up the essence of a place. Virgil would have responded to this spot and seen the need to build, in the midst of leisured pastoral life, a house that encompasses a range of architectural meanings. It is a house of ideas set down at the heart of unchanging nature.

In much of his work Roger Ferri has been concerned about using natural forms as the appropriate means of inspiring a return to ornament and color in architecture. His interest in this area does not stop at the architecture—he is also well known as a designer of furniture and fine objects that take nature as their inspiration. In this he is very much in the American tradition; Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright showed the way. Only recently has the sense of direction been lost.

This is a small house, one-room deep and all on one level, except for a small guest room and bath over the entrance. Because the architect has separated the various functions into a series of pavilions, a sense of scale and mass is added to a modest program. The pavilions group around three sides of a courtyard, which feels intimate when you are in it and yet opens out on the fourth side to a great columned mass of trees. At no point inside or *(Text continued on page 228)*









Door frames, fireplace, and oculus all echo the living room's signature curved ceiling, *left*. Ferri also designed the brass andirons with their dancing-sun motif. Other furnishings selected with Louis Talotta; print fabric by Fortuny. *Above:* The entrance façade, with living room to the left.







The house is marked by natural forms with overtones of antiquity, such as the vaulted ceiling of the guest room, *right,* the plant-shaped newel post, *left,* and the exterior tapered columns, *above*. Soffits are painted blue to simulate the sky. *Top:* A screen porch with distinctive cutouts looks onto a three-sided courtyard.





A GOTHIC TALE

Collector Lee Anderson breathes the air of the nineteenth century in his New York town house

BY EDWARD LEBOW PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI



Modernists will lead you to think less is more. Lee B. Anderson will lead you instead through the six floors of his impeccably Gothicized house—in and out of rooms whose air has been all but displaced by carved furnishings and polished adornments—and say assuredly, "I think more is really more, don't you?" There isn't an inch for doubt.

Throughout the house, paintings, lamps, mirrors, and sheer escarpments of drapery made from antique fabrics consume whole walls. Beds are surrounded by tables, tables corralled by cabinets. Curiosities fill the cabinets, and there are chairs nearly everywhere.

"One more should be coming Tuesday from a lovely young lady in Louisiana," says Anderson. Several others may be coming from elsewhere before the month is out. Calls from Savannah and Charleston bring word of still more rarities of interest. The weekly mail conveys photographs of sightings in Toronto or New Orleans.

"I really don't know where I'll put them all," he confides, pointing to nine chairs stacked akimbo on the narrow stairs leading from the top-floor landing to the roof. Then he pauses solicitously and asks wryly, "You don't think it's too crowded in here, do you?" Like most seriously afflicted collectors, Anderson never has too much. The result is one of the richest collections of American Gothic Revival art and furnishings in the world.

His infatuation with Gothic Revival began with a visit during World War II to Sir Horace Walpole's estate, Strawberry Hill, southwest of London. Still breathing the romantic air of an eighteenth-century country squire's life, he went on to serve in Europe, where, says Anderson, "I threw away my gas mask and carried Sir Bannister Fletcher's tome on architecture," adding victoriously, "I never missed a battle or a church."

A 19th-century time capsule, Lee Anderson's 1859 town house abounds in dark mahogany, cool marble, fine paintings, and rich Gothic detailing. *Left:* Amid Gothic Revival chairs in the Tiffany room are a birdcage with lancet arch windows and a marble bust of General Phillip Schuyler by William Rush. *Right:* Joseph Meeks secretary holds sculpture collection and a porcelain clock by Jacob Petite; chair by Crawford Riddell.





An overmantel mirror by Alexandre Roux, 1825 French porcelain urns on the mantel, an 1857 Star and Fellows chandelier, and a harp made by S. A. Browne, c. 1837, are just a few of the treasures in the drawing room, *above*. Armchair by fireplace is by William Burnes, console table by Joseph Meeks. *Opposite:* Hung in the center of the arch is De Witt Parshall's *Isis Peak*, c. 1910; nude study at right is by F. Luis Mora.

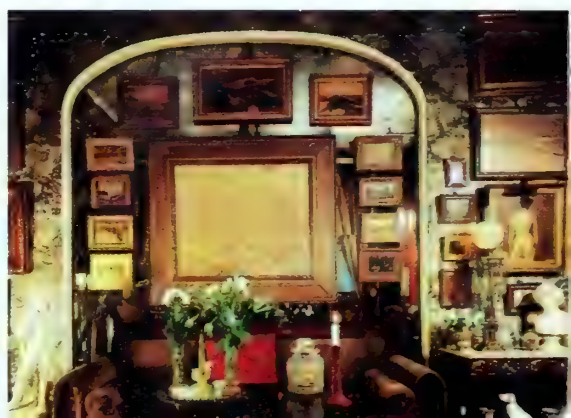


On his way through the war, however, he collected the new. "Gertrude Stein told me that Picasso and Braque needed coffee and shoes and things," says Anderson. He visited the masters with small satchels of rationed sundries, and they sent him away with paintings. After the war, back in New York, he sold the Picasso and Braque paintings and a few contemporary chairs by Charles Eames and Mies van der Rohe and began collecting works by nineteenth-century American artists: Thomas Cole, Elihu Vedder, Albert Pinkham Ryder, James McNeill Whistler, Winslow Homer, Albert Bierstadt, and Thomas Doughty. He filled his apartment with Empire, Classical, and Renaissance furnishings and began to look seriously at household furniture designed by the American architect A. J. Davis and by cabinetmakers Joseph Meeks, Alexandre Roux, Crawford Riddell, among others.

In 1958, when he was already deep in the well of nineteenth-century sensibility, Anderson purchased a Manhattan town house, one of sixteen row houses built by Mathias Banta between 1859 and 1861. Located at the northern edge of the East Village on what used to be the garden of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the building was a boardinghouse when Anderson bought it. "There were tenants in each of its twelve rooms," he says. "Sinks had been installed in each room, and a bathroom had been added in the hallway off the main drawing room." Those were the only additions, however, to the original design.

"I don't know who lived here when the house was completed," says Anderson, "but I do know that Mathias Banta lived two doors down the street." Anderson relishes such details. As he moves from room to room, he passes his hand like a wand over object after object, finding the telling thread in the often tangled stories behind each one. Pausing in an upper hallway beside a marble statue of a man in the buff, he says with a Jack Benny matter-of-factness, "This is a copy of Praxiteles, done by Thomas Crawford. He married Louisa Ward of the famous New York banking family."

Anderson's rooms convey the fluid ease of works in progress rather than the airless finality of period settings.





Highlighted in the dining room, *right,* is Anderson's extensive collection of Staffordshire with American views, 1820–40, set against matte black walls and John Henry Belter's mahogany étagère. Black-and-white marble balls in terrine are 20th-century Staffordshire. *Above:* One corner of the Tiffany room, with Art Nouveau pieces, a Tiffany lamp, Joseph Meeks table, and chair in foreground by John Jelliff.





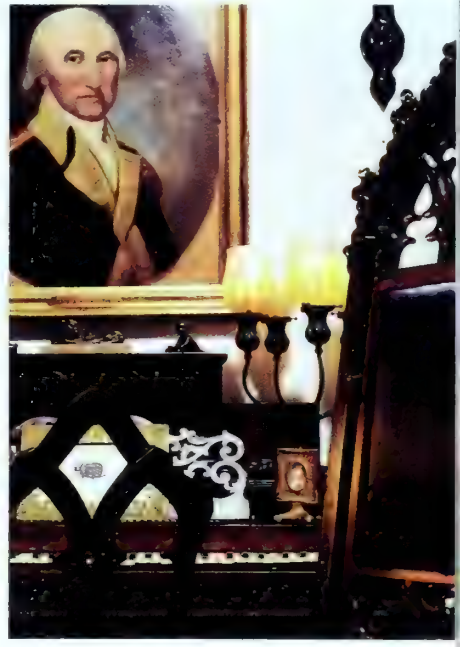
An elaborately carved bed and armchair, *above*, were designed by architect A. J. Davis, who championed the American Gothic style. [illegible] Thomas Brooks table, cabinet sculptures of historical figures, and in the corner a bust of C[illegible] Sumner. *Opposite above:* George Washington by Bass Otis, painting of beetle by Albe[illegible]stadt, and chair at right by Alexandre Roux. *Opposite below:* A Charles X clock and lamp w[illegible]d glass globe.

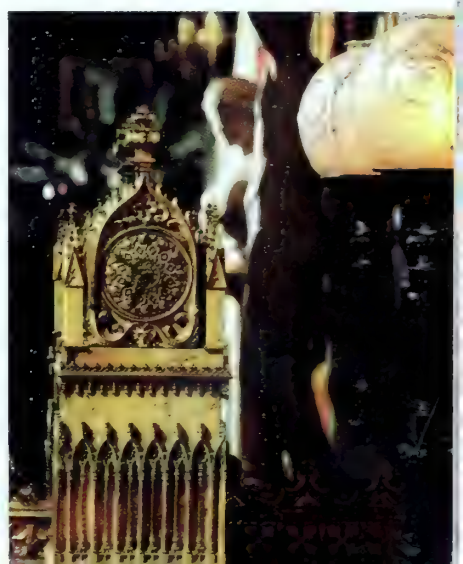


"After all," he says, "I live here. The house and furniture provide a romantic setting for my collection of paintings." Once the objects are placed in a room, they usually remain. Yet Anderson is constantly reshuffling his deck, adding a recently acquired chair, relegating another to the mounting stack in the upper stairway, or simply shifting the position of pieces in his display of Staffordshire porcelain.

These alterations and refittings reflect the constant adjustments of his changing eye. He is looking all the time. "There's no end to that," he says, "and no substitute for looking either. You can learn as much from a chair that isn't top-notch as you can from one that is . . ." His tutorials are invariably short, his speech polished by a nineteenth-century appreciation of words fully enunciated.

At the heart of Anderson's interest is a concern for making the right aesthetic choices. Buying is just part of that search. He buys what appeals to him, but always in relation to the rest of his collection. Arranging the objects in his house, he says, "requires a sensitivity for the right visual fit. I don't like my rooms to appear unbalanced." Even the workaday rooms reveal his sense of the completed puzzle. In the kitchen *(Text continued on page 234)*











FOR EVER ENGLAND

Hethea Nye, Anglophile, antiquarian, and decorator at home in Manhattan

BY ELAINE GREENE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

The large living room, *left* and *above,* has a stunning triple-exposure view along the East River, but the softly bright, finely detailed furnishings hold their own. Queen Anne bureau-bookcase, a London find of Richard Nye's, is the apartment's star piece. Fabrics: Cowtan & Tout chintz on the chaise, Quadrille on the love seat, Rose Cumming on buttonback chair.



Stands the Church clock at ten to three?/And is there honey still for tea?" wrote the homesick young English poet Rupert Brooke before his tragic death in the First World War. Hethea Nye, an American with a Welsh first name whose decorating job and apartment this is, so loves England and its aura and its literature that she named her New York antiques shop R. Brooke. The shop, now spread to two locations on the Upper East Side, is filled with major and minor treasures from Britain; so were several apartments she designed and inhabited in that neighborhood. A few years ago, Hethea Nye lived in a row house on East 80th Street from which she sold (and still sells) antique furniture and decorative accessories. The living space and selling space were indistinguishable from each other, and today the shop, no longer lived in, still has the look of a series of personal, cluttered rooms—the look that has become popular among dealers, Ralph Lauren and Kentshire among them. A visitor can easily imagine honey for tea and very good cups.

Crowded together at R. Brooke are the Regency tables, Victorian chaises, export china, silver picture frames, decanters, tortoiseshell boxes, needlepoint rugs, and column lamps that create the Englishness Hethea Nye thrives on. As Hethea Amory she was occupied in bringing this quality to the large East River–viewing duplex of Richard Nye—a man with an equally strong affection for objects to be found in London, especially paintings—when her role changed gradually from that of decorator to fiancée to wife and sharer of the apartment.

Mrs. Nye worked for an economist after graduating from college, then entered law school, nearly staying the three-year course—all the while having fun furnishing a succession of interiors for herself and friends. Finally, about five years ago, Hethea Nye's métier became clear to her, and with the help of designer friends Chessy Rayner and Pauline Boardman (who was an active consultant on this apartment) a decorating career and R. Brooke were born.

Like most of the materials and objects the Nyes live



I wanted the huge, formal living room to become a cozy place where many people coul sit in comfortable groups. On I managed to fit 48 women i here for a baby shower



Yellow strié walls and bountiful blue overcurtains give the living room, *above* and *opposite,* a cheerful sunny-sky feeling even in midwinter. Wilton carpet from England was seamed and bordered to fit this space. *Left:* The foyer is sparely furnished: a pair of 19th-century Chinese folding chairs with lacquer finish, an English table for hats and mail, a painting by Graham Nickson.



A comfortable sitting room with a fireplace that adjoins your bedroom gives you wonderful Sunday mornings, with breakfast and the newspapers, that can stretch into afternoon

with and R. Brooke sells, the notion of how to run a shop comes from England. Hethea Nye explains that in London, whether at Colefax & Fowler or David Hicks or any one of hundreds of smaller shops, a customer can acquire, say, one custom chair, one new lamp, one antique desk, one set of custom curtains, and suggestions for wall colors—without commissioning a total room scheme. This loose arrangement is also available at R. Brooke; it is not the usual New York way.

Moving frequently is not the New York way either, especially these days, but the Nyes, after perfecting their riverside duplex, recently decided to move farther inland and cut down on taxi time in traffic. They gave a "house cooling" party that people are still talking about: they had the movers take away everything but four round dining tables and their chairs, the china and silver, the pictures and curtains, and a bed to sleep in—and gave a dance for two hundred guests to say goodbye to Hethea's bridal home. Her future interiors will interest us greatly, as will her entertainments, but we are confident that she will not surprise us with a style that is anything other than "for ever England," as her beloved Rupert Brooke put it. □ *Editor: Carolyn Sollis*

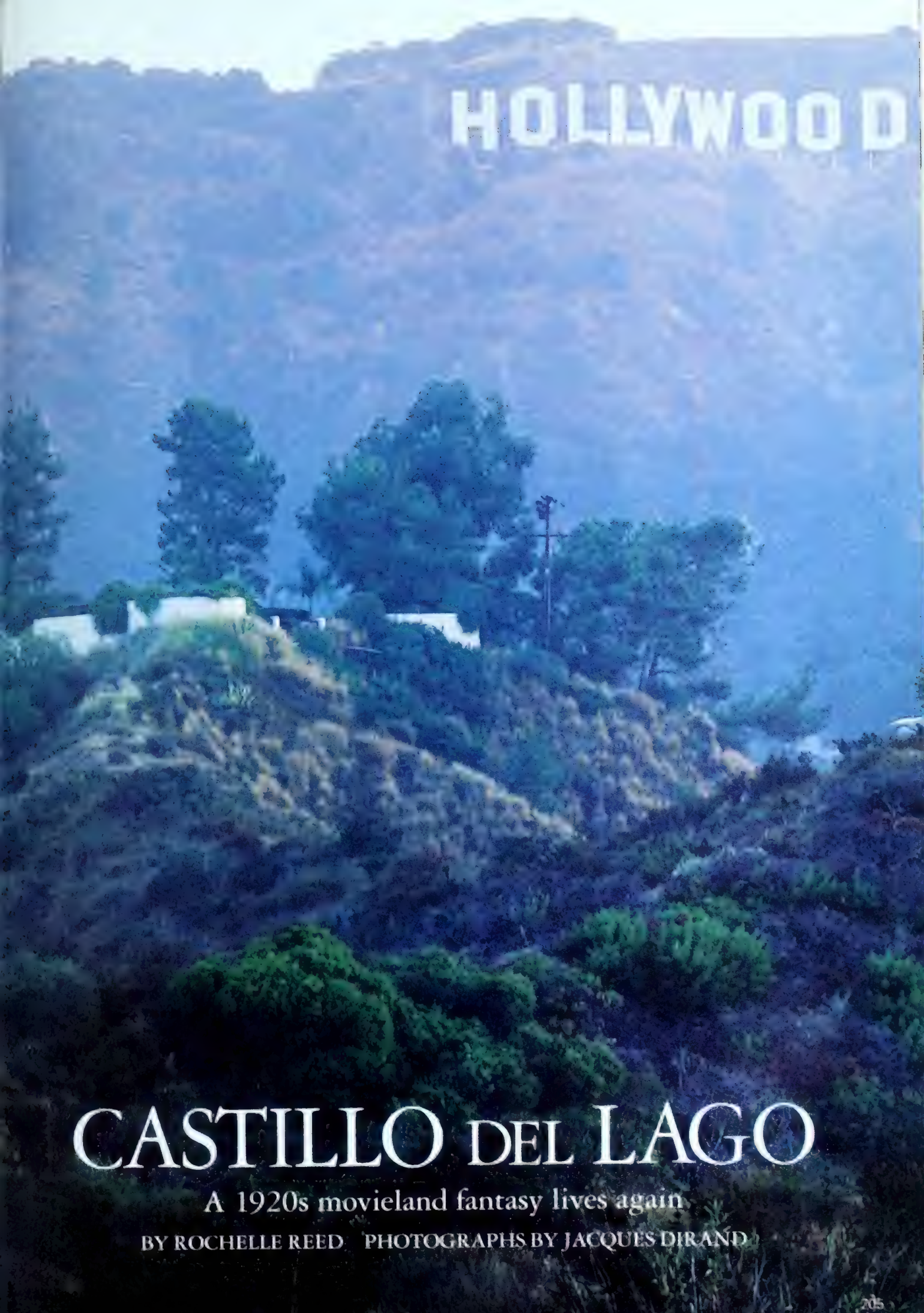




Hethea Nye has been able to seat as many as 36 guests in the dining room, *opposite above,* at numerous round tables. Chairs from Kentshire Galleries. *Opposite below:* Intimate dinners for four can be set up at the windows of the small library. Needlepoint rug is by Stark. *Above right:* Hethea Nye and her dog, Maggie, in another sitting room. *Right* and *below:* Master bedroom with interesting vaulted ceiling has faux-bois walls; chintz by Colefax & Fowler from Clarence House. Adjoining sitting room is wood paneled.







CASTILLO DEL LAGO

A 1920s movieland fantasy lives again

BY ROCHELLE REED PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND

[illegible] and salon and a sunny inner courtyard, the owners display a 16th-century marble Madonna and an ornate pair of Venetian twisted columns.
Preceding pages: Newly resplendent, the Castillo del Lago marches down a chaparral-covered hillside underneath the famous Hollywood sign.

In 1926, when Castillo del Lago was built, its contours were clearly visible in the city far below, where palm trees lined the boulevards, scarlet geraniums spilled over the sidewalks, and film people paraded in flashy cars and fancy clothes. Early Los Angeles society—a mixture of New England and Iowa with a dash of California Spanish—had not welcomed "movie trash" in the finer parts of town. No matter. The Pickfords and Fairbankses and Swansons and Keatons simply put up their outrageous mansions in the undeveloped foothills. And by the mid 1920s, even an unknown retired geologist named Patrick Longden had been seduced by the Hollywood-inspired fantasy into building his monumental palace beneath the Hollywood sign.

With its twin towers and red tile roofs the geologist's white stucco dream castle still sprawls over the steep hillside at the top of Beachwood Canyon. To the east is the famous California landmark, which once advertised the Hollywoodland real-estate development (after World War II the local chamber of commerce eliminated the "land" from the sign). Below the castle, like an enormous private moat, lies Lake Hollywood, hence Castillo del Lago.

Designed in an almost pure Spanish Colonial Revival style, the house floats above the coastal fog (and, yes, the smog) that sometimes blankets the city. Getting lost on the winding roads that lead to the castle gates is almost a certainty: all dinner invitations sent by the castle's current owners, Donald and Alice Willfong, are accompanied by a printed map. Guests with a poor sense of navigation sometimes arrive after the soup course.

Depending on how you measure, Castillo del Lago is either eight or nine levels and there are 32 rooms, more or less. In the mid twenties, when the size of a home was a direct measure of the owner's popularity or pocketbook, the castle could hold its own. An elevator runs up and down six stories, carrying guests and deliveries, including even the seventeen tons of flagstone the Willfongs ordered for a new formal garden and lap pool.

Patrick Longden, the original owner of Castillo del Lago, had struck it rich in the oilfields of California, Mexico, and Venezuela. He hired John DeLario, then a popular Hollywood architect, to build the house, but when Longden's in-







The architecture of Castillo del Lago is Spanish Colonial Revival; the furnishings are stunningly eclectic, as here in the grand salon, with its Aubusson pillows, Louis XIV candlesticks, and two Bugatti chairs, c. 1880, inlaid with steel, copper, and bone. A Roman bust and head rest on a 19th-century Indo-Portuguese chest from Goa. The small antique table in the foreground is Moroccan, inlaid with tortoise, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver.





Concrete pelicans, *opposite,* guard a cherub and his harp on this Spanish-inspired fountain, which has been laboriously restored to working order. *Above:* A late-17th-century Flemish tapestry—"bought in the English countryside by candlelight," reminisces interior designer Craig Wright—is draped over a bedroom table.

vestment reached $250,000—extremely high for those days—he ceased work on the property. After his wife died a few years later, he closed up his castle and moved back to the flatlands of Hancock Park.

Over the years and through many owners, Castillo del Lago slowly deteriorated. Bugsy Siegel reputedly operated a gambling casino there in the 1930s; a neighbor recalls hearing Ruth Etting sing in the grand salon. In 1949 a fire swept through the residence, totally destroying the master bedroom and putting the top floor of the castle out of commission. Shortly afterward the then owner abandoned the house, and in 1956 it was sold for back taxes.

Although subsequent owners attempted to restore the property—one worked on the plumbing, another the electrical system—it was badly in need of repair in 1978 when Donald and Alice Willfong first saw it. The Willfongs had decided their Fremont Place home in Los Angeles with its interior by Louis Comfort Tiffany was too formal. Furthermore, they missed the Southern California canyon life—the panoramic views, the abundant wildlife—that they had enjoyed in a hillside bungalow when they first married. A realtor showed them Castillo del Lago one afternoon, and by the next morning they had determined to move in.

The Willfongs are rare *(Text continued on page 214)*





A rare and beautiful 19th-century female figure—one of a pair—silently recalls a bygone era in the castle's formal dining room with its elegant coffered ceiling. On the table, early-19th-century brass candlesticks; on the far wall, an 18th-century Italian gilded mirror.



(Continued from page 210) individuals: they enjoy renovation. Castillo del Lago is the fifth home they have restored in Los Angeles. Two were complete restorations; they did partial restoration on two others, including an English-style mansion built by Walt Disney. They enjoy guiding a forgotten glory back to life and don't seem to mind the disruptions that renovation brings. "For three years after we moved here," recalls Alice Willfong happily, "I had to shake the plaster dust out of my clothes before I could put them on."

When the Willfongs boldly bought Castillo del Lago, they had no idea they would soon be relying on interior designer Craig Wright. Eight years and three owners previously, the young decorator had been drawn in by the mystique of the castle; he knew every corbel and Spanish tile on the premises. The Belgian nobleman who was surrendering the castle to the Willfongs held a dinner party to introduce the designer to the new owners. Wright and the Willfongs clicked: not only did the Willfongs hire him to design their restoration, they eventually became partners in Quatrain, Wright's antiques shop on La Cienega Boulevard.

On the night that the Willfongs drove up the winding hillside to sign escrow papers, klieg lights swirled around the autumn sky as the newly refurbished Hollywood sign was being dedicated. "We considered it a good omen," recalls Alice Willfong. In the next few weeks a construction crew of 26 men arrived. "When we buy a new house, it's old home week," she says. "We've used some of these people since we did our first house." Work began: plumbing and wiring were modernized, original tile and wood floors were refinished and repaired, the Norwegian pine woodwork was stripped and refinished, five outdoor fountains were restored to working order, original light fixtures the Willfongs had discovered in a storage room were installed and others fabricated to match, window and curtain hardware was recast. Quick to disappear were the 1950s sliding glass patio doors that had replaced original French doors in the breakfast room; a 1960s kitchen was remodeled to accommodate modern appliances, then decorated in the spirit of the original house.



A sculpted green terrace with reflecting pool is a new addition to the castle.

Four months after work began, the Willfongs moved in, and so did their contractor. "Perhaps this seems a little unusual, but he lived with us for a year," Alice Willfong explains. "Every night he'd join us for dinner and we'd discuss what was done that day, what needed attention. It really worked out quite well."

Restoration revealed some surprises: when the grand salon was scrubbed down, lovely patterning on the fireplace façade and ornate painting on the beamed ceiling were exposed. An old photo album of the home turned up and guided the search for original hardware and fixtures. One day one of the painters dug a bullet out of a banister—perhaps a souvenir from Bugsy Siegel's speakeasy years.

As the house slowly began to get back to its original shape, Wright and the Willfongs discovered that while Castillo del Lago appeared flamboyant at first glance, the John DeLario design was remarkably pure and simple. Except to add the uppermost tower, previous owners had not tampered much with DeLario's architecture, and Castillo del Lago's lines remained clean and vivid. The Willfongs' restoration has uncovered irreplaceable workmanship, fine materials, and, most of all, the original sense of grandeur.

"Can you envision a resort in old Havana, the kind of place with white linen slipcovers, indoor palm trees, and never a rug on the floor?" Wright asked the Willfongs one night as they studied the grand salon. "We al laughed, of course," he remembers "but yes, we could all see that kind o elegance. We determined to leave th downstairs public rooms austere, th sort of uncluttered rooms you woul find in a resort. We wanted very muc to give it that feeling, and so there pur posely aren't a lot of personal posses sions downstairs—family photograph are relegated to the bedrooms and th library. Leaving it austere makes i seem larger than life."

Wright believes that "simplifying t achieve quality, not quantity, is a goo move for anybody." Hence, furnitur was not bought but eliminated. Only a few things were acquired. The strikin female blackamoors in the formal din ing room were purchased at Sotheby' final gallery auction in Los Angeles The Venetian twisted marble column that stand in the galleria came fro Quatrain. Wright and Alice Willfon found the exquisite Bugatti chairs i the grand salon at a small Paris an tiques shop. And Donald Willfong' superb collection of santos and cruci fixes now decorates the walls.

"The architecture of this hous stands on its own," affirms Donal Willfong. "It's a very exciting house The minute you pull through the gate and then enter the elevator, you hav the feeling that something is going on You're drawn in despite the inconve niences. And believe me, it takes a cer tain commitment to live in a nine-leve house on a hillside. The fact that we've stayed here nine years and still find i exciting is a testimony to the house."

As night falls over Castillo del Lago the moon reflects on Lake Hollywoo below. A transcendent silence, broke only by the wail of a restless coyote hovers over the mountaintop wher 45-foot-high letters pay homage not t Hollywood 1987 but to the era of Cas tillo del Lago's romantic past. You ca almost hear the mesmerizing voice o Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard* a she recalls the golden days of the silen screen: "The public wanted us to liv like kings and queens. So we did—an why not? We were in love with life, an there was no reason to believe it woul ever stop." □ *Editor: Joyce MacRa*

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(*Continued from page 139*) a sixteen-acre apple orchard behind the house and has since bought an additional thirty acres to keep a nearby hilltop from the pandemic condominiumization going on. Blass lets a neighboring farmer graze his herd on the thirty acres. "I figured it was a good idea to buy the land," he says. "Otherwise I'd look out one morning and see another three dozen *units* gone up."

The only major renovation he embarked on was the carriage house. Other than redoing the antiquated plumbing, adding a bathroom, reinforcing a beam here and there, he left well enough alone.

John Richardson has remarked in these pages that what he admires about Bill Blass's sense of style is its "sinew." That same bony musculature is evident here—"no flab," as Richardson put it—yet it is a supremely comfortable house. There is a smattering of American pieces, but mostly the furniture is English and French provincial.

The trouble with some Connecticut or other New England country houses, as Blass sees it, is the energy expended by their owners filling them up with period furniture and resulting in gloom and scoliosis—from sitting in chairs designed for blacksmiths.

"I didn't want the pretension of having a total period house," he says. "There's a great danger there. We live in the twentieth century. We can't take ourselves back to the eighteenth. This is a house for me"—well—"and the dogs, and therefore it has to have a certain sloppy connotation. The sparse house does appeal. I like order. But a lot of people in Connecticut get carried away with that. They want *everything* to be authentic."

The living room, for instance. Though the exquisite wood floor would seem to cry out for antiques, there are few here. Instead plump armchairs and a sofa covered in the Billy Baldwin style: white and simple.

"His theory was that no room was decent unless you were comfortable in it. Those are to flop into. The dogs have access to the entire house. Hairs? Well, yes, there *are* hairs, plenty of hairs, but gold and white looks very nice together, don't you think?"

The main colors in the room are white and brown; no colorful flowers—in fact throughout the house there are no flowers, only greens, except in the front hall where there is an enormous rather Edwardian arrangement. The desk is an English partner's desk; on top, the bust is appropriately of George Washington, whose boots once clumped across this very floor. English tiles frame the two fireplaces, typical of the period. You can make *some* concessions to period.

Most striking are the Catesby and Audubon folios and bird prints that cover practically every square inch of wall. "I hate wallpapers and fabric-covered walls, but I love ceiling-to-floor pictures, and these really do go down almost to the floorboards."

In a house full of eccentric pieces—we will come shortly to the Regency birdcage—one of my favorites is the seventeenth-century Italian standard case behind the two armchairs in the living room. It was where the regimental flags were kept.

"It's a rather primitive piece, but it looks oddly American. I found it in Milan, and I had to have it. On top I have the bust of Henri Christophe, king of Haiti. I *know* he's hard to see. You're not supposed to know who he is. Really."

Blass is an inveterate collector: Chinese cups, English enamel stirrup cups in the shape of fox heads, a paperweight in the shape of a—what else?—golden retriever are on the desk in his upstairs bedroom.

The bed is canopied in antique chintz. The English needlepoint rug is just large enough to warm the floor but small enough to permit those great floorboards to strut their stuff. Blass keeps his socks and shirts and what-have-yous in the enormous antique apothecary chest, bought in Vermont.

Which brings us to the guest house. This is where I'd hang out if this house were mine, which unfortunately it is not. They used to keep horse and carriages in here. It's come a long way. The antlers are from J. Garvin Mecking in New York City. "He has an extraordinary eye. I stay on his doorstep when his shipments come in and put my name on things. He's terrific."

The Regency birdcage is one of the typically idiosyncratic Blass gems, looking like something stolen from "The Great Treasure Houses of Britain" exhibit. Actually he spotted it in a shop in San Francisco. "The lady said 'That ain't for sale. But I did see a dress on page 37 of *Vogue*. I'll swap you for it.' I said, '*Sure*.' . . ."

The dining room—we're back in the main house now—is a mélange of warm wood tones. It's a low-ceilinged beamy room, formerly the kitchen. (The little cupboard above the fireplace was where the gunpowder was kept in order to keep it dry.)

The dish rack on the opposite wall is English. "One has to remember that houses of this sort had no cupboards and no closets. People didn't have that many clothes—unfortunately—and your entire lifetime's wardrobe would fit in one deplorably small chest." (This is the dress designer speaking.) "So we had to create cupboards and rely on such as the dish rack."

Next to it is a cupboard containing Blass's rather important collection of American and English Mocha ware. "It's a pattern called Seaweed, made of tobacco juice and urine. That's how they achieved the seaweed effect. That's not why I collect it. I'm not *that* perverse. Actually it's not that *collected*."

Finally there is the little "Chinese" room off the dining room. Painted in three shades of eighteenth-century American green, it has a cool, watery look. The watercolors of insects and flowers bought in 1975 in Beijing—or Canton—hang on the walls. The room was the only private dining room in the old tavern, so it was probably here General Washington met with his French generals.

Of the house to which he repairs each Thursday, staying until Monday, he says, "It's increasingly the refuge I find essential if one lives in New York—or in any city. Behind that green door there is another world."

Green door?

"*Bottle*-green door. It's the search for privacy that we need now in our times and our lives. I hesitate to say, at my age, but I think there is something to that."

We should probably ask about the dream weekend. "My dream weekend?" He doesn't have to think about that one. "No guests, no telephones, no papers. Just me and my dawgs." □

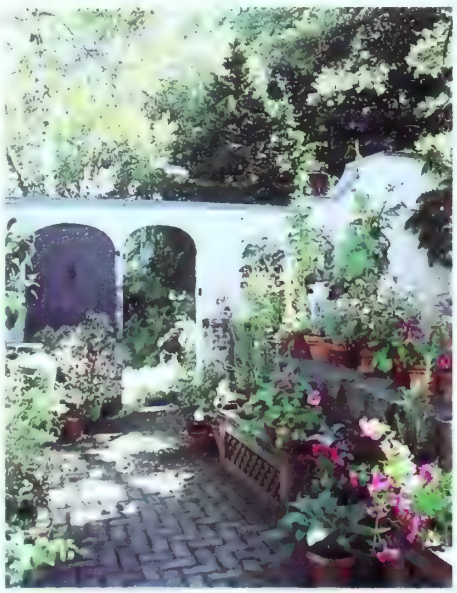
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The cottage garden is "overplanted my way" explains John Saladino—"I like flowers to fight one another for air"

(Continued from page 172) an estate manager; son Graham Saladino, now fifteen; hired hands in varying numbers; and an increasing battery of machines for vacuuming, blowing, and mulching leaves. The first year was one of heroic clearing and pruning. Pear trees thought to be dead had their top six feet lopped off and then after heavy fertilizing bore fruit again—enough to furnish forty pints of brandied pears that the family gives away each Christmas. A hawthorne hidden in what John Saladino describes as a "two-car-garage-size burning-bush euonymus" was freed to thrive again.

Depending on how you define them, eight to ten separate gardens now grow at Robin Hill. Arriving guests first wind their way past woods and the old azalea field, stopping in the north-facing courtyard, which is now bordered with beds of *Vinca minor* interplanted with scilla, grape hyacinth, and silve lace vine. Climbing hydrangea grov against the courtyard walls. Terrac on the east and south sides of the hou have had their original grass surfac replaced with gravel—an Italian tou that works in this un-Italian climate and espaliers decorate the south wa Virginia Saladino's herb garden is al close to the house, as is the kitchen dooryard garden planted completely pots arranged in tiers.



Every spring the kitchen dooryard garden is planted entirely in pots and almost entirely by John Saladino. Plants are chosen for their color, fragrance, and length of season.

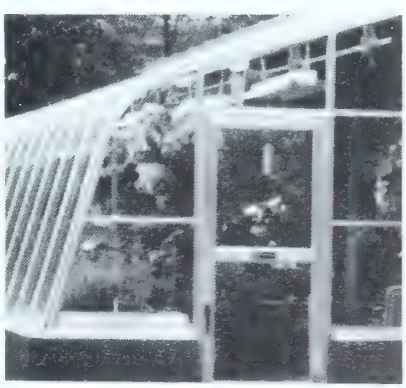
Behind the south terrace extends th old allée, which has been considerab rehabilitated with additional trees, t piaries, and clumps of flowers. Th cottage garden adjoining that terrace John Saladino's English garden extra aganza, "overplanted my way," he e plains. "I like flowers to fight on another for air."

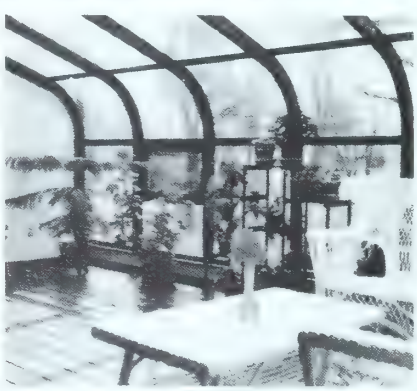
On the land that rises on the far sid of the house a tree-shaded moss garde has been created to partially surroun an original walled and hedged-in circu lar "secret garden" to which John Sal dino has added a round central po with a fountain. This is a truly hidde outdoor room where summer mea can be taken in complete privacy. Nea here an old 150-foot-long stone wa has been resurfaced and planted to re mind the owners of the Appian Way i Rome.

Another preexisting area is the or chard, which has been enriched wit many new full-size fruit trees an weeping cherries, underplanted wit 8,000 white narcissus bulbs: this is on of the springtime glories of Robin Hill

Farthest from the house and closes to the wild is the garden that receive the Saladinos' first attentions, th kitchen and cutting garden. At Virgin ia Saladino's suggestion, it has a forma symmetrical plan that evokes Moun Vernon's vegetable parterres. Beds ar triangular and semicircular, and ma ture topiaries found by Nancy McCab are appropriate punctuation marks The cut flowers and produce fron these beds help make a visit to Robi Hill a sumptuous pleasure even whe the weather does not permit a garde tour. □ *Editor: Kaaren Parker Gra*

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(Continued from page 147) seemed to be doing even moderately well were patches of moss. Deciding to follow nature's suggestion, he began collecting small pieces of moss during his field trips and added these to those already in residence: "I just kept making new islands of moss." The islands thrived and formed archipelagos, which eventually grew together into continents. "This gave me hope and I just couldn't stop. Now I have at least 25 mosses, which cover about three quarters of an acre."

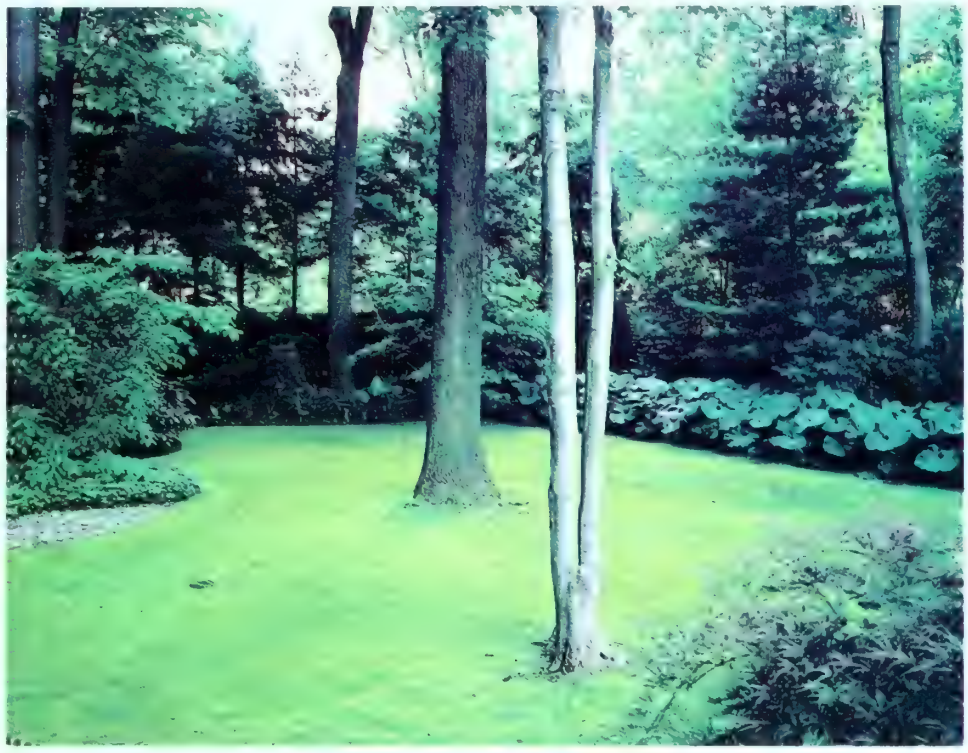
He claims that there is no secret to starting a moss garden. He began with a yard full of sand and debris. "When I raked up all the junk, it looked just like a sandbox. The soil had no organic matter whatsoever, but I found that the moss started growing very well after the area was simply cleaned up."

Collecting and transplanting moss seems simple, too. Moss actually has no true roots, so one merely picks up a piece, folds it, and puts it in a plastic bag. He never takes a piece larger than his hand: moss has tremendous regenerative abilities, but one doesn't want to leave brown holes throughout the countryside. "Then, whenever it is that I get back home, I unfold the moss, lay it on the ground, and hope for the best. I've never lost a piece."

After the near extinction of certain wildflowers due to overzealous collection, it is comforting to learn that few mosses because of their rarity are protected in ordinary situations. "I feel that delicate collection has almost zero impact on a wild area."

Routine care of the moss is easy. Watering is unnecessary after it is established, and even during severe drought, "it never goes brown, just sort of turns chartreuse. Ten minutes after a rain it is brilliant green again." Severe downpours, pelting hailstones, and long-lasting snow cause no damage and actually benefit the moss by compacting it. Moss seems to get no diseases and, as the years progress, it chokes out weeds. High heels poke holes and damage moss, but "you can walk on it flat-footed all day long."

Keeping moss clean does require a bit of tenderness. With so many trees autumn leaves come in avalanches and could easily bury the garden. Biesenkamp occasionally uses a blower, but he says that nothing works better than his old bamboo rake. In summer with an outdoor lawn vacuum he clears the moss of droppings, dust, and tulip-poplar pods, but he can leave it a month or two between cleanings. In terms of maintenance, when moss is compared to lawn, "it is more work at the very beginning but, once established, requires less and less time each year. Soon I can just sit back and reap the benefits."



The lotuslike leaves of giant coltsfoot fringe the upper level of the moss lawn

But moss isn't a reason for Jack Biesenkamp *not* to garden. Instead he has used it to carpet a setting that also contains interesting landscaping, perennials, and shrubs. Because Western gardens are usually characterized by the use of lawns, this garden does have a faint, refreshingly unsycophantic Japanese flavor. A perfectly groomed appearance, the pleasing play of textures, and an overall feeling of water are elements generally found in certain types of Japanese gardens. He has managed to combine these elements with several Western-style structures on the property and keep his garden entirely appropriate to its New Jersey location.

The structures in the garden are used for both entertainment and solitude. Biesenkamp inherited a kidney-shaped pool when he bought the property. He rebuilt its surroundings to incorporate plantings more successfully, and added an open gazebo where four or five people can enjoy cool summertime suppers. The next building project began with his wheelbarrowing forty dump trucks' worth of soil carefully across the moss and dumping it into a bramble-filled ravine at the garden's edge. After stabilizing this mound, he built a deck perfect for barbecues and larger parties. Finally, when he realized that he especially liked his garden in the winter, he constructed a tiny closed room at one end of the large security gate protecting the house. "The gate house is just large enough for me and my big bearskin coat. In the dead of winter I sit there watching tree shadows move along the moss and plan next year's garden."

Like the Hira-niwa, or flat gardens, of Japan, the level ground of Biesenkamp's garden has the appearance of a broad surface of water. The stones he uses for informal landscaping contribute to this illusion. Broad sweeps of large pebbles, in some places eighteen inches deep, create the feeling of riverbanks. Larger flat rocks serve as stepping stones across the garden.

"When I need stone, I go down to the quarry with a piece of chalk and start putting my claim all over the place. I probably got carried away making the pebbles so deep, but at least they are staying where they're

GATHERING MOSS

[illegible] carefully [illegible] he also clears leaves and debris away from them. "I like the clean, hard look of stone against the softness of the moss."

Plant material has also required careful choices. "This is no place for annuals. They wouldn't go here. I've really searched for things that feel harmonious." One happy find, an especially large coltsfoot, was purchased years ago from a gardener in Gladwyne, Pennsylvania. Biesenkamp planted the tubers along the back of the garden and today enjoys a lush border of enormous green leaves. The foliage looks surprisingly like that of lotus, which, unlike water lily, usually pushes its leaves well above the surface of the water. A strong jet from the hose is all that is needed to keep everything clean and glossy. "I also like the daylily leaves and hostas because they add to the watery feeling. Next year I plan to add more ferns since their lacelike delicacy will contrast nicely with the other broad and sturdy leaves."

Leaf contrast is also evident in the shrubs he has planted. "I love the crispness of the leatherleafs and andromedas. The flower of the andromeda is wonderful, too. It smells like lily of the valley and looks like something Madame Butterfly would tuck behind her ear." Thin Japanese maple leaves, bristly needles of various pines, and rough ragged cherry bark all contribute pleasing textures to the garden. By planting most of his shrubs in large landlike groupings, Biesenkamp kee his aqueous atmosphere unspoiled.

Although he successfully brought flavor of Japan into his moss garden, just as successfully refrained from tempting to create a Japanese scen which he feels would be inappropriat "But I like the feeling of a Japanese ga den. Those gardeners don't attempt dominate nature, and I have tried keep to that same line of thought."

As for his lawnless life, Jack Biese kamp says, "I can't recommend it hig ly enough. I've had moss for fourte years and honestly can't think of o negative thing to say about it. It's easy and natural, it's just—well, unde whelming." □

LE CORBUSIER'S TRUE COLORS

(Continued from page 176) Heures Claires (The Bright Hours), but its happiest days were very brief. The structure was plagued from the outset with functional problems that led to a rift between architect and clients, who threatened a lawsuit. It was inhabited by Pierre Savoye and his family as a summer weekend retreat for only a few years before World War II. During the Nazi occupation the villa's windows were bricked up and it was used to store fodder and farm equipment.

After the liberation the house lingered in desuetude, and its arcadian setting, the most idyllic of any Corbusian landscape, was steadily encroached upon as Poissy changed from rural refuge to suburban sprawl. The crowning insult came around 1960 when the Villa Savoye narrowly escaped demolition and a hideous new lycée was built within yards of it, seriously diminishing its splendid solitude. André Malraux, Charles de Gaulle's Minister of Culture, rescued the house by designating it a national landmark in 1962, though subsequent repairs to the frayed fabric of the building were of questionable historical accuracy.

One undeniable flaw of early European examples of the International Style is their relative fragility. The houses of Le Corbusier and his colleagues during the twenties and thirties were most often clad with painted stucco (not the ideal facing in a damp northern climate), frequently incorporated new alloys or synthetics of untested durability, and therefore require a high degree of maintenance. Not surprisingly, the opportunity for thoughtless alteration has been far greater in buildings that need repainting every few years than in structures that age slowly and gracefully.

The Villa Savoye has been damaged perhaps more than any other house by Le Corbusier. Its interior walls were originally painted with distemper (a cheap and unstable water-and-glue-based pigment far less permanent than oil-based paint). Never adequately restored after the devastation of the war, the walls had become so decayed by the sixties that the building had to be completely restuccoed and replastered inside and out. Some of those walls were also repainted, but the choice of colors was based to some extent on conjecture. Mindful of the approaching centennial of the architect, it was decided by the French Ministry of Culture and the Fondation Le Corbusier that a full restoration was in order, this time returning painted surfaces to their original colors.

The question immediately arose as to which pigments should be used. No color photographs of the house as completed are known to exist. The famous series of black-and-white pictures taken by Lucien Hervé under L Corbusier's careful supervision i 1931 and published in the architect *Oeuvre complète de 1929–34* indicat through various shades of gray that nu merous colors were indeed employe although the designer omits any de scriptive specifics. In the catalogue fo his and Philip Johnson's epoch-mak ing "Modern Architecture: Interna tional Exhibition" at New York Museum of Modern Art in 1932, th late architectural historian Henry-Rus sell Hitchcock (who claimed he neve wrote about a building he hadn't seen noted that the "painted color at Poiss is at once restrained and full of interest Most important is the contrast of dar and light, not of black and white but o dark green below and cream abov with dark chocolate trim. Then on th roof shelter, whose functional an structural requirements are so slight a to justify an absolutely free treatment the pale rose and pale blue emphasiz the adjustment of the curved an straight planes."

However, other testimony differs Roger Aujame, secretary general of th Fondation Le Corbusier, maintain that the roof shelter had always beer white and thus has been kept that way in the restoration. The architectura historian Tim Benton, author of th forthcoming *The Villas of Le Corbusier* (Yale University Press) concurs

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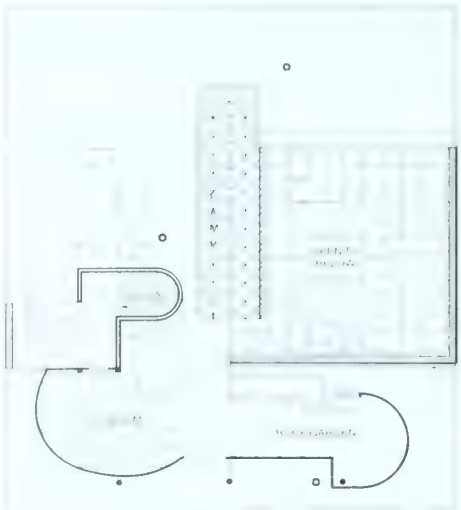
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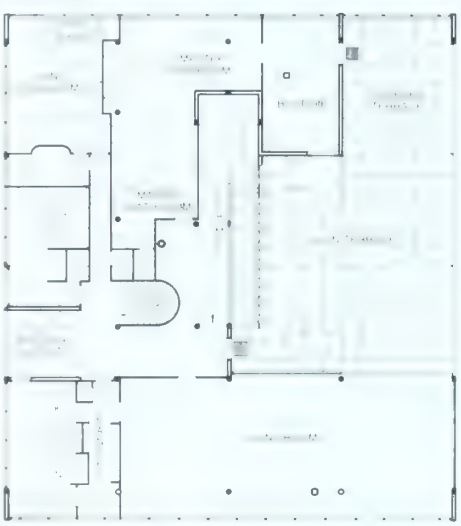
some visitors windscreen. The 1931 photos imply that the roof shelter could have been painted pink only on the inside, the belief of Arthur Ruegg, a Zürich-based restoration architect and expert on the colors of Le Corbusier. But the model of the Villa Savoye made for the 1932 MOMA exhibition and still on permanent display in the museum's architecture gallery has the windscreen painted both pink and blue. One problem with that maquette is just how closely its colors correspond with those first used on the house. Tim Benton is certain the model was made in New York rather than under Le Corbusier's supervision in Paris. Even if it had been approved by Le Corbusier, architects are notorious for their tendency to "improve" their work after the fact, especially in presentation formats such as drawings and models, easier to correct than the real thing. Thus the presence of specific tonal values on the MOMA model cannot be taken as irrefutable verification.

The only foolproof method was to scrape down to the deepest level of pigment on the walls. According to Roger Aujame, he and the restoration architect discovered at the bottommost layers colors from among the 43 Le Corbusier devised for the Salubra paint company in 1931, and replicated them in the repainting. Even that choice has become the subject of controversy. Arthur Ruegg finds that when the Salubra pigments are improperly mixed, the values become too strong and "Postmodern." Tim Benton feels a more accurate palette would have been the paler tones Le Corbusier used for his Villa Bézeult of 1927–29 at Carthage, Tunisia, and preserved as paint chips in correspondence with his client. Yet despite possible divergences from the originals, the new colors at the very least help to explain why Le Corbusier selected specific tonalities for certain parts of the structure. They also do a great deal to refute several persistent Postmodernist myths about the Villa Savoye: that it is wholly abstract, mechanistic, cerebral, unresponsive to its sylvan setting and symptomatic of an abrupt break in the continuum of architecture as it had been practiced since Classical antiquity.

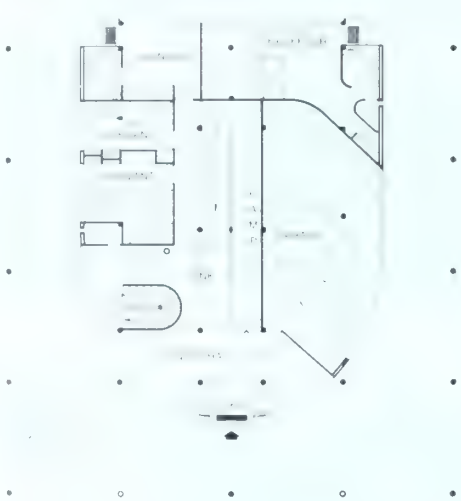
Like many legendary houses of the twentieth century (including Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater), the Villa Savoye does not present its most famous face to the visitor at first sight. The architect's attention was fixed on one's mode of arrival rather than on an iconic initial impression (in the manner of country houses of the eighteenth century, for instance). The Villa Savoye is one of the first, most innovat buildings of the Motor Age, respo ing enthusiastically to the car as a c tral fact of modern life. The drivev leading off the road at Poissy does circle around in front of the east-fac street elevation in conventional fa ion. Instead the gravel path leads rectly into the colonnade of slen white-painted reinforced-concrete lotis (pilings) surrounding the build on the north, west, and south. Mov along the northern wall, the drivev turns counterclockwise past the m entrance on the west façade and th turns again toward the garage b into the south wall of the ground flo



ROOF



LIVING FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

The base of the Villa Savoye, back beneath the overhanging, whi stuccoed *étage d'habitation* (livi floor) has been put back to the da green the architect made it after an i tial false start of having it colored r (A painter's bill in the archives of t Fondation Le Corbusier documer the change.) The deep green makes t ground floor recede visually and pla further emphasis on both the pilo and the main story above, which see to hover weightlessly above the site.

Le Corbusier's glorification of m tion by no means ceases at the fr door. On the west end of the grou floor the dark green stucco wall gi way to a curving, multiple-mullion glass wall that accelerates anticipati of the main entrance at its far en Moving inside, one first sees the namic upward ramp, which slash back almost the entire depth of t house and then ricochets forward t ward the living floor. An alternati means of ascent is provided by t sculptural curving staircase to the le

The spaces of the ground floor a straightforwardly utilitarian. Le Co busier's veneration of the functional symbolized most forcefully by a fre standing white porcelain wash bas (its base a Doric column) between t ramp and the curving stairway. Plac in an almost sacramental position, th humble sink takes on the elevat overtones of Marcel Duchamp's fou objects and invites one to partake cleansing before embarking on the e alted architectural promenade. T rest of the ground floor contains three-car garage (quite luxurious f the period), laundry room, chauffeu

iite, and two servants' rooms (one ith a piloti plunked rather unceremo- ously in the middle).

The long, gently inclined ramp leads p to the family quarters. There the liv- ıg room extends almost the complete idth of the house, save for the adja- ent kitchen in the northwest corner. he most daring feature of this level the self-contained south-facing errace, which interconnects with the ving room via a mechanically- etractable glass wall. The generous weep of the 20-by-47-foot salon, fac- ıg west on its long wall, is proclaimed y the virtually unbroken ribbon win- ow (*fenêtre en longueur*) as enumerated ı Le Corbusier's seminal "Five Points f a New Architecture," all of which re embodied in this design. (The oth- r four: the pilotis, the roof garden, the ree plan, and the free façade.)

The living room contains the great- st number of colors of any single space n the house—four of the eight used— but its exceptional size readily accom- nodates them. Entering into the living oom, one's eye is first drawn to the harrow south wall, painted pale blue. The light color on a peripheral surface efers not only to the sky but also to Le Corbusier's new free-façade system of ight outer walls liberated by load- bearing inner structure, just as the green of the base joins metaphorically with the ground. Similarly, the chim- ney flue has been repainted a deep ter- ra-cotta, stressing the earthbound nature of the hearth even though re- moved from its traditional focal posi- tion at the core of the house. (One of the few vertical interruptions in the strongly horizontal living room, the freestanding fireplace and chimney are set several feet in front of the western ribbon window.) This kind of symbolic signification, in which color alludes to structural or natural attributes, is very much like that "rediscovered" by the Postmodernists. The most surprising (and also the most controversial) of the restoration colors is the orange east wall of the living room (not visible in the 1931 photos and left white in the MOMA model). To be sure, the or- ange does look rather harsh, though its effect is somewhat offset by the gray- painted built-in shelf table extending out from the wall and supported by one thin metal leg. The floor of the liv- ing room is paved with square terra- cotta tiles; in the circulation corridors of the house the tiles are white, and on the stairway they are black.

The hallway outside the living room connects with the guest room and the private chambers of the Savoyes; that passage is a clear deep blue on one side and sky blue on the other. The guest bedroom has one wall painted salmon pink, and the floors, like those of the other bedrooms on this story, are handsome wood parquet. (So much for Tom Wolfe's ubiquitous linoleum; fur- thermore, the 1931 photos of the Villa Savoye display such other allegedly ta- boo furnishings as window curtains, Oriental carpets, and comfortable up- holstered armchairs. And as the floor plan shows, complete personal privacy in fully enclosed rooms was easily at- tainable if desired by any of the occu- pants.) The Savoye son's room has a salmon pink inner wall and a light blue outer wall. A closet built out at a per- pendicular from the inner wall creates a small area which could be used as a quiet study, with another of the archi- tect's built-in shelf tables, this to serve as a desk for the young man.

His parents' suite next door is far more unusual, and almost six decades after it was designed it remains among the most memorable interiors of our century. Here Le Corbusier's free plan is released to exhilarating openness. Entering from the corridor, one is dis- concerted by first coming upon the plumbing. Though the toilet is behind a door and out of sight, in full view are the bidet, the Doric-column wash- stand, the turquoise-mosaic sunken bathtub (with original tiles in one of the few indisputable colors in the villa) and the built-in, contoured gray-tiled chaise longue. Admittedly this is a pri- vate zone, but the frank display of these objects of personal hygiene un- der a skylight at the forefront of the space is unprecedented for that time and place. We have since become used to bathrooms that bring the body into unconfined and sensuous contact with water, sunlight, and air, especially in this country, but the revolutionary de- parture this room made in France circa 1930 cannot be overemphasized. The Savoyes' bed was set into a shallow salmon pink alcove next to the tile chaise longue (separable from the sleeping area by a curtain) and the east- facing ribbon window floods the space



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[illegible] proportioned boudoir—usually carved out of left-over space in most houses—opens onto the terrace.

The Villa Savoye was as much a health house as its contemporary American analogue, Richard Neutra's Lovell house of 1927–29 in Los Angeles, built for a physical-culture enthusiast. That likeness is particularly pronounced at the very top of the Villa Savoye, where the solarium prompts interpretation of this structure as a secular temple of the sun. Le Corbusier himself was a firm believer in fitness, and he accommodated the new fad for suntanning no less imaginatively than he celebrated corporeal freedom in the Savoyes' bathroom below. To protect sunbathers from prevailing westerlies, Le Corbusier raised a windscreen to the west and north, playing curved and straight segments against one another with tremendous impact. That shield is punctuated by a single aperture, described by the architectural historian Stanislaus von Moos as a "window, cut in the wall at the spot where the view spreads over the Seine Valley—a Claude Lorrain landscape, but 'real.'"



The "architectural promenade" to the roof, with window overlooking the Seine Valley.

Looking at the colors of this most recent repainting of the Villa Savoye, one realizes that the salmon pink, sky blue, dark blue, dark green, medium gray, maroon, terra-cotta, and orange are nothing less than the very palette the Postmodern architects, and especially Michael Graves, have claimed as their own in reaction to the supposed colorlessness of the International Style. It is doubly ironic that one of the least attractive and uncalled-for features of Graves's lectures proposing the need for an alternative to Modernism has been his belittling attacks on Le Corbusier, whose style he copied earlier in his own career before moving on to more remote historical sources. As the colors of the Villa Savoye show, Graves has not rejected everything Corbusian whether he is aware of it or not.

Michael Graves and his fellow exponents of Postmodern Classicism have looked back to the very same Mediterranean sources that inspired Le Corbusier and gave his architecture and its colors an earthy quality despite his early fondness for white paint and coolly reductive imagery. The Postmodernists love to fantasize about Classical antiquity, but so did Le Corbusier, who wrote of the Savoyes that "leur vie domestique sera inserée dans un rêve virgilien" (their domestic life will be enfolded in a Virgilian dream). That dream is now made more vivid for us. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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(Continued from page 154) they would e away "just for a few weeks."

The palace on Zigmunda Wintra treet remained intact—filled with amily portraits, silver and porcelain, rniture, and rugs, all carefully guard- d by the loyal butler Pokorny. In March 1939, General Faber, the Nazi ilitary governor of Prague made the alace his official residence. Within he first few days of the occupation two uge moving vans pulled up to the ouse. A line of soldiers directed by Gestapo officers entered and carted ff paintings and the contents of the lass cabinets lining the bow-shaped orridor, emptied the zinc room of its ninks and ermines and embroidered rousseau linens and laces, took 140 ieces of the best Meissen—anything hat was not needed for its use as a rep- esentational residence. Fortunately, okorny had hidden the family silver. n 1946 the Soviet liberation army oc- upied the house and started to empty t of what was left. They were stopped y the Czech Ministry of Technology and Public Projects headed by General Hasal, a war hero who spent World War II fighting with the Allies.

In order to lure ambassadors back to Prague, the Beneš government rented to the various delegations the large houses and palaces abandoned by the aristocratic families during the occupation. Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt was the first postwar American ambassador to live in the house. Two liaisons enhanced Steinhardt's possibility of purchasing the Petschek Palace for the U.S. government: first his daughter's engagement to General Hasal's son in Prague, and second his affair with Countess Cecilia Sternberg, who advised him to purchase that "nouveau riche hulk on the hill, it's a good buy." And indeed it was. After several years of negotiations the house and all its contents, three and a half acres of park with swimming pool, tennis court, a gate house, and two large houses were purchased in 1948 for $1,250,000 in frozen funds (in real terms for nothing).

The ensuing four decades of Americans have been good to the house. During the time we were there we did our best to help restore it to its former splendor, and the Czech artisans who work for the embassy threw themselves into the task at hand. Pan Novak, a master painter in his seventies, restored the boiserie in several rooms, and the upholsterers proudly brought me brown-paper packages with the original tapestry and needlework upholstery for several Louis XV and XVI benches and chairs lining the main corridor. In the library we found hundreds of Otto Petschek's original notes to Siegwalt the architect and Mathias Blecha the builder, along with lighting plans from Paris and works of art and Louis XV and XVI furniture. There were also notes on rooms he had seen in Paris and Italy, fireplaces from the Palais Marigny, boiseries from the Hôtel Carnavalet, doorknobs from the Petit Trianon—all in German, Petschek's native tongue. Czech craftsmen, among the finest in Europe in the



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OPEN HOUSE IN PRAGUE

...o putti, cor... Italian workmen ... do the scagliola col... the indoor pool.

The main corridor was the setting ... our large dinners, which ranged from the emotional Marine Ball with the American flag carried at parade position to an evening in honor of Edward Albee, who had brought a Sam Shepard one-act play from the English theater in Vienna. Many of the young Czech playwrights who had been caught up in a confrontation at the Prague Theater Institute and forbidden entry were united at our dinner. My husband, Bill, presided at one end with the theater officials and Edward at the other with Václav Havel and other "nonofficial" guests. Against all odds, we tried to provide a glamorous setting with flowers and food—not easy in a Communist country where people don't have, or particularly like, green vegetables. As Havel wrote in *The New York Review of Books*: "A dissident friend of mine, tasting various exotic (for us) delights at the American embassy, described them by quoting Patocka's sentence, 'There are things worth suffering for.' "

We used the Damen Salon with its gold satin-damask walls for dinners of thirty or fewer. Since many of the same officials, museum curators and directors, and Czech friends came often, it was important to vary the menus. Jan, the chef, and I spent hours in the vast kitchen planning around the available supplies from the local market (no fish in that landlocked country) and the supplies the embassy had trucked in from Germany every two weeks.

The liveliest event every year was the Fourth of July, when Jan made 3,000 baby hamburger buns and prepared huge baskets of crudités with vegetables many of the Czechs had never seen. On our last Fourth, 1,800 Czechs, including Otto Petschek's daughter and family on their first visit back, gathered on the lawn under red and blue balloons flying from the fingers of the putti cavorting on the cornices of the mansard roof. Teenagers dished out American ice cream in sugar cones by the hundreds from carts festooned with bunting and crepe paper. The assemblage of so many Czech officials, intellectuals, and dissidents was an unusual event in today's Prague—a fitting chapter in the checkered history of this house.

At times we found things working against us. On one occasion none of the invitations for the vernissage of eleven contemporary American paintings lent through the Art in Embassies program of the Department of State were delivered by the post office in Malá Strana. After three weeks we had duplicates, with "This is a copy of the invitation mailed to you" typed across the front, delivered by hand. After the first hundred or so were delivered, the mails miraculously began to function again. At that reception jammed with six hundred Czechs—from long-haired art students to museum officials viewing works by Frankenthaler, Avery, Hofmann, and Gottlieb—a member of one of the old aristocratic families exulted, "I haven't seen the house used like this since the thirties."

My greatest sense of nostalgia is reserved for the large formal dining room. There butlers bearing platters with pheasants complete with heads and long tail feathers were heralded with a Renaissance flourish played by a group of doctors, architects, and other professionals who, like all Czechs, love music; Galway Kinnell and John Updike read their poetry to an audience of 125; Bill Rubin lectured on contemporary American painting; Kurt Vonnegut spoke after a screening of *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

Leaving Prague was very difficult for us. We had two dreams for the Petschek Palace. One, to turn the "folly"—the huge empty pool in the basement—into a theater and American cultural center, has yet to happen. The other, to evaluate and protect the beautiful objects in the residence and others like it, has begun. Last summer Sotheby's London appraised the entire residence and embassy. In July 1986 the Friends of Art and Preservation in Embassies was established with Secretary of State George Shultz as honorary chairman and the Honorable Leonore Annenberg as chairman.

As our departing house guests sat around the family dining-room table remembering our trips around the city and countryside, Bill always asked them for their reactions, which were as diverse as the personalities involved. All were affected by the beauty and the people, some were elated and some depressed. For us the city remains a compelling experience. As Kafka said, "This little mother has claws," and we'll never be the same. □

A PASTORAL PAVILION

(Continued from page 184) out do you feel that you are in the presence of a small one-story house.

Two other elements lend scale to the exterior of the house: the base of battered fieldstone which narrows as it stacks higher and the tapering corner columns that support the splayed roof soffits. Both devices also suggest the sense of a house that has roots going way back in time.

Inside, the main rooms reflect the pavilion planning. Each room is treated as an individual space with its own distinct volume and ceiling shape. At the center of everything is the large living room. The gently arched ceiling meets the side walls in a cornice, which is like a breaking wave. The curves of the ceiling are taken up by the tops of the doors, the stone fireplace, and the stone oculus, which breaks through the pale ocher plaster walls. There is about this room the atmosphere of a beautifully fitted stateroom on a fine yacht.

The tall southerly windows of the living room break into the roof and seem to raise the eyes to the sky and trees. Curvaceous forms and gentle colors of green, gold, and cream with accents of violet and red combine to suggest a space rooted in burgeoning nature. All the important furniture here is designed by the architect. Two standing mahogany lamps adopt the



Master bedroom with ceiling vaulted o look like a tent; standing lamp by Ferri.

dea of the Classical fasces (bundles of ods or branches); dancing brass suns grace the andirons at the fireplace; the dining table of mahogany and maple takes the fern as the motif for its base; and the side tables have pierced medallions of abstracted stylized hyacinths.

Both the master bedroom and the guest room are simple spaces made special by their vaulted plaster ceilings. The guest room with its delicately rendered groin vault is almost like something by Sir John Soane, but the dominant terra-cotta coloring of the ceiling is redolent of a more rustic Classicism.

As a whole, the house reminds one of the sort of small country house, often with a single tower, that is found in Italy. They litter the countryside of Tuscany and Umbria. Inside their simple stuccoed walls are small vaulted spaces washed with the colors of the earth and furnished with carved wooden furniture. Something of this simple rustic elegance seems to have inspired Ferri and his clients.

Roger Ferri tackles many of the architectural challenges of our day in this rural retreat, which could well be the prototype of a new American form of country residence—close to nature but aware of the ways that Western civilization has interpreted the countryside and been nourished by it for centuries. On a small scale (which is after all where all big ideas begin) he has dealt with the contemporary need to return to nature, he has tapped a neglected source for ideas of decoration, and he has brought a sense of timeless scale and power to the country retreat.

All of Ferri's work is inspired by the need to bring the richness of nature into the buildings that form our lives. His Pedestrian City, an architectural and city planning project shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1979, envisioned an urban future without automobiles. A seaside house in the community of Water Island on Fire Island, New York, with its close attention to natural setting and Classical details, was almost a rehearsal on a smaller scale for this Pennsylvania house. In the new house, Ferri has made it possible to experience the closeness to nature from spaces that constantly remind one of vaulted villas from the ancient past and man's eternal need to relate to the sources of creation. □

Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac

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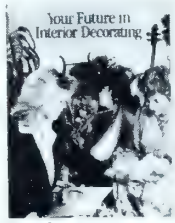
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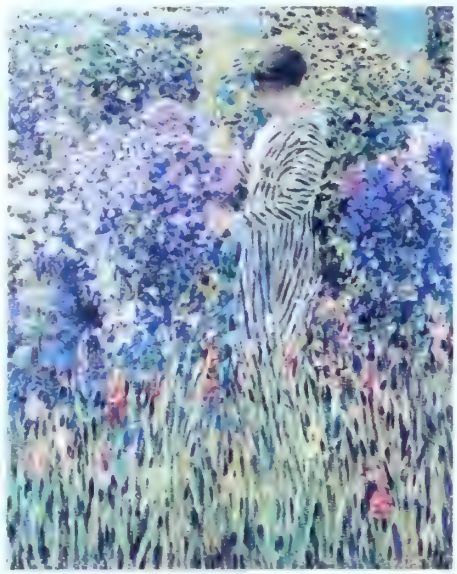
front porch,
ut and so unsightly
awful in the winter
of the splintered planks
ugly sag of the furniture often
to hibernate in public view.
old eyesores, defining the houses,
many of them spacious, with gables,
and bits of colored glass from a cata-
logue over the door, in a fan shape. If
nothing else, summer redeems the dis-
mal overhang of the porch, for a few
months, and even the darkened halls
and parlors within might be glad of an
escape from the heat.

Somewhere there is water. Not too far away there will be an abandoned quarry, difficult to climb into and cold as a lake in Nova Scotia. There will be a stream or a river, not very deep and muddy at the banks—Middle Western water.

If there are no neighbors to be seen on the streets, they can be seen and heard at the back, there on the patio where tubs standing on tripods and filled with charcoal lumps are ready to receive marinated bits of flesh. There is pleasure in all this, in the smoke, in the luscious brown of the chicken leg—on your own little plot where you fed the chickadee last winter.

These scenes, local as the unearned wildflower, the goldenrod with its harsh cinnamon scent, are not splendid. Little of the charm of the ocean view and the table set with blue linen, and the delectable salmon, so well designed for painterly display, laid out on a platter among scattered stems of watercress. Still the American town streets—those angling off the main drag seen on the way to the airport—are a landscape of the American summer. And why should we groan with pain at the sight of the plastic flamingo on the lawn or the dead whiteness of the large inflated duck coming into its decorative own nowadays? There's not much else to buy downtown, for one thing.

These things remind me of those elders who used to go abroad every summer to the same pension, to dusty interiors and dining rooms where the wine bottle with your name on it returned every night to the table until it was empty. Perhaps in Florence or outside Siena or in the north, to the band concert in the park by a German lake.



Frederick Carl Frieseke's densely patterned *Lady in a Garden,* 1912.

In Russian fiction people go off to the Crimea and sigh, how dull it is here. But since there is to be a plot, the scene is not to be so dull after all. In the salon, with the violin whining and the fish overcooked, the same faces take up their posts for the same complaints and posturings. Then someone new appears to the defensive snubs of the old-timers or to the guarded curiosity of the bored. It might be a sulky young girl with a chaperone or her mother; or a woman, not a girl, to be seated on the same side of the room as the tall man from Moscow, away from his family for two weeks and subject to dreaming. And it begins to begin . . .

Summer romance—when the two words are brought together, each takes on a swift linguistic undercurrent. As a phrase, it is something akin to "summer soldier"—the romance carries away and the summer soldier runs away from duty or from the reality of things. Heaven is something with a girl in summer: a line of Robert Lowell's. The summer romance will have the sharpness and sweetness and the indescribable wonder of the native strawberry, raspberry, blueberry, and toward the end the somewhat gritty cling of the late blackberry.

The sun-filled romance is the dramatic background of much fiction. There is the accident of the meeting and the unreasonable heightening of the season. And classically there is often an imbalance in the lovers, an imbalance of class or situation, hard, chilly truths swept away by the soft clouds, the fields and the urgency of the burst-open water lilies.

Edith Wharton wrote a short novel called *Summer.* In it you will find a love affair between a pretty and poor young girl from the New England hills and a clever young man from the city who likes to study the old houses of the region. As always, he is alone, happily solitary, idling about in the sunshine, and she is there, as she has always been. In the way of these sudden romances everything before and ahead seems to fade. Of course, it is not to last, at least not to last for the young man who, as it turns out, is engaged to someone of his own sort . . . and so on.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles: "Rays from the sunrise drew forth the buds and stretched them in long stalks, lifted up sap in noiseless streams, opened petals, and sucked out scents in invisible jets and breathings." This is the summer landscape that engulfs Tess and Angel Clare and finally leads to a despair of such magnitude only the genius of Thomas Hardy could imagine it and embody it in the changing seasons and the changing structure of the English countryside.

In Chekhov's story "The Lady with the Dog," the lady and the man are both married. They meet in Yalta in the summer and the romance flows along on a pitiless tide, without any possible ending except misery. When they believe the love will at last end or the devastation will have a solution, the final line says no, "it was only just beginning."

So in spite of the meadows and the picnic under the shade of the copper beech tree, the days will grow longer and there will again be buying and selling and coming and going elsewhere. The romantic ritual of the season fades, even if it will be staged again next summer with other lovers in other places. The freedom of the summer remains in the memory.

In the mountains, there you feel free. . . . Yes. Under Mount Monadnock in New Hampshire—a storm of stars in the heavens, a pattern of gorgeous gleaming dots on the dark blue silk of the sky, all spreading down like a huge soft cloak to the edge of the field.

The mountains are perhaps not quite in such demand as they once were in summer. Too lonely and over-

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THE HEART OF THE SEASONS

whelming, the pleasures offered no longer quite suitable to the extraordinary energies of those who rush to the long, long expressways on a Friday afternoon—flat roads ahead, and yet they mean getting there. The weekend, commuting distance, breads and cheeses and bottles of wine, Vivaldi on the cassette, and a lot of work to be done and gladly.

Impatience with the division of city and country, or what is more or less "country," has changed the heart of the seasons. Many face a February weekend as if it were July. There is a need for an eternal summer, some mutant need created by the demand for nature, for weekend nature, even as nature disappears along the route.

Eternal summer, kind only as a metaphor. Night is the winter of the tropics, as the saying has it. On the equator the days are twelve hours long. Withering rivers and unrelenting lassitude in the never-ending summertime. In Bombay in January, blissful for the citizens, but to those accustomed to the temperate sections of the United States, the heat of January in India spreads around like an infamous August swelter.

The gardens, the terraces, the flowers in vases. The first peas, the lettuce out of the ground, the always too greatly abundant zucchini—and at last a genuine tomato. No doubt the taste for these has grown sharper from the fact that we have them all year round in an inauthentic condition of preservation. Where the memory is never allowed to subside, according to each thing in its time, the true taste is more astonishing. One of summer's intensifications. Very much like actually swimming or sailing after the presence of the sea or lake known only as a view.

Summer, the season of crops. The concreteness of it. Not as perfumed and delicate and sudden as spring and not as *triste* as autumn. Yet for the enjoyment of summer's pleasures, for the beach, the crowded airplane to Venice, most of us consent to work all year long. □

A DECO DISCOVERY

(Continued from page 158) Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes in Paris which hang above a pair of understated wrought-iron consoles by the inimitable French *ferronnier* Edgar Brandt. The adjoining dining room yields further Art Deco treasures: a lacquered panel of summer bouquets by Jean Dunand and François Louis Schmied and abstract painted wood panels by the Parisian *verre églomisé* master Étienne Cournault.

It is Rothberg's Gustavsberg ceramics, however, that provide an intriguing chronicle of the almost accidental manner in which a major collection can form. Gustavsberg pieces are seemingly rare and, to the average collector of twentieth-century objects, something about which he doesn't *quite* know, although he promises himself that next time he will (Gustavsberg ceramic ware takes its name from the small Swedish town where it is manufactured).

Such was Rothberg's introduction: a chance purchase in London nine years ago at an antiques arcade near Bond Street was followed by occasional acquisitions from such New York dealers as Lillian Nassau and Sheldon Barr. The collection formed piecemeal, without real focus, until that moment when Rothberg was perceived by dealers as *the* Gustavsberg collector. No longer did he have to search out dealers; now it was they who pursued him. A steady international flow of Gustavsberg items began to direct itself to him, and the collection grew apace. Today it numbers over 200 pieces—vases, bowls, chargers, and so forth—in the firm's characteristic mottled green matte glaze applied with silvered ornamentation. Most recently three white Gustavsberg pieces from the post–World War II era have been added, signaling a new emphasis. The irony of all this is that Gustavsberg will continue to appear rare to the antiques collector, as it has for the nine years during which Rothberg's collection has proliferated—only now it will seem that much rarer!

European ceramics, of which there are now roughly 150 pieces, constitute

the other major aspect of Rothberg's collection. French and Belgian works, in particular, Longwy (a line of pottery manufactured by Pomone, the design studio of the Parisian department store Au Bon Marché), Keramis, Primavera, and Boch Frères, dominate a vibrant array of vases that trace their beginnings to Rothberg's initial purchases over fifteen years ago. One entire wall of Boch Frères ware looks out over the intercoastal waterway. Cobalt and turquoise blue gazelles, flowers, and maidens, silhouetted in black, derive their high stylization from the annual Paris Salons of the early 1920s. Shelf after shelf reinforce, rather than dilute, the color and exuberance of the French capital. The era's most ubiquitous image—the gazelle (*biche*)—is captured at its most seductive and fanciful.

An abrupt change in style and pace is afforded by a vitrine full of Creil, early nineteenth-century Napoleonic porcelain dinnerware, and Baccarat sulfides, survivors of Rothberg's earliest collecting forays. The Creil's yellow reserves, applied with black transfer images, strike a sobering aristocratic note among their more flamboyant neighbors.

In paintings Rothberg has shown the same propensity for diversity that he has in his objects. In American paintings there are over a dozen works by Paul Cadmus, whose canvases have made meteoric strides at recent auctions. Two egg tempera sketches, in particular, draw the eye to their grisaillelike technique. Nearby are an early forgotten trompe l'oeil by George Tooker, sepias and oils of ballerinas by Pavel Tchelitchew, and two paintings by Wallace Mitchell. The representation of European paintings is less directed. In addition to the pair of Crevels in the foyer, there is a Jean Cocteau pencil sketch, *Envole de têtes,* some spirited Gustave Florot oils of burlesque dancers and musicians, and a pair of delightful ink-and-watercolor renderings by Paul Brandt. A curiosity within the collection is a canvas by the Surrealist Manuel Rendon.

Everywhere a mix of objects and mementos, many discovered for Rothberg by his business associate Jack Mirabile, spills out from closet doors as the visitor continues his treasure hunt: Orrefors crystal engraved with early Gate and Hald imagery; chromed tableware from the ocean liner *Normandie,* Seguso glassware designed by Flavio Poli, and Royal Doulton dinner plates adorned with pairs of flamingos in a kaleidoscope of tropical Art Deco colors. Anecdotes about dealers, dealings, and discoveries accompany every piece. It becomes obvious that, above all, the collection has been lots of fun, no doubt in part because it has always been an avocation. The only saddening note is the realization that now—a short fifteen years later—it could not be done again. Comparable items in such numbers have vanished from today's market. A Rothberg caveat: never regret anything you've bought, only what you've passed up. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

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(Continued from page 197) he marbleized the refrigerator with dark striations to match the old brown gas range. When he purchased the house nearly thirty years ago, the cornices encircling the rooms were so dilapidated that Anderson began refurbishing the old ones and making new patterns using papier-mâché. Nodding at the cubic projections that ring the top of the kitchen wall, he says conspiratorially, "You know what those are?" The dim light and the thick green paint make it hard to guess. "Cigarette packages," he continues, "but you really can't tell."

As the tour progresses, Anderson locates a low sofa with rolled pillows and gothically arched armrests and recounts that the "couch is by Michel Bouvier, Jackie's grandfather. He was really quite a good cabinetmaker. I got it from an aunt of Jackie's who stored it up in Newport. It's an early one, probably 1836. And I know that Bouvier gave it to his daughter when she married, oh, what's his name . . .?" Anderson's face clouds over. Raising his eyes, he appears to scrutinize the green shrubbery in the wallpaper for the answer, but that reminds him: "The wallpaper is also antique. When I was doing the house over, I rented the lower two floors to a fellow whose mother had done some of those Moravian houses in the Carolinas. The paper is the same as the one that's in the John Vogler House in Winston-Salem." Still peering at the shrubbery, Anderson's eyes brighten. He has the name: "Drexel."



Bathroom has Alexandre Roux table and hatrack, Dietz lamp, Charles X bottles.

This is a mind that rarely forgets. Even when he misplaces names and dates, he is hemmed in by clues. Point to any of the hundreds of objects in his collection and Anderson will practically draw you a map to the door of the shop where he purchased it fifteen, twenty, or thirty years ago. At that time, American Gothic Revival furnishings were commonly thought to be the style dowagers died with rather than the one young men lived for.

"Even ten or so years ago," says Anderson, "they were still looked upon as something you inherited from your aunt, and that's if your grandmother hadn't thrown them out. You certainly didn't go out and buy them." But he did, for reasons that until recently eluded most of his contemporaries. For many, Gothic Revival castellated turrets, towers, and theme-music embellishments suggested only the scene of an unsolved crime or an Ivy League education.

So, when Anderson first set out to collect the romantic furnishings produced for the wealthiest families of the nineteenth century, his was a quiet expedition. Chairbacks composed of trefoils and quatrefoils and table legs capped by satyrs and gargoyles and footed with hooves or paws were discoveries he could make virtually on his own. In recent years, however, the increased interest in American Gothic Revival has made that search more competitive and expensive. Nevertheless, Anderson's eye continues to be guided by a passion for the handcrafted dreams of a bygone era rather than by the burgeoning market.

As we look at a delicately carved chair by Alexandre Roux, it is easy to see just why these dreams arouse the collector's ardor. The chairback is a flowing ribbon of wood which appears to have been blown into shape, then tied. Sliding his hand along the chair's polished curves, Anderson tells no elaborate stories. He simply points to the fineness of the carved details, then clasps his hands behind his back. A look of patient expectation appears in his eyes. The room is suddenly quiet, the street outside empty. After a long moment, he says, "In New York it's kind of nice to shut the windows and close the doors and pretend you live in the country, don't you think?" □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet

Continued from page 164) just evolved
ıt of its basic essence, which needed
ıly to be revealed. Even the screens
ıd shoji panels Mrs. Lapham installed
perfectly because the six-foot mod-
e of measurement used in the house
ɔrresponds to the Japanese ken.

The Japanese traditionally prefer to
t on the floor, but designing appro-
riate seating was one of the few con-
essions Phyllis Lapham made to
'estern comfort. Her brilliant solu-
ɔn was to create sofas, ottomans, ban-
uettes, and a bed out of soft overscale
ıshions—all thickly padded and cov-
ed in an off-white textured basket-
eave cotton—cotton because this is a
ɔuntry house. More corner-tucked
illows, made from pieces of antique
ıdigo cotton, neatly buttress an elbow
r fit into the small of a back, adding to
ıe general ease.

She solved the problem of table
eights by setting footed lacquer trays
ne on top of another or by using tops
f tansus, sword chests, lacquer box-
s—a handsome matching quartet of
crackled-lacquer chests she designed herself. A meticulously crafted Japanese wooden packing case for porcelain gained a second life as an intriguing bathroom cabinet.

Her brilliant solution was to create sofas out of soft overscale cushions

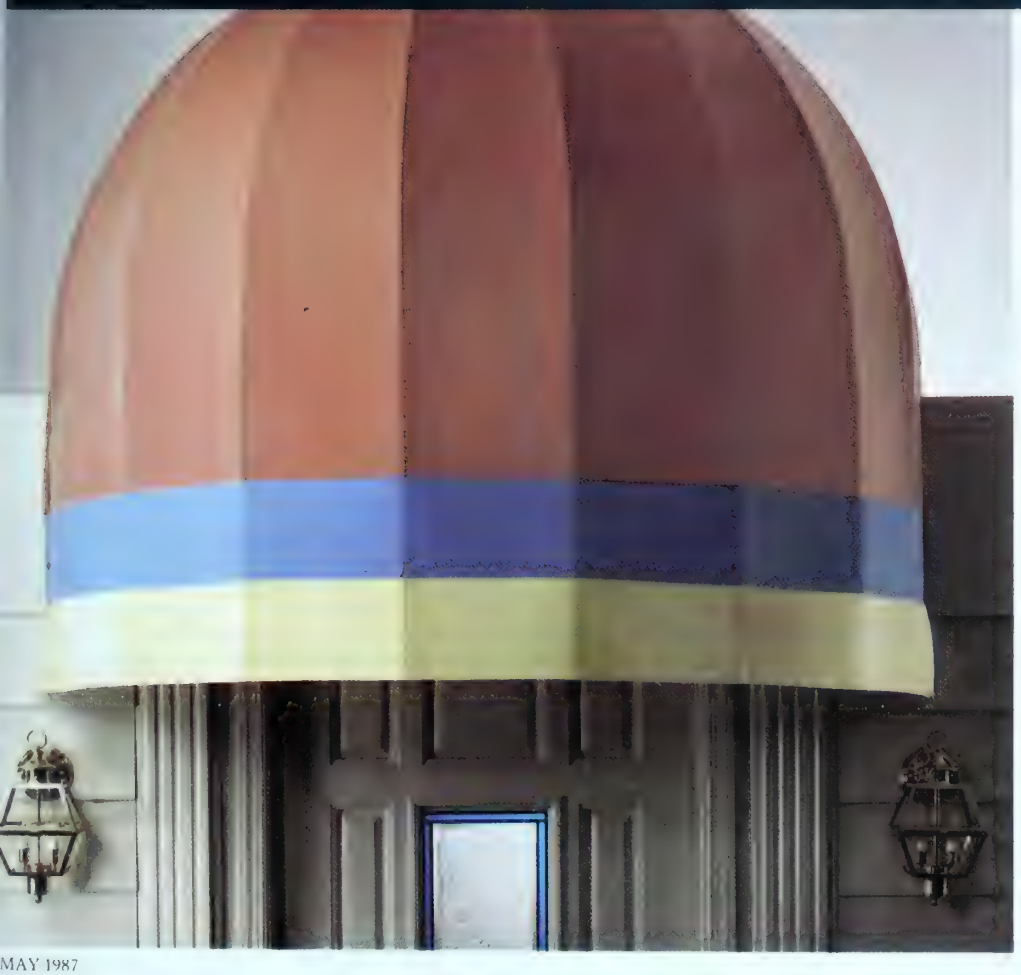
Shoji screen panels now diffuse the light—as softly as sunshine filtering through the morning fog—and rice paper lanterns provide gentle illumination. Blending in happily are contemporary gray pottery lamps.

Phyllis Lapham's educated eye and her frequent travels, both to Europe and the Far East, have rewarded their Pebble Beach house with just the right crisp lacquer pieces, blue-and-white porcelains, and bold screens with romanticized scenes from nature. These add enriching detail to the warm-toned hemlock walls that merge with beamed ceilings filled in with narrow fir strips—not unlike a Zen monk's brushstrokes across a rice paper scroll. Perfectly placed pots of ruffled tuberous begonias and vases or baskets of Deco-like calla lilies and Japanese iris bring dashes of natural shape and color.

The rustic pebble-floored gallery looking onto a serene white-pebbled Japanese garden welcomes guests for dinner or cozy card playing at the 1930s red-lacquer game table. (Designed by René Prou, it was brought from Paris.) A bookcase filled with Imari dinnerware separates the living and dining rooms, and as in all Japanese houses, shoji panels open or close to create a dozen moods. It is a perfect retreat for comfortable weekends and flexible entertaining. Japanese in spirit, Western in usage, the Lapham house is as it was meant to be. □

Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd

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A sculptural fireplace designed by John Saladino divides the living space in Kaaren Parker Gray's remodeled New England carriage house. Story page 148. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.

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He's an engineer, you know, the practical type.
But with a soft spot for me.

So when he saw the Mariner, he smiled. When he saw what was engraved on the back, he blushed.

"I like you, really I do," was about
poetic as he ever got.

At least in terms of what he *said* to
He was of the school that believes
ions speak louder than words.

Everytime I brought up the sub-
t of the future he'd smile and say
hing.

Instead, he'd reach out and touch
face or just look deep into my eyes
h those incredible eyes of his.

So, after a year of seeing him just
ut every second day, I thought it
s time to celebrate the longevity of
romance.

And perhaps try and prompt him
o revealing his future plans, if in
t he had any.

It was at one of the most celebrated
veller's stores in the city that the
n behind the counter suggested a
ution to my woes.

"If you give him a beautiful time-
ce he will immediately understand
t you are every bit as concerned
out tomorrow as you are about to-
y," the salesman said.

"But it will need to be something
ly special," I replied, "because he's
engineer and knows a lot about de-
n and technology."

The salesman went straight to a
ncord display cabinet, unlocked it,
d withdrew a single watch. It was
lled the Concord Mariner SG.®

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tertight to five atmospheres, and ex-
ordinarily thin, which makes it by
the most exquisite choice you could make for an engineer," he continued.

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The bracelet was so beautifully engineered that you'd swear it was held together by magic.

This was indeed the gift for a man of science and action.

I left it until after dinner, walking home through the cool autumn night, before I confronted my engineer.

"What time should we meet tomorrow?" I enquired innocently.

He stopped and turned to face me.

Before he could respond I reached into my handbag, pulled out the package and presented it to him.

He opened it quietly and carefully.

Lifting the hinged lid of the case, the timepiece was revealed. He moved beneath a streetlight to inspect my gift.

And that's when he saw the message engraved on the back.

"You are very beautiful. And this is very beautiful. I think we should talk about next summer."

And that's all he said before taking me in his arms.

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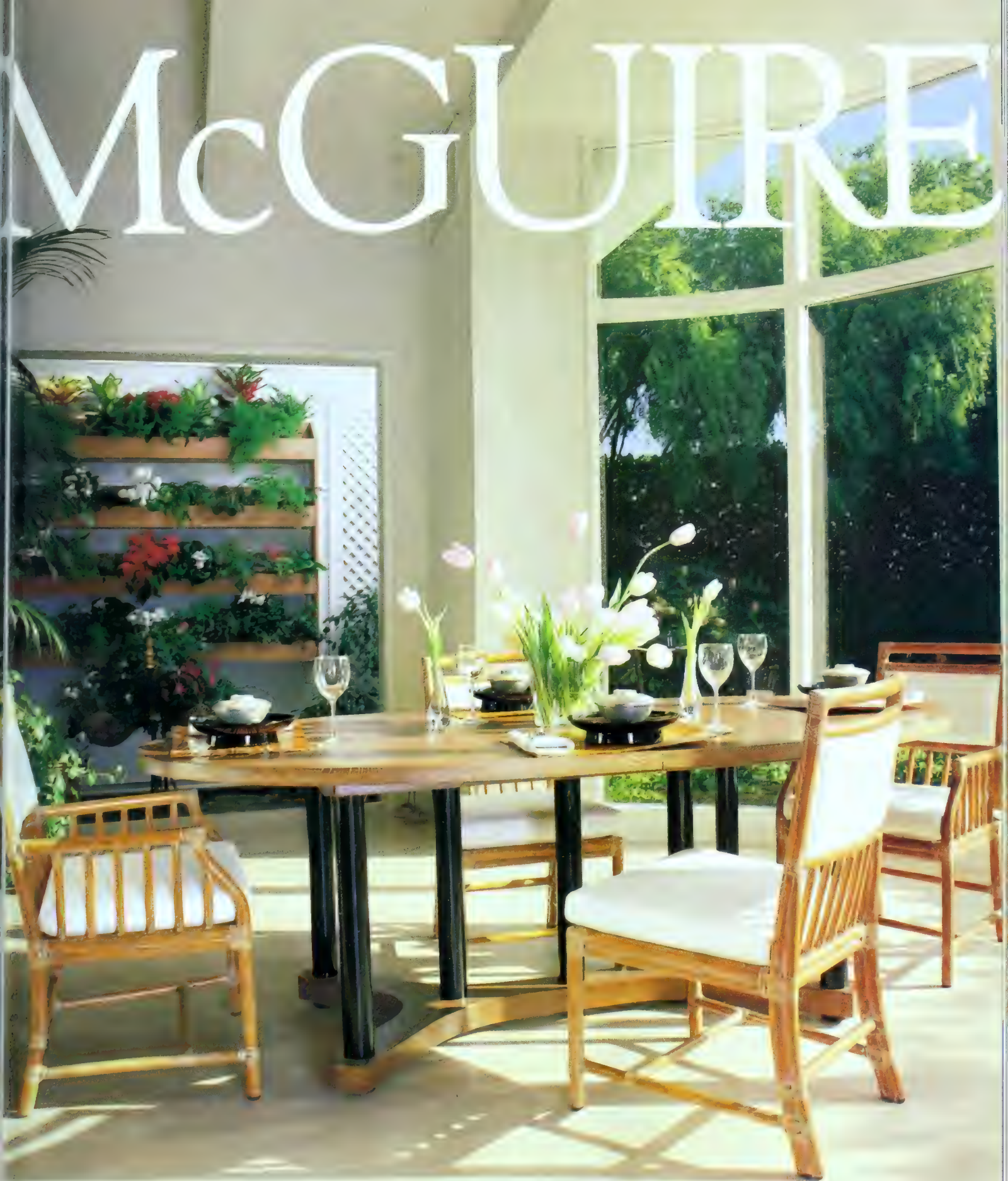
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

DAVID BOURDON is a New York art critic and the author of books on Christo and Alexander Calder.

DOUGLAS BRENNER is a senior editor of *Architectural Record.*

JANE BROWN is the author of *Gardens of a Golden Afternoon* and *Vita's Other World: Lanning Roper and His Gardens* was published this month by Rizzoli.

RAND CASTILE is director of the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco and author of *The Way of Tea.*

ALEXANDER COCKBURN contributes regularly to *The Nation, The Wall Street Journal,* and *American Film.*

SYDNEY EDDISON writes for *The Litchfield County News, The New York Times* and *Horticulture* magazine.

JOSEPH GIOVANNINI is trained as an architect and now writes on architecture for *The New York Times.*

ALICE GORDON is a writer and editor who lives in New York.

CHARLES JENCKS's new book, *Post-modernism: The New Plasticism in Art and Architecture,* will be published by Rizzoli in the fall.

KLAUS KERTESS writes fiction and art criticism and is the Robert Lehman Curator of the Parrish Museum in Southampton, New York.

RICHARD KOSTELANETZ is an artist and writer who lived in Berlin as a guest of the DAAD Artist's Program.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES was the editor of *The London Times Literary Supplement* and is the author of several novels.

SIMON SCHAMA is a professor of history and senior associate of the Center for European Studies at Harvard University. He is the author of *Patriots and Liberators: Revolution in the Netherlands* and *Two Rothschilds at the Land of Israel.*

DONALD SUTHERLAND is in China filming the life of Norman Bethune, a Canadian surgeon who became a hero of the Chinese revolution.

WILLIAM WALTON was chairman of the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts from 1963 to 1971 and is the author of several books.

KATHERINE WHITESIDE is a writer who specializes in garden subjects.


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



The porch of a house in Connecticut you will see on page 124

Walk through the decorating pages of this issue with me and see just how different equally beautiful rooms can be. We'll begin in a classical villa in Portugal where the house and rooms designed by David Hicks reveal this Englishman's mastery of geometrics. In London recently I called at David Hicks's shop on Jermyn Street, and although the master was not in, his presence was there in the geometric carpets, handsome objects handsomely displayed, and in the same sense of order that marks the rooms he designed for the Portuguese estate shown on page 114. Because our columnist Mark Hampton began his decorating career with David Hicks, we asked him to write the text.

Our next example, a Connecticut house that reflects the fashion designer who lives there, has rooms more casually arranged, an exaggerated mix of patterns, and a profusion of things, which suggests a sense of comfort other than the one David Hicks provides. Note the difference between his all-white guest room, page 122, and the one she created for her guests, page 130.

Our next stop is Kaaren Parker Gray's country retreat, page 148, a carriage house she remodeled with the help of designer John Saladino. Kaaren, a longtime decorating editor here at House & Garden, brought her editor's eye to this project, which she says was strongly influenced by the work of designers she has followed over the years. Loose upholstery and country antiques play off one another in a casual arrangement that takes a knowing hand to keep the seeming simplicity from becoming simply sloppy.

There is nothing casual about Candia Fisher's apartment where enormous care has gone into the finishing of floors, walls, ceilings, and moldings. Working with some of New York's best craftspeople, Mrs. Fisher has created extraordinary trompe l'oeil effects, best captured for me in a photograph taken in her dining room, page 181.

If Candia Fisher's rooms reveal what's happening in high-style decoration in New York right now, Donald Sutherland's house—with its mixture of modern classics and offbeat antiques, photographic art and white walls—is a mood piece on contemporary decoration outside New York . . . and most certainly in Los Angeles, where I'm heading as soon as this column comes out of the typewriter. His description of what it is like to make a home for oneself in a city where everyone is making do while waiting to make it big is very amusing reading, page 184.

If I were going on from Los Angeles to San Francisco, I'd head straight for Japonesque, the subject of our Dealer's Eye this month. Ever since I discovered Japonesque, I've been one of the people Rand Castile describes on page 28, standing and admiring as Koichi Hara wraps the presents we buy for ourselves and our friends on visits to this spectacular San Francisco shop. The last time it was a Christmas necklace like spun gold for Jane and a calendar for my friend Vaughn's birthday, with the months marked off on the wood's inherent layers, not unlike the rings marking the yearly growth of a tall tree. Both Jane and Vaughn are people in my life who also appreciate the wrappings as well as what's inside.

As you enjoy this month's offerings, take note of our new Resources column, page 227. There you will find the sources of many of the furnishings and fabrics you see in our photographs.

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief

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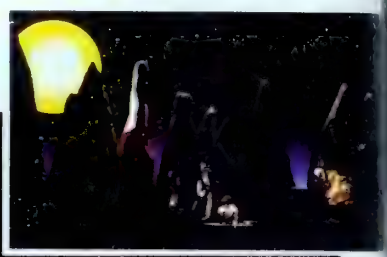
On the arts scene



AMY ARBUS

HOMES OF THE STRANGE

Home is where Amy Arbus's art is, in *There's No Place Like Home* (Dolphin, $29.95, $14.95 paper). Selections range from sublime to bizarre as she captures rooms in black-and-white and color—from Maurice Mazur's restoration of Lloyd Wright's Sowden house in L.A. to the tchotchke-filled NYC interiors of Suzanne Lipschutz, *above*. Be it ever so humble . . . *David Lisi*



SALOME UNVEILED

On paper it seemed like magic—Richard Strauss's *Salome* staged by Robert Wilson with costumes by Gianni Versace—but onstage at Milan's La Scala, *inset*, it was a travesty. While the cast (starring Monserrat Caballé in the title role under the lackluster baton of Kent Nagano) sang concert-style at the footlights, actors mimed behind them, *below*. Oscar Wilde's lurid plot was ignored—no "Dance of the Seven Veils," no head on a silver platter—but the air of decadence survived. *M.F.*



TEATRO ALLA SCALA



TOMIO OHASHI

TOKYO TO GO



Though the designs of the Tokyo-based architect Toyo Ito, *right*, are cool and high-tech in their materials and imagery, they also comment, often scathingly, on the changing mores of contemporary Japan. A recent case in point is Ito's *Dwelling of Tokyo's Nomad Women, left,* devised for display at a Tokyo department store. Based on the form of the *pao* (the collapsible felt huts of the Mongols), this lightweight unit and its adaptable components (including a bed as well as stations for grooming, *below left,* dining, and media) are inspired by the "girl who airily drifts in this town of information and consumption as if she were a nomad." Ito does not propose this modular shelter as a real housing alternative for the megalopolis but uses it to dramatize what he sees as the aimlessly materialistic way of life that has been flourishing among the "office ladies" of Tokyo during the recent astounding rise of the yen and the attendant binge of consumer spending, the newest wave of Tokyo's *ukiyo,* the "floating world" of transitory pleasures. *M.F.*





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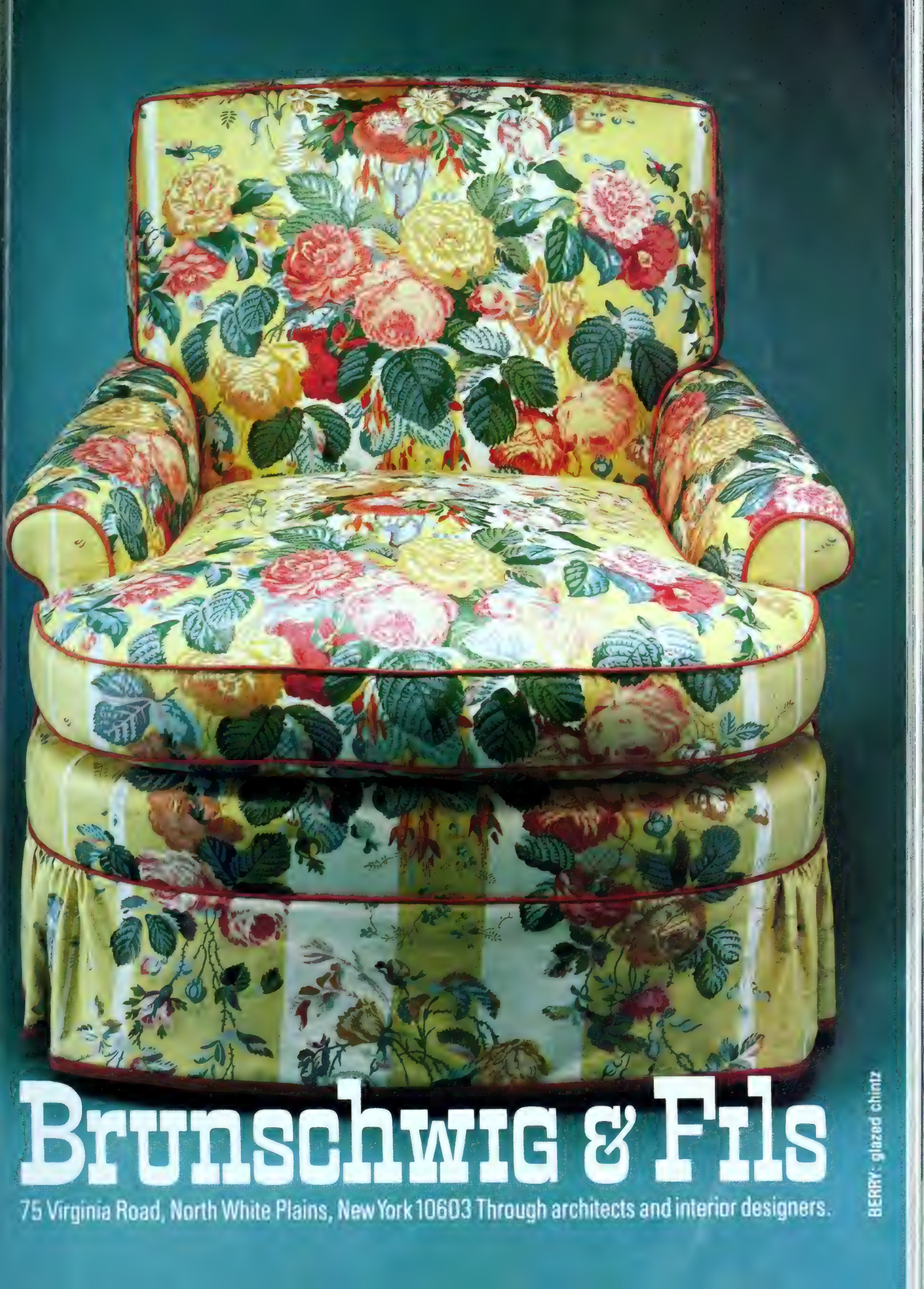
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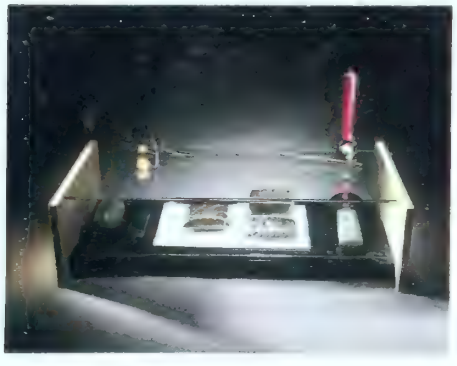
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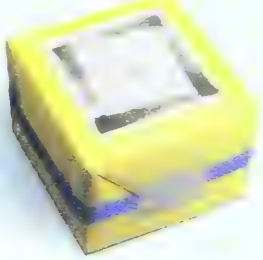
By Rand Castile

The mist from the clean bay makes Venetian the light of San Francisco. The islands and mountains one sees from the heights provide a dramatic background to a setting that is perhaps best described as operatic. And the people sing its praise: 43 hills, 74 parks. All in an area just 46 square miles and set on a peninsula head.



The hills produce intimacy, create communities of an agreeable size, and encourage the notion of neighborhood. The hills are the true governors of San Francisco. The reward of a view at the top of a grade of sometimes more than thirty degrees is a triumph.

The cable cars that run up and down the hills progress through business and hotel districts at little more than nine miles an hour. As they sway and sidle, there is time to note the fantasy that is San Franciscan Victorian architecture. The open ends of the cars have benches, which are sensibly placed facing the sidewalks and building fronts, a more agreeable prospect than the traffic fore and aft. There are good restaurants by the wayside—full at noon and night. And there are shops.



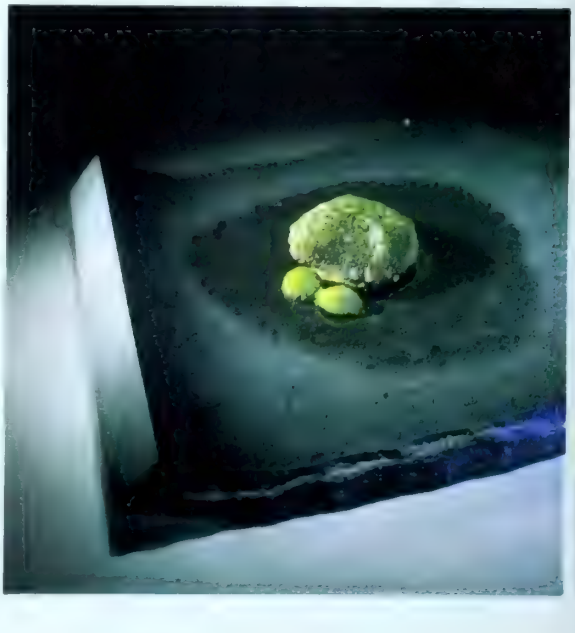


Off the cable car and down Post Street from the St. Francis Hotel, past Gump's on the left, and on a couple of blocks is the Crocker Galleria. Like all American gallerias, the Crocker is inspired by that magnificent covered way in Milano and it shares the failures of all the imitators. It is not large enough to have mystery, curves, or heart. There is not enough pedestrian traffic. There is not enough noise. People don't stand about and talk. There is no sidewalk café, no newspaper vendors. But there is at the Crocker a spectacular shop: Japonesque.

Only a Japanese would have put this shop on the third level of the galleria.

Left: Japonesque proprietor Koichi Hara specializes in exquisite objects exquisitely arranged. *Far left:* Stone pillows and boxes set on handmade white paper; bronze candlestand on top of case contains river stones. *Below left:* Package wrapped by Hara. *Below:* Granite slab, by Masuo Nakajima, with pieces of moss.

Koichi Hara did not choose San Francisco as the site for Japonesque because his native Osaka is the Bay City's official sister city. Believe me. He had traveled widely, had lived in Tokyo, Singapore, and Paris, and was searching for a place where in his own way, in his own time, he could display all the things he found in Japan to like. He was dismayed by what was being sold in Europe and the United States as the best of Japan; the dismal Mashiko knock-off ceramics, the plastic-lacquer bowls and gilded cats, the polyester geisha obis, were not for Mr. Hara.




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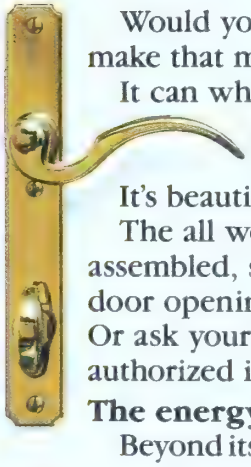
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THE DEALER'S EYE



A bamboo ladle and hollowed stone, filled with earth and delicate ivy.

Hara moved into the galleria in 1983, he says, because the rent was better than elsewhere, but one suspects this is not the whole truth. There are shops in Japan which feature the same quality of object. Most of these carry articles for use in the tea ceremony, that ancient and pervasive discipline that has helped shape the aesthetic character of Japan. These shops are always difficult to find. Typically they are off some obscure side street or on a narrow path between houses in the middle of a block. Addresses are of no help at all in finding a tea-utensil shop. They rarely have anything but the most discreet of signs; in fact, the Japanese have carried discretion here to the point of the invisible. One simply must know where the shops are.

Koichi Hara, despite his Western residence, advertising background, travel, and education, has by the very choice of a third-floor location in a galleria off Post Street made a traditional Japanese retailing statement. People must find his shop. They must participate in mystery.

The windows in front are topped by Japanese rice-paper shades that complement the elegant design of the Japonesque paper shopping bag. A planter with a low pruned pine stands by the door. Through the windows we see glazed cases, each with rows of small objects in clay, wood, crystal, silver, stone, or bronze. On the shelves simple flower arrangements appear here and there.

The case displays are dense but ordered. There are many prizes evident on every shelf, in every case. True to his purpose, Hara has gathered a collection of exquisite objects. About eighty percent of what is seen in Japonesque is



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B.



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from Japan, with the balance from American or European designers or artists. Each thing has about it a character of good craftsmanship, natural material, or superior design. Temptingly to touch, to hold in the hand, the ceramic boxes, wooden letter openers and stone "pillows" are not easily resisted. Most San Franciscans come here to shop for a gift, but many end up taking something home for themselves.

The last touch across the surface is a flourish of brushed calligraphy

It is in the final stage of shopping at Japonesque that the difference between this store and others is most apparent, for Hara is a genius in the dying art of gift wrapping. He uses handmade paper, dyed with natural colors and seems more to coax the paper around your gift than to fold it. No cellophane tape secures the joins but paste—good old water-soluble paste, paste that will not stain the handmade paper—and the ribbon too is real *ribbon*. The last touch is a message across the surface in a flourish of brushed calligraphy. Customers sometimes stand around waiting for someone to buy something just to see how Hara will wrap it.

Koichi Hara does stock objects of age but he prefers the new. He commissions craftsmen to make things for Japonesque. Among the best of the new are trays and boxes made of woven lacquered paper. The artist working in this arcane craft is Ryoichi Kobayashi, a master of increasing ability and one highly regarded in Japan.

The Kobayashi trays are usually finished in a matte-black lacquer. They are restrained—perfect expressions of tea taste—but rich in texture. Kobayashi will occasionally add an area of gold or silver decoration to the black surfaces, and these might appropriately be displayed by the Japanese at New Year.

Another artist, Masuo Nakajima, works exclusively in stone. The unique objects of Nakajima include solid "pil



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Kogo boxes, some repeating natural forms, are for holding incense.

lows," "boxes," or "cases" in stone of gray or white-veined red. These handsome pieces are matched by granite slabs, which Koichi Hara uses as bases for arrangements of moss or river stones. As with much that is slight in Japanese art, a lot of the effect depends upon the owner. Hara selects his moss or vines or flowers with a fine sense of mass and line. He keeps things cool and fresh with water poured from a bamboo ladle. He arranges the elements carefully.

Hajime Kimata renders candle holders made of bronze. The base contains two or three river stones found by the craftsman. The combination of man-made material and found objects creates a nice balance and reflects again the attitudes of the tea ceremony. A splendid burnished bronze vase, which rises with the assurance of a Brancusi sculpture, completes the artist's representation in the shop.

Makoto Komatsu is perhaps the best known of the craftsmen at Japonesque. His porcelains are in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and he has exhibited widely in this country, Europe, and Japan. Komatsu's dishes, called shiwa plates, are made of crinkled paper and are used for serving sweets.

Hara maintains a generous selection of kogo, small boxes for incense. Shino, Oribe, or Ki-zeto ware are represented by the boxes, which repeat shapes drawn from nature. Difficult to find in Japan in this variety, these are the items most desired by Japanese visiting the shop.

There are many other kinds of crafts to be found at Japonesque—Keitaro Fujii's excellent baskets of woven rattan, for instance—but it wouldn't be fair, wouldn't be Japanese to reveal all. Mystery in Japan is important. So go ahead, when you are next in the city by the Bay, search for Japonesque. □



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THE OTHER BERLIN

Through checkpoints east, in the city's 750th year, the past is inescapable

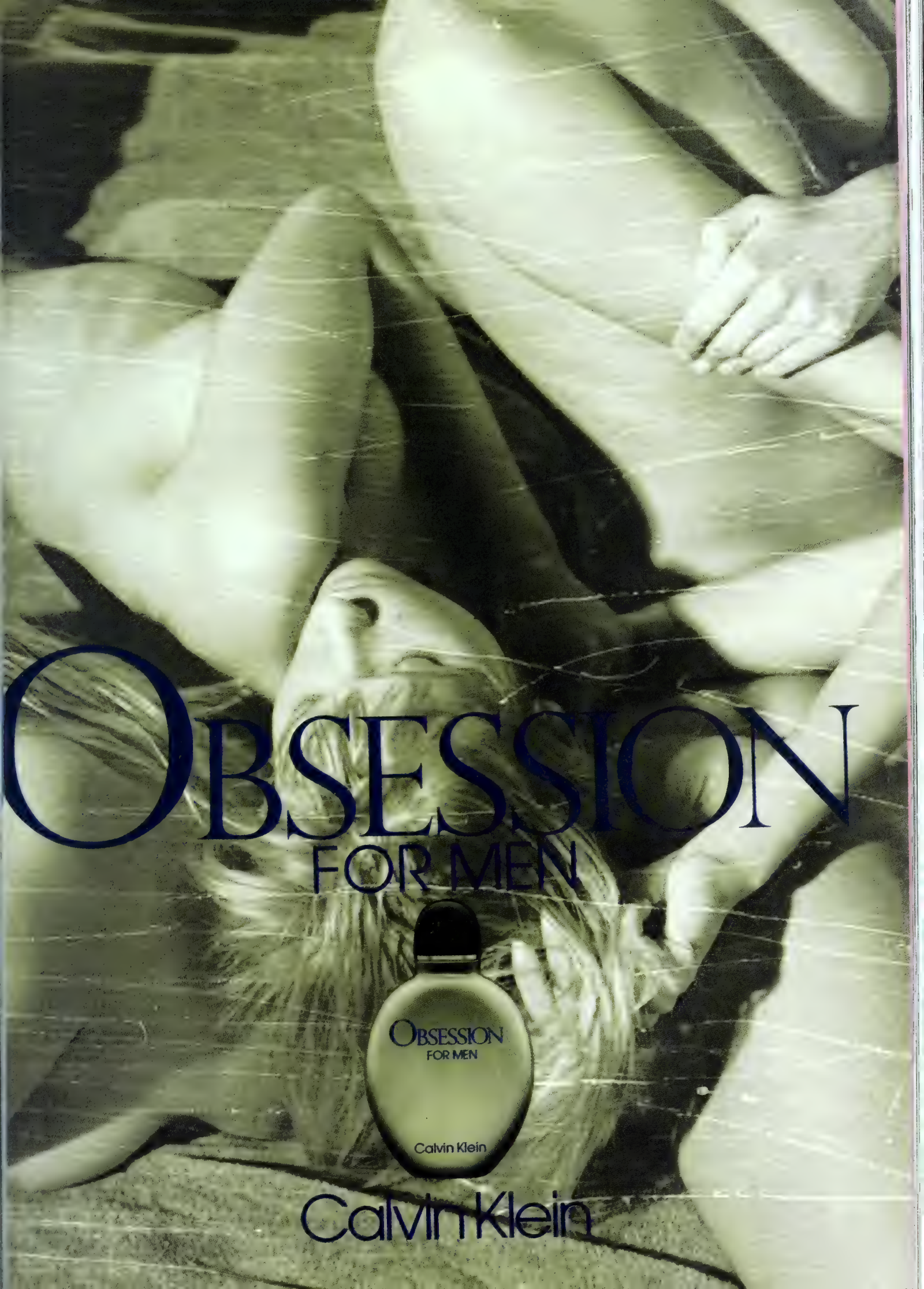
By Richard Kostelanetz

Berlin remains, other cultural charms notwithstanding, the only place in the world where Westerners can easily pass through the Iron Curtain, or whatever else you want to call what separates the First World from the Second. It is the only place where within a single day and at minimal expense you can experience in your mind and your body some essential differences between West and East. While you need a passport to enter East Berlin, you don't need a visa, which is necessary everywhere else in the East, and you need not join an organized tour, because post–World War II agreements hold that each of the city's occupying powers has access to the other's territory. That accounts for why there was no wall separating East Berlin from West Berlin until 1961. It also accounts for all the unusual regulations governing the city and traffic between the two sectors.

The regulations must be understood in advance not only to avoid unfortunate surprises but also because they are part of the experience. There are several checkpoints, as they are called, for entering East Berlin. Some are valid only for West Berliners and others only for West Germans. Only two are open to those from *Andere Staaten,* as the East German sign says: the Friedrichstrasse train and subway station well within East Berlin accepts all three groups, while famed Checkpoint Charlie at the border receives only foreigners. The next two rules to remember: you can visit only within East Berlin proper (which does not include, say, nearby Potsdam), and you must be back to West Berlin by midnight.

For the trip you will be charged five West German marks (about three dollars) for the day visa and also required to exchange 25 more of those marks into 25 East German marks (which have only one fourth of that value in Western free markets). Consider this last detail as your introduction to a significant difference between West and East—the former with a free market for currency and the latter with a restricted one. In passing through the checkpoint, you must itemize on a newsprint form how much currency you are carrying and any gifts you might be bringing to East Germans. You should expect to have your wallet, purse, or carrying cases examined thoroughly, which will be less of a nuisance if you leave anything problematic behind in West Berlin.

These border inspectors are looking less for drugs or weapons than surplus Western currency being brought into the East German black market as well as contraband reading material—not just obvious items such as books they might consider anti-Communist but also unlikely ones such as local news-


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...nted anti-Communist politi-...literature). I once saw an American, tired of waiting while the border guards rested in their lounge, summon them with the worst American obscenities, which, since they didn't understand English, fell on dumb ears. Eventually they got to work, and he went through.

Incidentally, if an American has profound anxieties about entering East Berlin, he or she can always leave name, social security number, and expected time of return with the U.S. military police officer stationed at Checkpoint Charlie. "What happens if I fail to show up?" I asked. "Your name will go up the command," the soldier confidently replied. "What happens then?" "We'll come into East Berlin to find you." For such service, remember, you pay your taxes.

Of the two checkpoints for non-Germans entering East Berlin, Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse is the more convenient for those taking public transportation and for those traveling east accompanied by West Germans or Ber...liners. If you come to it by surface train (S-Bahn), you can look down ove... the historic Reichstag, at the West Ber...lin edge of the River Spree, and see ...no-man's-land with impregnable... fences on both sides. Along the train... tracks are tall fences topped by barbed... wire which extend into the Friedrich...strasse terminal. If, on the other hand... you enter Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse by... subway (U-Bahn), you will first go... through East Berlin "ghost" stations... which were operative before the Wall... Now that East Germans are forbidden... access to West Berlin's subways, these... darkened platforms are patrolled by... two armed Volkspolizei who are re...quired to shoot anyone, including each... other, attempting to board the West... Berlin train.

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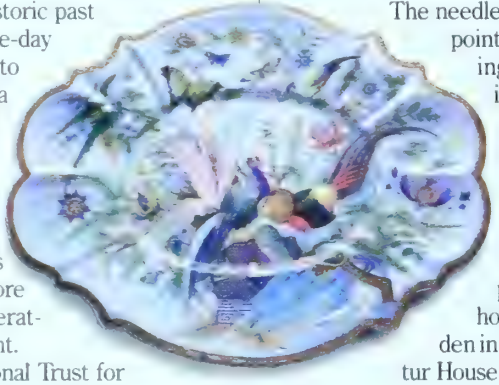
"We kept house, the Past and I,
The Past and I;
I tended while it hovered nigh,
Leaving me never alone."
—THOMAS HARDY

There's a very modern palette at work in the oak-panelled library of the late nineteenth century Manhattan brownstone shown here. (The key clues to its modernity are the slightly off-center hues and the unexpected harmonies.) Yet all the elements—fabrics, wallcovering and carpet—have their design roots deep in the past and, more specifically, deep in a past that has been carefully nurtured, preserved and maintained.

Fitzhugh Border from a mug in Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation; *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering from the Woodrow Wilson House.



Preservationism—the knowledgeable and professional interest in maintaining the artifacts of America's historic past—is a relatively late-day phenomenon dating to the 1850's and Pamela Cunningham's determined efforts to "save" a rapidly deteriorating Mount Vernon. However, in recent years it has become an ever-more important and accelerating popular movement.



Oversize platter, a gift to President Wilson from the people of Normandy, basis for loveseat fabric, photo, opposite.

In 1949, The National Trust for Historic Preservation was chartered by Congress to encourage the public to participate in the preservation of America's history and culture. (Nationwide there are currently a total of seventeen historic properties owned by The Trust.) Schumacher's National Trust Collection features a wide variety of decorative accessories all based on details garnered from over a dozen of the celebrated Trust properties.

In the inviting library designed by C. Dudley Brown & Associates of Washington, D.C. (Brown has served as a design consultant for the Trust), the main star is the loveseat, its glazed *Brittany Faience* chintz patterned with flora and fauna borrowed from a platter in the Woodrow Wilson House Museum in Washington; from there, too, are the *Chinese Strie* of the ottoman and the draperies and the *Normandy Tea Chest* wallcovering. The *Fitzhugh Border* comes from a mug at Virginia's Woodlawn Plantation. *Filoli Tapestry*, on the pull-up chair and *Casa Amesti*, the table cover, both derive from period documents in the California mansions after which they are named.

The needlepoint rug features petit point floral motifs surrounding the medallion and is a prime example of Schumacher's painstaking collection of needlepoint from all over the world; a number of the exclusive designs are interpreted from such Trust house museums as Cliveden in Philadelphia and Decatur House in Washington.

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The first time I came to East Berlin this way the room was impossibly crowded, hot, and smelly with children and parents hysterically deploring the lack of toilets. Every other time the wait has been no more than thirty minutes, and more than once I made new friends with whom I did some touring on the other side. Once past a second set of guards, you find yourself, surprise, in a bustling East Berlin train station that, surprise again, is near the major museums, theaters, and opera of East Berlin. I felt like Alice suddenly in another land.

Checkpoint Charlie, by contrast, occupies a break in the nearly continuous Wall and its surrounding no-man's-land. The Vopos occupy a tall guard tower and a string of flimsy huts. For the opening move, the checking of your passport, you will be kept waiting in the fresh air, which is a pleasure in summer though painful in winter. Westerners entering East Berlin by car necessarily go this way. I would advise against taking a car, because you do not want to separate yourself from the direct experience of East Berlin, but also because the police have a notorious reputation for capriciously issuing traffic tickets, which must be paid on the spot—in Western currency, of course. Besides, the walk from West Berlin public transport to Checkpoint Charlie takes only a few minutes, and on the other side, if you cannot find a taxi, you can walk to the center of East Berlin within fifteen minutes.

Once inside East Berlin, you will find a world different in more ways than you can immediately comprehend. East Berliners dress differently—from their stockings to their hats. Stores are sparsely stocked. The food is even different (try the local soda pop for a surprise taste). You will see a lot more police, whose job is not preventing crime, which is negligible, but ensuring that the East German rules are enforced. While you may bring a camera with you, you may not photograph police officers, soldiers, checkpoints, trains, subways, or the Wall itself. You may also be whistled to a stop, as I once was, with only momentary terror, for crossing an empty street intersection against the red light. The abundance of visible police prompted one American guidebook to joke that here you need not carry an emergency number. "It i highly unlikely you will need to call th police—they are everywhere."

If West Berlin is filled with greenery downtown East Berlin has few trees The center of town, the Alexander platz, is a large asphalt patio. Cars ar scarce. The most visible is a petit plas tic item manufactured in East Germa ny and unavailable in the West Especially when it accelerates, the Tra bant, as it is called, sounds as if it i powered by rubber bands. Among th familiar Western establishments un known here are photocopy shops, be cause in the East you cannot reproduc or print without a special license.

If you try to make a telephone call t West Berlin, you will get a stark intro duction to current local politics. Sinc West Berlin regards the East as an in trinsic part of the city still governed b the occupying powers, a telephone ca to East Berlin is charged at local rates However, since East Berlin regards it self as the capital of a separate country a call to the West is billed at the inter national rate, which is several time more expensive.

A major difference between the tw Berlins lies in their separate percep tions of World War II. If West Berli was slickly reconstructed as if to creat the illusion that there had not been war. East Berlin is filled with ominou mementos. Just inside Checkpoint Char lie, at the first major cross street, is five-story building whose lower floor have been reconstructed, while the to floors are only twisted metal beams Elsewhere in East Berlin there remai the façades of bombed-out buildings such as the one on Oranienburger strasse, within walking distance of th Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof, which wa once Berlin's largest synagogue. O the façade is a sign reading NEVER FOR GET THIS. One imagines the tempera ture must vary from one side of th Wall to the other, so different are th climates.

You will have to spend those 25 marks you were forced to exchange because you're not supposed to tak them back. Unless you have a tast for Teutonic restaurants, it will no be easy. Unlike the West, stores ar scarce, and merchandise is limited The bargains are books and musi scores, especially of the classics, which

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are much cheaper here (even at the one-to-one exchange rate). A hard-bound score of Handel's *Messiah* cost me seventeen marks.

One problem if you don't speak German is that local clerks, who are generally more adept at Russian than English, will not warn you that many items cannot be legally exported. On the other hand the border inspectors are not as fierce as they initially seem. One night I returned with some cheap canvas slippers. When the guard saw "shoes" listed on my declaration sheet, he asked to see. "Nicht gut," he said as he disappeared into his office to return with a small list in English itemizing what was forbidden from export. Since I saw only "footwear," I told him in simple English, "Shoes OK, no shoes." Puzzled, he looked at the list, then ordered me to take my shoes through.

Another time I made the mistake of telling the exit inspector that I was a writer. That prompted him to ask to see my personal notebook. When he came across a list of names with telephone numbers, he asked who they were. I made another mistake by identifying them as fellow writers. That cost me a trip into an examination room, while he spent perhaps twenty minutes carefully examining everything I had, especially the pages of my notebooks and the books I had purchased. Not until I got to the other side did I realize what he was looking for—manuscripts of books that cannot be published in the East. (Many West German best sellers, such as the novels of Stefan Heym, come from writers who are resident in the East and, like Heym, forbidden to publish there.)

One difference between East Berlin and Russia is that you don't feel alien as a Western visitor. You don't feel that someone is following you, reporting on your presence, because in East Berlin many Westerners are always present. East Berliners are not reluctant to talk with you, especially if you speak German, for here, unlike in Russia, an official is unlikely to ask why an East Berliner is talking to a Westerner. On the other hand the streets of East Berlin are deserted in the evening, even in nice weather. Cafés are few, discos furtive, bars empty, because nightlife takes place mostly within people's homes. In more than two dozen trips into East Berlin the only place at night I met strangers who became friends was at the synagogue on a Friday evening. Rumor is that most East Berliners are watching West German television (itself an indication that no other Eastern capital has such a close relationship with the West).

In the evening, to be there by midnight, you will cross back over into West Berlin. You return to a place that is lively at night—well into the night—and that will seem ever more special after a day spent in the other world. □



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HOLLAND'S FEAST OF LIFE

The extraordinary appetite and eating habits of the Dutch in their golden age

By Simon Schama



Feast and frolic in Jan Steen's *The Dancing Couple,* 1663

Innkeepers often die popular, and Gerrit van Uyl was no exception. Even by the liberal standards of small-town wakes, his funeral at Sloten in Friesland on May 21, 1660, was a bumper send-off. According to a contemporary, the procession extended a full 56 roods, so it must have included virtually the entire town together with patrons from far and near—with the local vagabond population bringing up the rear. This, then, was a large company—some hundreds of Frisian countryfolk. But even so, Van Uyl's estate had seen to it that they were decently catered. The bill of fare included

20 oxheads of French and Rhenish wine
70 half casks of ale
1,100 pounds of meat "roasted on the Koningsplein"
550 pounds of sirloin
28 breasts of veal
12 whole sheep
18 great venison in white pastry
200 pounds of *frikadellen* (mince meat)

together with bread, mustard, cheese, butter, and tobacco "in full abundance."

This was *overvloed* with a vengeance, eccentric rather than typical, an act of valedictory largesse on the part of a genial host who wanted to commend himself to his local version of posterity. The source in which the feast is reported, moreover, is not altogether reliable—being a popular compendium of oddities and caprices. But the Dutch reputation as hearty trenchermen specializing in quantity rather than finesse was not wholly fanciful. It is more reliably known that in 1703 the deacons of the guild of surgeons at Arnhem—at most seven men—got through, at one sitting, fourteen pounds of beef, eight pounds of veal, six fowl, stuffed cabbages, apples, pears, bread, pretzels, assorted nuts, twenty bottles of red wine, twelve bottles of white wine, and coffee.

The Dutch, it was thought by most other European contemporaries, did not pick at their victuals. In caricatures they were almost always depicted as guzzlers and sozzlers, as imposingly broad as they were dauntingly tall. The learned naturalist and indefatigable traveler John Ray was particularly offended by the spectacle of their continual cramming, especially "Dutch men and women . . . almost always eating as they travel, whether by Boat, coach or wagon." And what they ate was crude and substantial: the ubiquitous salad (*sla*), meat stewed in "hotchpots" (*hutsepot*), "boil'd Spinage, minc'd and buttered (sometimes with Currants added) . . . the common people [feeding] much upon Cabilau [cod] and pickled herrings." Even more formidable and copious were Dutch cheeses, yellow discs, red-rind spheres, cumin-studded, and "Green cheese said to be colored with the juice of Sheep's dung" all "scraped upon bread buttered and so eaten." No wonder, the

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observed the pop- for the most part big-boned and gross-bodied," a characterization which congealed into the familiar stereotype of the stolid, heavy, phlegmatic, and torpid Dutch, whose pulse was quickened only by the prospects of profit and guzzling.



Oysters, ham, and wine in Willem Claesz Heda's *Still Life,* 1656

It was the sheer scale of Dutch banqueting that made even eighteenth-century British visitors (who prided themselves on ample girth and keen appetites) gag. For a moderate company, groaned Joseph Marshall in the 1770s, courses set at table were not of eight or ten dishes but twenty-five or thirty. Should there be the least pretext for a great feast—the birth of a child, the arrival home of a relative or a fleet from the Indies—then all the stays were loosened. "I was present at one of these feasts in Amsterdam," he marveled with the tone of a survivor rather than a celebrant, "where I believe eight tables were four times covered and each course above an *hundred* dishes." So much for Calvinist frugality.

It was notorious, as the Spectatorial moralists of the eighteenth century complained, that in what they took to be its periwig decadence the republic had succumbed to all manner of vices, among which swinish gluttony was by no means the most reprehensible. But superabundance of food—the glutted kitchen—was an ancient theme in Netherlands culture extending back to the great medieval guild feasts of Flanders and the country *kermissen* (carnivals). Notwithstanding the displeasure of both reforming Catholicism and militant Calvinism, the old ebb and flow of feast and fast was preserved, albeit in manifold variations, in popular habits throughout the period of the republic. There had been, in any case, a sort of self-adjusting gastric equilibrium built into the pre-Reformation festive and religious calendar in which the excesses of carnival feasting were offset by the austere regime of Lent, the two tempers meeting at Vastenavond, Mardi Gras, after which the ashes of Wednesday would be scattered on the detritus of its fat predecessor. The contest of manners—pagan grogging and pious atonement—was painted by Bruegel in the *Battle of Carnival and Lent.* Carnival sits astride the festive cask, his skewer packed with trussed capons as he jousts with *magere Lent,* skinny Lent, whose weapon is the griddle on which reposes the penitential herring. Hans Wurst, Mynheer sausage, was the earthy incarnation of flesh, offal, and blood, all packed tight inside the case of skin, the lord of hibernal warmth and saturnalia, inaugurated on Martinmas, the eleventh of November in the midst of *slagmaand,* the slaughter month, when the fatted ox met the knife. He existed in a dialectical twinship with *pekelhareng,* the briny fool of fish: capricious, mercurial, mock-solemn, jackanapes-wry.

In many Dutch paintings items of food operate as moral pointers. Calvinist moralist Johan de Brune, in his *Emblemata,* showed a maggoty cheese to invoke, as was customary in these didactic conflations, two morals, one in the *inscriptio* and another in the *subscriptio.* The emblem reads, literally, "Too sharp makes jagged." The primary moral argues against the decay that produced the verminous swarm, but the secondary, more essential, point was to warn against the bad ideas produced by soured great minds. Other foods were used in similar fashion. The overblown fruit in Roemer Visscher's *Sinnepoppen* (Dolls for the Spirit) has the self-explat atory legend "Early rip early rot." In other plac crabs could stand for sic winding unchristian or regular upbringing an behavior, oysters for lus onions for tear-provokin peccadilloes, and bunch of grapes held by the ste both for premarital chast ty and marital fidelity.

There were also son foods that moralists ar especially Calvini preachers regarded as n only reprehensible b dangerous. Exotic, esp cially East Indian, spic like cinnamon and mac with their heady fragrance and paga origin (unlike homegrown roots ar legumes) were to be mistrusted as lik ly to beguile men away from hon cooking and plain morality. Sauc prepared to disguise or dress up ho est-to-goodness meat and vegetabl were denounced in the same tern used to deplore facial cosmetics an dyed wigs. But the great enemy, a tir less worker for Satan, was sugar. Pou ing into the republic in sufficie quantities to reduce the cost factor su ficiently to reach tables of the "mi dling sort," Brazilian sugar pandere to the already well-established Dut hankering for confections and delic cies. By the 1640s there were alreac more than fifty sugar refineries opera ing in Amsterdam, and traditional f vorites like waffles, pancakes, an *poffertjes* could be supplemented wit dustings of sugar or coatings of car melized sauces. Cakes and biscuits th had gone unspiced except for the occ sional sweetening of honey or, for th rich kitchen, saffron and anise coul now include chips of candied fruit unheard-of combinations of Orient ginger and Occidental molasses.

Travelers to Holland in the sever teenth century often commented o the surprising variety of the laborin people's diet. Diderot was amazed t see workers in the towns, *boers* in th countryside, and fisherfolk eatin fresh and cured meat and fish, fres vegetables and fruit, butter, eggs, an cheese as a matter of weekly routin



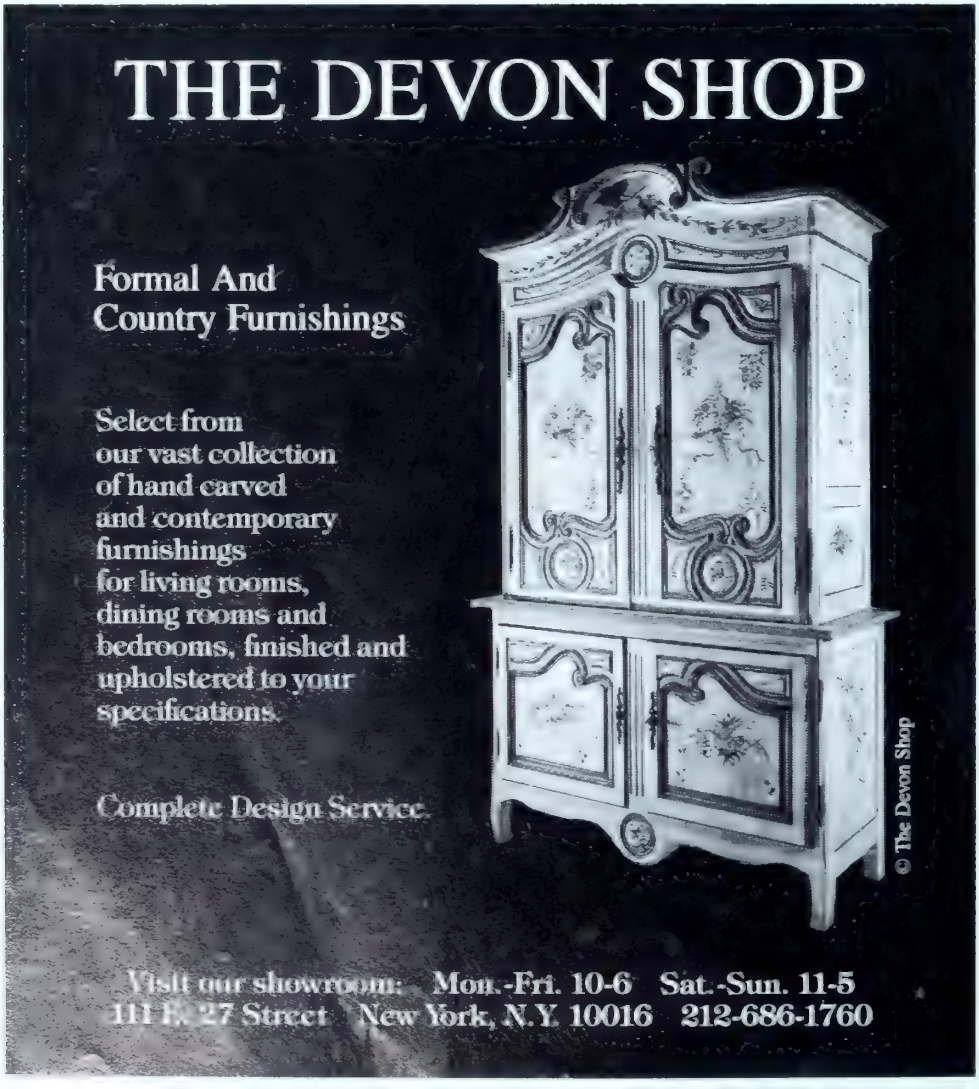
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! mullet, he was horri-
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nsumption. "The Dutch who are epicures in fish," noted the English traveler Nugent, "are so nice that they buy none (at market) but what are alive. So that if any are dead they either throw away or are sold to the poor for a trifle." There is no doubt that in the seventeenth as in the eighteenth century a wide variety of fish, fresh, cured, and marinated, was an essential part of the protein intake of the common people. Fresh sole, plaice, dab, flounder, haddock, cod, and turbot, as well as mussels (considered the most wretched food), oysters, lobsters, shrimp, and crab were cheap and abundant in the maritime provinces.

Given the high-yield productivity of the Dutch dairy industry, butter and cheese would also have been within the range of at least skilled-artisan families, although some of the very best produce was reserved for export. Sweet-milk cheeses like Gouda sold in the most expensive years for around two and a half stuivers an Amsterdam pound, and cumin-studded and green cheeses for rather less. Butter was dearer at five stuivers the pound but still no luxury, and real aficionados of the breakfast *banket* took pride in offering several types of butter—Delft, Texel, Goudse—to their guests. A real social divide, though, existed between households that used butter only for spreading on bread or soft biscuits and those who could afford to substitute it for lard in cooking and pastry making.

Meat was not wholly out of the question for a Dutch artisan and a regular part of the diet of a modest burgher, a small shopkeeper. Many urban as well as rural families invested in an ox or at least a pig in October, and after the *slagmaand* in November made full use of it in offal, sausages, and cured meat to see them through the winter. Smoked meat—ham and bacon, preferably on the fatty side—was a standard item in the weekly regime, but even fresh meat was not inconceivable for the household of a skilled worker or guildsman. A chicken, for example cost eleven stuivers at market in mid century Delft, and a pound of veal jus four, representing respectively a thir and an eighth of the skilled artisan' daily wage. Fresh vegetables—onions white and savoy cabbages, root crop like parsnips, turnips, beets, carrots and salsify, legumes such as peas beans, cucumbers, endive, scallions and leeks—were all cheap and com monplace thanks to the prolific horti culture in which Holland, Zeeland and Friesland specialized, and the in tricate network of canals made market ing cheap and efficient.

Fruit was equally abundant. Or chards in the vicinity of the towns pro duced apples, pears, plums, and nuts and it was common for burghers at an rate to add cherries and berries t sweet or sour cream at summer break fasts. Pea and prune soup was an old favorite, as was roast pork stuffed with prunes, and minced ox tongue with green-apple sauce was a great delicacy Fruit was occasionally the object o suspicion. In 1655 the notion that blue plums, damsons, and black cherries had been responsible for a particularly severe outbreak of the plague (presum ably because of their analogous resem blance to buboes) led to their being temporarily banned from market stalls in Holland. The more exotic the item, the more easily such anxieties could be aroused, especially when medical man uals were as much moral tracts as scien tific treatises. Reports of beriberi from the Indies terrified the metropolitan population, and although the pineap ple was fairly well known among the elite, having been successfully grown by Paludanus in his garden at Enkhui zen and ripened by Pieter de la Court, its slightly daunting appearance at tracted a great deal of hostility. Bon tius, for example, argued that it was the carrier of many kinds of gastric and dysenteric infections from the Orient. But part of the appeal of exotic fruits was, of course, precisely their "danger ous" qualities, which recommended them to the courageous. Other fruit that had been regarded as luxurious and priced accordingly—melons, or anges, and grapes—became abundant and relatively inexpensive by the last third of the century. Melon juice, in deed, was another somewhat surpris ing staple of many Dutch recipes





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Berkshire Lighting Gallery
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ly cooked stews. As- lready a major crop in the h and west of Holland, though globe artichokes (their thistlelike foliage resembling, of course, the pineapple) had a more difficult reception, being denounced by Father Cats as an aphrodisiac though celebrated by Dr. van Beverwijck as a panacea.

Beverages changed little until later in the century, and then only for social groups well above the level of shopkeepers. Tea, which became familiar in the republic through Dutch travelers and colonists in the Orient, was first recommended by moral physicians like Johannes van Helmont as a restorative against loss of body fluids from excessive sweating and purges. It remained, however, a panacea strictly for the few during the first half of the century, and even in the 1660s, when enough tea was being shipped by the East India Company to send the price plummeting from a hundred guilders a pound to ten, it remained too expensive to replace ale as the drink of the people. Unlike tobacco, which was also much praised for its medicinal properties, tea remained immune from any *odium theologicum*. In fact its most ardent enthusiast, Cornelis Bontekoe, thought that no harm could come of it, however much was drunk. Eight to ten cups a day he thought the minimum for one's health, and fifty to two hundred cups perfectly reasonable. He himself followed his own counsel so literally that in 1696 the *Haagsche Mercurious* reported that tea had so dried his "balsamic sap" that his joints rattled lik castanets.

Coffee took longer to catch on, eve though the writer Blankaart insisted was the healthiest drink in the worl especially fine for staving off "molc joints" and scurvy, and lived up to hi claim by drinking no fewer than twel cups a day. It was not until the earl eighteenth century that coffee club for both men and women (though sep arate) started to spring up in towns lik Rotterdam and Amsterdam, wher modish types would sip it, heavil spiced with cloves, cinnamon, an ginger and sweetened with honey Milk was readily available, of course but even in the paradise of the cow physicians differed sharply on the wis dom of drinking it, especially undilut

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WINDOWS ARE BACK



THE NEW AMERICAN HOME

SUNGATE® COATED GLASS FROM PPG ALLOWS HOMEOWNERS TO ENJOY MORE WINDOW AREA WITHOUT SACRIFICING ENERGY EFFICIENCY.

Today, windows are being used in increasingly innovative ways. Nowhere is this more evident than in this year's edition of The New American Home—a showcase of new products and construction ideas at the National Association of Home Builders' Convention and Exposition in Dallas.

The windows contain a special low-emissivity (low-E) product called Sungate coated glass, which is made by PPG Industries. It is aptly named because the coating acts like a gate. It opens wide to let the sun stream in. But it closes when the heat tries to get back outside, locking in the energy.

Not too long ago this dramatic use of glass would have raised some eyebrows. That's when the concern was about high energy costs, rather than architectural style and grace. But now homeowners can have the best of both worlds.

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The sweep of glass is both high and wide

"We used a lot of glass to encourage the visual as well as the physical relationship between the exterior and interior of the house," explains project architect Jeff Berkus of the Berkus Group Architects, Santa Barbara, California.

"We wanted to use natural light because it makes a big difference. If a home feels dark in mid-day, people aren't as happy with it. We also wanted rooms without borders, so we used glass to define wall planes so there is a free flow of space."

"We would have been in an energy pickle had we used standard double-glazed windows, or even conventional triple-glazed windows. But PPG's low-E coated product, Sungate glass, allowed us to use even more glass area in a given square footage without having to worry about energy loss."

He believes that Sungate glass will permit architects and builders to use windows once again as dominant architectural elements. "The window never really went away, so to speak. But windows got smaller, and they could no longer be used to define space effectively," he explains. "Now, instead of being forced to fragment the landscape by framing windows only on certain elements, this new energy-efficient glass permits us to use wider expanses of glass so the resident can enjoy the entire landscape."

The 3,600 square-foot New American Home has more than 575 square feet of window opening area in 23 windows of various sizes, three French doors and two sliding glass doors. Total glazing area is about 16 percent of conditioned floor area. By comparison, the average single-family home today has an average glazing area of 10 percent.



Large expanses of glass are featured in the bay windows of the dining room and master bedroom. "Half-circular walls of glass in these areas project into the landscape, providing residents with sweeping views of the pond and man-made creek that surround two sides of the house," says Berkus.

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Sungate—a glass for all seasons; all reasons

Sungate glass is coated by depositing microscopically thin layers of silver and other metals on the glass in a vacuum chamber. When the coated side of the glass is properly sealed within a double-pane insulating window, it is completely protected from scratching or discoloring.

The coating permits most of the sun's visible, short-wave energy to be transmitted through the glass and into the house. But it also helps keep indoor heat, which is long-wave energy, from escaping. That's "low emissivity," or more simply "low-E" glass.

THE PERFECT GLASS FOR WINTER

During the daytime, Sungate coated glass allows the sun's light and heat to travel through the window and be absorbed by objects in the room. Later, especially at night, the carpeting, furniture and other objects in the room re-radiate the energy at lower temperatures as long-wave infrared rays, which try to escape back through the window to the cooler, outdoor side. But when it does, the "gate" that opened earlier to let the energy in now closes, trapping not only the free solar energy inside but also the expensive heat generated by the home's heating system and appliances.

Window U-values are the measure of heat loss through the window. The lower the number, the less heat loss through the window. Standard insulating windows made with uncoated glass have a U-value of 0.50. The Sungate units in the windows of The New American Home have a U-value of 0.32, a 36 percent improvement.

AND PERFECT FOR SUMMER

On sunny summer days, the temperature is usually greater outside than indoors. Sungate coated glass reduces both solar and conducted heat gain for a greater reduction in relative heat gain through the window than uncoated windows. So, there is less heat entering the house through the window.

In summer, high levels of long-wave infrared rays are re-radiated from driveways, rooftops, and other outdoor surfaces. Sungate coated glass works to block these re-radiated rays from entering the house through the windows.

On those rare occasions in the summer when indoor temperature is greater than the outdoor temperature, usually late at night, the glass will keep more conducted heat inside than uncoated glass, but this amount of heat is so small that it is offset many times over by the reduction in solar heat gain that occurred during the day.

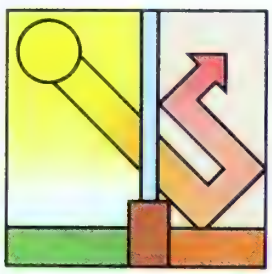


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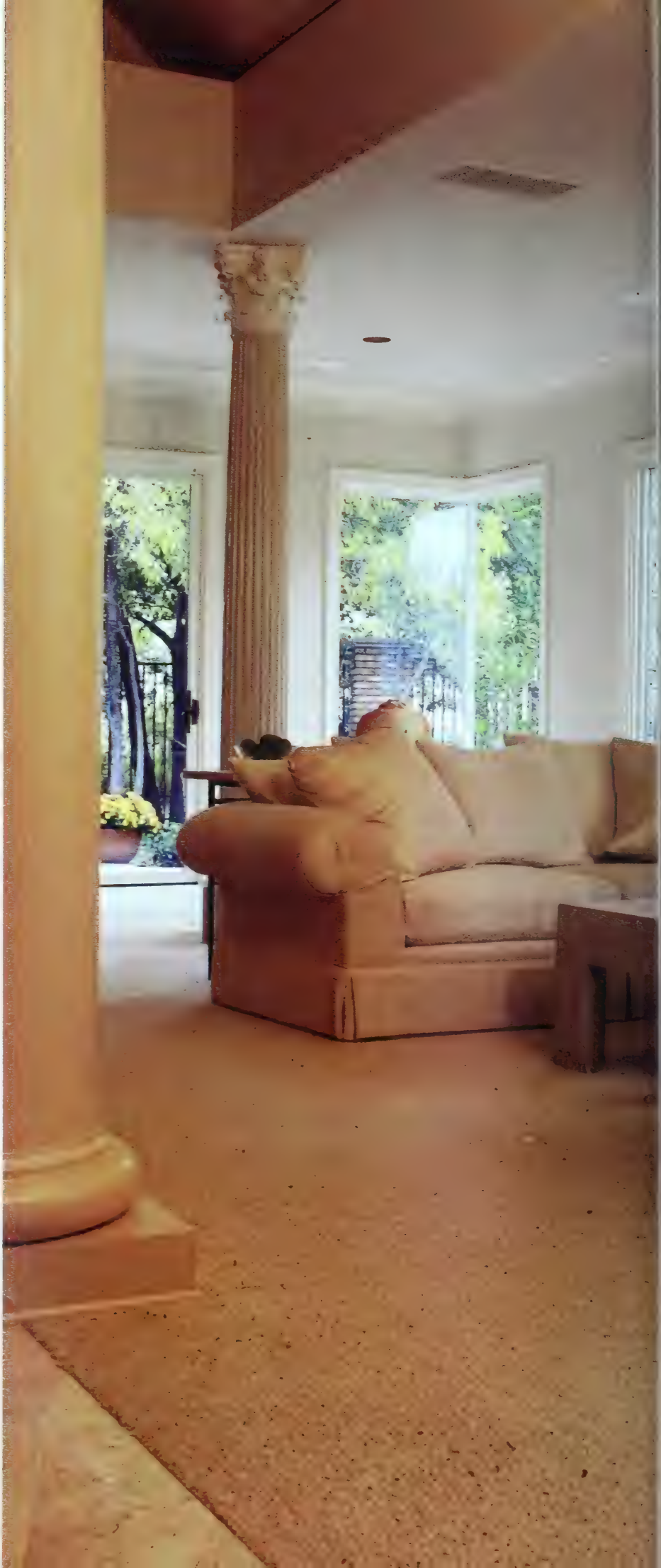
A lifestyle concept broader than energy savings

The beauty of windows using Sungate glass goes far beyond energy efficiency and architectural good looks. Besides its extraordinary thermal performance, Sungate glass affords greater comfort by eliminating the chilly feeling that you can experience when you are near a conventional window during cold winter days. The coating actually keeps the room-side surface of the glass warmer, and reduces condensation.

Because it also limits the amount of ultraviolet light coming through your windows, it helps reduce the fading of fabrics in your curtains, carpets and furniture. And, best of all, Sungate coated glass is not visibly reflective. It has the clear look of traditional windows.

Sungate coated glass seems to be the right product, not only for The New American Home, but also for all new American homes. There has always been a strong preference for windows, which people tend to associate with light, beauty, spaciousness, comfort and satisfaction.

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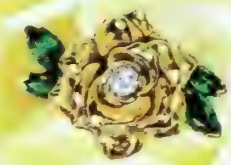


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ed. Dr. van Beverwijck counseled those who insisted on downing it neat to rinse their mouths out with wine afterward if they wished to avoid dental decay. At the very least it was likely to be an improvement on the Amsterdam canal water, which was drunk by the "common sort" of the city despite its notorious foulness and the not very successful efforts of the regents to improve its salubrity. Buttermilk and whey were common breakfast beverages, but the drink most generally recommended for both adults and children was beer. Usually this was made from hops and malted barley in various stages of fermentation, much like modern ale. In some domestic variations, though, fruit and herbs could also be used. The *Verstandige huyshouder* listed at least eighteen types of beer, including those made with marjoram and with rosemary and another with plums, and praised them all as beneficial for young and old alike.

The one dish common to students, professors, and patricians alike—the famous *hutsepot*—was by mid century acquiring the status of a national dish. The meat and vegetable stew was regarded with some reverence as true *vaderlandse voedsel,* analogous to the identification of "freeborn Englishmen" with barons of beef in the eighteenth century. More than a mere comestible, it was a food that was meant, simultaneously, to reflect the qualities of those who ate it and to reinforce those qualities with its sustenance. If the beefed-up John Bull was supposed to be as virile, ungarnished, and bloody (minded) as his chosen food, the Dutch might well have thought of themselves as a hotchpotch commonwealth: rich in variety, harmoniously assorted, hearty, wholesome, sturdy, unpretentious, and enduring. Roast beef was the man of action's heroic dish, commingling muscle and blood, energy and power. The great stews of the Netherlands were more to the taste of ruminative humanism: patiently assembled, eclectic in content, moderately spiced, slowly cooked, and even more deliberately eaten. Paradoxically a somewhat more elaborate variation of the *hutsepot* was commonly assumed in Holland (though with obscure justification) to have been a Spanish dish. *Olipotrigo,* or *olvpodrigo* or *olipodraga,* consisted of a more fla boyant (dangerously southern?) set ingredients, including capon, lam veal *frikadel,* rams' testicles, calv heads, cocks' combs, chicory, endi sausage, marrowbone, and, for spec occasions, artichokes, asparagus, a game, all mixed with four or five e yolks and reduced with sour wine vinegar and melted butter. Missing t one ingredient that might have mark it as truly southern—olive oil—it w in fact an unmistakably Netherlandi stew pretending, not very seriously, be Mediterranean. The purer *hutsep* repeated in seventeenth-century coo books, was a standard formula th could be varied according to the veg tables in season and the availability different kinds of meat:

> Take some mutton or beef, wash it clean, and chop it fine. Add thereto some greenstuff or parsnips or some stuffed prunes and the juice of lemons or oranges or citron or a pint of strong, clear vinegar. Mix these together, set the pot on a slow fire (for at least three and a half hours), add some ginger and melted butter, and you shall have prepared a fine *hutsepot.*

The several treasures of the Dut economy—agricultural, commerci and horticultural—are all represent in the recipe. Dairy food, meat, a fresh vegetables from Holland, spi from the Indies, citrus from the L vant, and wine vinegar from the Me terranean all came together in t meaty bubble of the *hutsepot.* Copio rather than gluttonous, modest rath than mean, the national stew was t perfect way to sanction abundan without risking retribution for gree The old alternation between feast a fast, glut and dearth, carnival and Le was broken by the daily sufficiency th was the peculiar hallmark of the Dut diet. There were still occasions which penitential fasts were called, b these were propitiatory responses exceptional crises (plague, flood, inv sion) brought on by the temporary u doing of that moral equilibrium which the republic's safety normal rested. □

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TRANSATLANTIC TRANSPLANT

Lanning Roper brought American practicality to the Romantic English garden

By Jane Brown





Left: Lanning Roper. *Above:* One of the raised borders that flank the lawn at Hall Place, Hampshire. *Below:* Lavender, santolina, rue in the garden of Mrs. Jack Heinz, Binfield Lodge.

Lanning Roper was a staunchly patriotic American who found happiness making gardens in England. He was born in 1912 in a small New Jersey town and ended his career as garden consultant to the Prince of Wales; his story has a touch of Mark Twain about it. His proud moment was short-lived, however, for he became too ill to help the prince and princess with their new garden at Highgrove and—mourned by the English gardening world—he died in March 1983.

Lanning was a contemporary of the English designer Russell Page, but while Page found his talent more appreciated in continental Europe and America, Lanning's love of practical gardening and his sensitive style were just what English taste needed. He worked for the National Trust, for a bevy of English lords, including Lord Snowdon, and also for Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, Henry McIlhenny at Glenveagh Castle, the Whitneys, Straights, and Jack and Drue Heinz.

Lanning's parents came from generations of New England Pilgrim stock, and his father had a long and respected career as a Wall Street banker. After graduating from Harvard in 1933, Lanning studied architecture at Princeton. He had really wanted to practice landscape architecture—bricks and mortar having little appeal for him—but he was advised that this would not be a good career.

So Lanning, knowing what he wanted to do but unable to do it, took a job teaching at the Buckley School in New York. When the war started, he joined the U.S. Naval Reserve, and in the spring of 1944 he found himself bound for England and the D-day invasion of France. Having survived the terrors of Omaha Beach, he spent the rest of the war on intelligence duties. For a time he was stationed at the Rothschilds' famous rhododendron garden at Exbur in Hampshire, which served as a nava headquarters; inspired by the experi ence, Lanning set out to explore othe English gardens. With the war over bu not without false starts and second thoughts, he decided to stay in En gland and work in the gardens that hac so captivated him.



At age 34 he became a student again learning practical horticulture at Kew and Edinburgh botanic gardens. In 1951 he joined the Royal Horticultura Society's staff as assistant editor, and so began to write about gardens from the heart of the English gardening world. The following year he married the beautiful and accomplished artis Primrose Harley, and they made thei home in Park House, her Georgian cottage in Kensington, London. It al ready had an interesting garden, made by Primrose and her first husband, the garden designer and artist John Cod rington, but Lanning and Primrose to gether made it famous as a country

'm giving you this gold pin because of the way you make me feel. No – too serious. *Because every moment I spend with you is golden.* Nah, too :orny. Something – silly. *Because you always smell so good.* Yes . . . that's it. Mmmm – now when are you going to come out of that shower!

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den in the heart of a city. This gar- and its owners, surrounded by artist, musician, and writer friends who passed through, somehow captured the spirit of hope in the mid fifties. Lanning's first important book, *Successful Town Gardening,* which appeared in 1957, set out to explain the possibilities and perils of town gardening to an eager English public.

On the strength of this book Lanning set up on his own as a garden consultant: he was to make many London gardens, almost always in plain rectangular plots, which by virtue of simple terraces and paths and careful attention to the choosing of plants that would tolerate city conditions became treasured oases. But no other client wanted a tangled green bower quite like that at Park House, until Lanning found himself making one, also in Kensington, for Lord Snowdon over twenty years later.

By the mid sixties Lanning was established and busy in his chosen career. He wrote regularly for *Country Life* and *The Sunday Times* and these connections brought him more clients. He loved the English way of life, and English people loved him—for his breezy American charm, his sympathy and optimism about their gardening dreams, and his ability to give so generously of himself. "One always felt so much nicer for simply being with Lanning" is a remark I have often heard from his friends. His clients invariably became friends, and his friends were legion, but he always gave thanks to two particular people for helping him find his way in English gardening: Sir Eric Savill, then in charge of the royal gardens and park at Windsor, and Barbara Agar, Sir Edwin Lutyens's eldest daughter, who was married to the American historian Herbert Agar. Both Sir Eric and Barbie—as she was called—encouraged Lanning and introduced him to valuable friends.

Lanning introduced many American ideas and plants to English country gardens, yet he was able to make serene and lovely gardens of an essential Englishness. His studies at Princeton in the thirties had given him a rare sympathy for modern architecture and its required planting, yet by another seeming paradox, because he was not



The restored fish pond at Bagnor Manor

an egotistical grand designer, Lanning was the most understanding of garden conservationists. He always made an effort to find American shrubs that did well in English gardens, and then persuaded his nursery friends to build up supplies. In his articles he enthused about *Carpenteria californica* and the equally distinguished *Romneya coulteri.* He was proud to share his native "roots" with *Magnolia grandiflora* and *Garrya elliptica,* and although he found these growing in grand English gardens, his mission was to encourage their more widespread use. It was the same with the wildflowers of his childhood: trilliums, cypripediums, the Virginian bluebell (*Mertensia virginica*), and hepaticas. All English gardeners owe a great deal to Lanning for their present enjoyment of these flowers. On a larger scale, he remembered wild masses of *Cornus florida* and *Kalmia latifolia* from his New England holidays and loved to plant these. He encouraged the use of autumn color, a concept little appreciated in English gardens 25 years ago. Lanning realized that oranges and flames did not look the same in the bluish light of England as they did in the clear East Coast air of America, which made him modify his schemes to set splashes of orange and gold among generous helpings of purples, grays, and good dark greens. But the stars of such plantings were usually his American favorites: the sweet gums, *Liriodendron tulipifera,* maples, various cornus, and *Nyssa sylvatica.*

In country gardens of moderate size (two to ten acres)—the constant thread throughout his career—Lanning developed a personal style that he managed to keep in perfect balance with the individual genius of the place. His signatures became evident but never boring, and his touch brought order and serenity, which enhanced the assets of t particular garden. Most of his garde were made around eighteenth-centu houses, and he was creating exactly t kind of gardens they would have h had not the preoccupation with rolli grass and landscape vistas then h sway. These neo-Georgian gardens noticeable theme in English postw gardening) are a logical sequence outdoor rooms and landscapes in mi iature. Lanning's innate understan ing of the techniques of eighteent century landscape gardeners and l love of flowers made up the requir combination of skills for success.

He never allowed a mean terrace path: his plain stone-paved terrac were in generous balance with the pr portions of the house—with plenty space for leisured lunch parties—a large expanses of paving were soften with clumps of aromatic shrubs or h izontal junipers and furnished wi stone vases or his favorite white woo en Versailles tubs filled with colorf geraniums and silver foliage. Flowe en masse were never far from the hou and terrace—he liked every garden have one spectacular mixed bord where old shrub roses, potentillas, e callonias, phlomis, and choisyas cou jostle iris, peonies, mallows, ery giums, lavenders, and rock roses. H did much to popularize this mixed bo der in England because he was alwa well aware of labor saving as a nece sary fact of life and also keen to give h clients spectacular beauty and colo His very favorite border colors were mix of gold, orange, gray, and silve He liked restraint—he would add pu ples or pale blues to this—but othe wise pinks, mauves, purples, an masses of silver leaves went to anoth part of the garden.

Swimming pools are a common b difficult feature of English gardens- too often seen only as leaf-strewn e panses of useless water drenched summer rain. Lanning preferred swin ming pools in separate garden roon and made them deliciously pretty wi roses, clematis, and jasmine climbi the walls and with borders of summ flowers—in this way the pool "room became a pleasant place to sit out well as to swim in. But his preferred u for a walled enclosure was as a *jardi*



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potager, and the revival of this tradition is one of the most delightful of his garden legacies. These enclosed and sheltered garden rooms, with gravel paths between rectangular box-edged beds filled with fruit espaliers and bushes, rows of vegetables, herbs, and masses of edging flowers, were his happiest ways of gardening. He loved cooking and was an imaginative cook, and the *potager,* which combined beauty with use, has proved to be his ideal garden for many late-twentieth-century families.

Perhaps Lanning's most unusual talent was his ability to create garden settings for modern buildings. He was absolutely certain that plants and green sculptured spaces could be manipulated to flatter the exuberant geometry of glass and concrete and in city settings make large-scale buildings much more comfortable for the people who inhabited them. He left two important modern buildings in England the better for his attentions. The first is the Allied Dunbar Centre of 1977–82 in Swindon, Wiltshire, an office complex in the Mies van der Rohe style with a central courtyard, which is actually a roof garden over the car park. Lanning planted the courtyard garden with massive sweeps of texture and color so successfully that the staff use the garden at every possible opportunity, even after hours for evening and weekend parties. The second building required even more skill. In 1975–82 Lanning made the landscape setting for Norman Foster's Sainsbury Centre for the Visual Arts at the University of East Anglia, Norwich. This beautiful "freight shed" of silver steel and glass has been given a landscape of green slopes—with sculptural trees for reflections—bosky woods, and wildflower meadows, which allow it to be revealed in differing moods and guises. It is the greatest pity that Lanning did not have time for more commissions with modern buildings, for he had so much to teach English landscape architects. In America, for pure pleasure and for his friend Peter Palumbo, he created a lovely setting of woodland and wildflowers for Mies van der Rohe's jewellike Farnsworth house at Plano, Illinois.

Lanning always referred to himself as a garden consultant, not a designer. A wartime injury had made it difficult for him to write, let alone draw, and it was typical of him to turn this handica into an asset. He walked his sites, ar then submitted a long report full of e couragement and alternatives. He d not mystify or confuse his clients wi lavish plans they could not understan nor did he seem to impose his will them. His year was filled with visits his gardens, where he was equally home pruning and planting with t gardeners or leading the dinner-tab conversation.

Lanning was a sympathetic conse vationist. For twenty years he advise the owners of historic parks and ga dens, including the National Trust: worked at Castlecoole and Cast Ward in Ireland, Ickworth in Suffol Tatton Park in Cheshire, and at Sco ney Castle in Kent. It might not ha been entirely accidental that tw places where his advice was particula ly valued had American connection In 1982 he made long-term recomme dations for the care of the magnifice twentieth-century landscape garden Anglesey Abbey near Cambridge cr ated by the Fairhavens—Lord Fairh ven's mother was Cara Rogers, a Ne York heiress.

The other garden, which Lannin rescued from the ravages of too ma pilgrims' feet in 1966, the first year was open, was Sir Winston Churchill Chartwell in Kent. Lanning's sensitiv supervision of the laying of acres paving, which he cleverly disguise with bergenias, lavenders, santolina and roses, has allowed Chartwell to r gain its charm and atmosphere an also cope with its many visitors.

At the end of his life I think Lannin wanted to do more gardens in Amer ca. He made a lovely setting for a hous at Highland Falls, New York, whic had been designed by a onetime pup of his, the architect Alexander Perr Morgan Jr. In 1982 he was asked to re store a garden at Mirador in Green wood, Virginia, originally made b Ronald and Nancy Tree in the 1930 Nancy Lancaster, as she became, ha been a longtime friend of Lanning's i England. The circle of taste that sh represented was exactly the world i which he had succeeded, and he ha worked with many of her friends and a two of her famous houses, Ditchle Park and Haseley Court, both i Oxfordshire. Mirador would hav taken him full circle in a way, but was not to be. □





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(Top Left) Philip Jerry in Leonide Massine's Parade. (Top Right) Dawn Caccamo and Glenn Edgerton in Gerald Arpino's Reflections. (Bottom Left) Glenn Edgerton with Dawn Caccamo, Cameron Basden, Victoria Pasquale, Tina Le Blanc, and Jodie Gates in Gerald Arpino's Birthday Variations. (Bottom Center) Jerel Hilding and Edward Sterile in Arpino's The Clowns. (Bottom Right) Beatriz Rodriguez and David Palmer in Gerald Arpino's Valentine. Photos by Herbert Migdoll

ON VIEW

Current exhibitions not to be missed



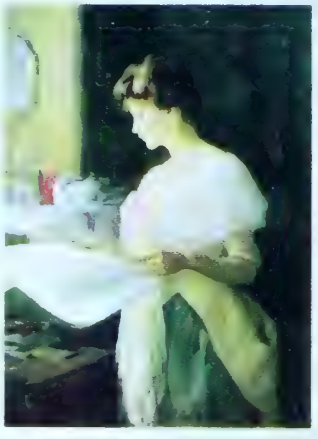
Above and *bottom:* Country house by Thierry. *Left:* Teapot, 1813, school of Weinbrenner. *Below* and *below left:* Margrave's garden house, Karlsruhe, 1800–04, by Weinbrenner.

BIEDERMEIER MEISTER

The furniture of the Biedermeier era—which epitomizes the rise of the middle class in Germany and Austria around 1800—is prized again for its classic simplicity and eminent livability. The less-known architecture of the period has much to recommend it today, too, especially that of Friedrich Weinbrenner (1766–1826). Not as lyrical or brilliant as the designs of his contemporary Karl Friedrich Schinkel, Weinbrenner's schemes were well proportioned, sensibly organized, and perfectly suited to commissions from farm buildings to follies to virtually all the new public buildings in the capital of his native duchy of Baden. "Friedrich Weinbrenner: Architect of Karlsruhe," at Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum through June 14, is taken by curator David Brownlee from the University of Pennsylvania's almost three hundred drawings by the Meister and his followers and accompanied by a fine catalogue ($34.95, $19.95 paper). Most amazing is how the drawings got there: bequeathed by Weinbrenner to his student Ferdinand Thierry, they were willed in 1858 to a descendant who had immigrated to Philadelphia, whence they passed to Penn. *Martin Filler*



CREATIVE EQUALITY



Ellen Hale, *Morning News,* 1905

The National Museum of Women in the Arts, founded in 1981, recently opened in Washington with the survey "American Women Artists, 1830–1930," through June 14. The museum was founded by Wilhelmina and Wallace Holladay, who twenty years ago began an extensive international collection of art by women which became the nucleus of the museum's permanent collection. These paintings, spanning four centuries of European and American art, are superbly illustrated in a beautiful new book (Abrams, $34.95, $24.95 paper). While some critics see segregating women artists in a gender-based ghetto as a setback, the museum is a much-needed venue that will provide greater exposure to deserving talents. In devising its own cross section of the art world, the museum seems no more restricted than the Whitney Museum of *American* Art or the Museum of *Modern* Art. *David Bourdon*



Anna Lownes, *Study of Apples,* 1885–87



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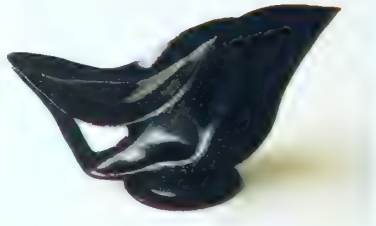
The rediscovered appeal of George Ohr's idiosyncratic work

By Klaus Kertess

The function-defying distortions of George Ohr's pots and their virtuoso glazes have in the past decade beguiled an ever-growing number of collectors. Not only ceramics connoisseurs and Arts and Crafts specialists but also major collectors (and often creators) of contemporary painting and sculpture now compete fiercely for his wares, formerly prized primarily by Ohr himself. Since their rediscovery in 1967, some fifty years after Ohr's death, his pots have grown in status from curios to cult objects to treasures, and today, the man, who during his lifetime was dubbed the mad Biloxi potter, is hailed as a major American artist. His bruising and battering of traditional forms are no longer seen as an eccentric's self-promoting acts but instead are celebrated as an innovative artist's joyous embrace of his material.









Contortion of convention: the potter's self-portrait, *top left,* using trick photography; Ohr pieces from the Martin and Estelle Shack collection.

After a brief stint in his father's Biloxi blacksmith shop, Ohr left Mississippi and went to work for a ship chandler in New Orleans. In 1879 he became an apprentice in a local pottery there. Having quickly acquired the craft, he traveled during the next two years through sixteen states seeking out every ceramic in sight. In 1883 he returned to Biloxi and with virtually no capital constructed his own potter's wheel, clay mill, and kiln. His Biloxi Art Pottery was but one of the many built in the burgeoning American Arts and Crafts movement that followed in the wake of England's crafts revival.

Two years later Ohr's first batch of about six hundred pots was stolen by a fraudulent shipper in New Orleans. Far more serious than this setback was the burning to the ground of his pottery in 1893. The fire, however, seems to have enflamed Ohr's imagination, for phoenixlike he rose from the ashes a completely different artist. Prior to the fire his work was relatively conventional and included such wares as slip-cast pitchers with local genre scenes applied in relief. Af rebuilding his potte Ohr became as ra cally innovative in ramics as Frank Llo Wright (who found his practice in t same year as Oh fire) became in arc tecture.

Pot-Ohr-Ree, Ohr called his n work, subverted t conventional craft pottery. Not for h the simple and di nified handcraft beauty of use impo tant to much of t Arts and Crafts mo ment. Instead aimed for a more a biguous beauty, bas on the pleasures (a problems) of formi the volume of a vess After 1894 it was n truth to material th obsessed Ohr but a dynamic dialog with the material. He adored his p ter's wheel; the precarious paper thi ness of his pots are the work of a mast thrower with hardly an equal in the hi tory of ceramics. However, the reg larity of form generated by hands a wheel is only part of the repertoire th clay's malleability is capable of buil ing. Wet clay responds to the more u restricted movements of the hand the sculptor's touch. With exuberan and irony, Ohr deformed the forms threw on the wheel. Pinches, dent wrinkles, crinkles, folds, furrows, rol and ruffles dissolve and resolve fun tion in the extravagant pleasure of m nipulating material.

Many of Ohr's pots almost total collapse the form made at the wheel

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IRROR: Regency
onvex mirror
rmed by a pair
intertwined
erpents, circa 1820.

ONSOLE:
wedish demi-lune
lt console
ith a marble top,
rca 1800.

HAIRS: Pair
f Regency
ainted and gilded
lismos armchairs,
rca 1810.



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...me make visual puns on ... vessel and are quite spe... ...lly vaginal in their folding and unfolding. (Ohr's erotics are more direct and agitated than the veiled reveries cultivated in Art Nouveau hothouses.) Even when the pristine regularity of the wheel is all but wholly retained, function is undermined. Mugs may have their lips perforated, to defy sipping, or have not one but three handles. A pitcher's spout may be its handle and vice versa. Often reptilian or vegetal, Ohr's handles press in on the vessel's volume to become energized surrogates for the fingers.

At first Ohr coated his pots with clear lead or misty metallic black or brown glazes before they entered the kiln. The smooth, hard glistening of the glaze lubricates the play of light as the eye glides around the irregularities of the surface. The surfaces became still livelier when Ohr began to adapt American spatterware glazes and, more frequently, the free-flowing glazes of Chinese T'ang potters, who



Attracting collectors today: Ohr's unusual forms and extravagant glazes.

were much admired by many of Ohr's peers. There are combinations of yellow and green directly derived from T'ang wares, as well as excessive variegations that verge on the lurid. As if to emphasize that his greatest inventions were his forms, Ohr occasionally eschewed the opulence of spectacular glazes in favor of the monochrome modesty of unglazed biscuit.

Ohr's peers recognized his hig... technical powers, but his joyous distor... tions of forms were greeted mostl... with scorn—a scorn that was exacer... bated by Ohr's antic public behavio... Because he wanted the totality of hi... production to be kept together an... bought as a national trust, he seldon... sold the more elaborate pieces. Instea... he made his living peddling at fair... quite ordinary objects and souvenir... which were frequently lewd. With ... carnival barker's bluster he advertise... his genius and performed wizardl... tricks at the wheel to help hawk hi... wares. He also had a penchant for tric... photography that favored contorte... self-portraits, and these also did no... help gain him acceptance as a seriou... craftsman.

Ohr stopped working sometime af... ter 1906, not long after the Arts an... Crafts movement had turned to a pref... erence for the sturdy simplicity o... Stickley furniture and the stiff Egyp... tian symmetry of the matte-glaze... ceramics produced by the Grueb...

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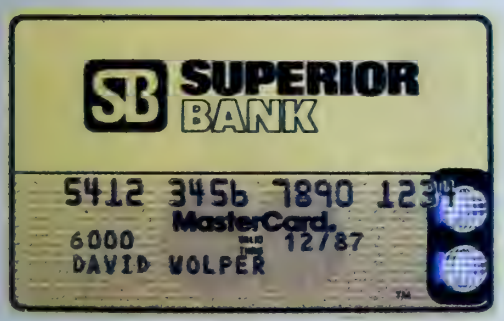
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Faience Company. Ohr died in obscurity, in 1918, at abo
the same time as William Morris's dreams of medieval cra
guilds. Ohr's heirs in Biloxi were entrusted with about 7,0
pots.

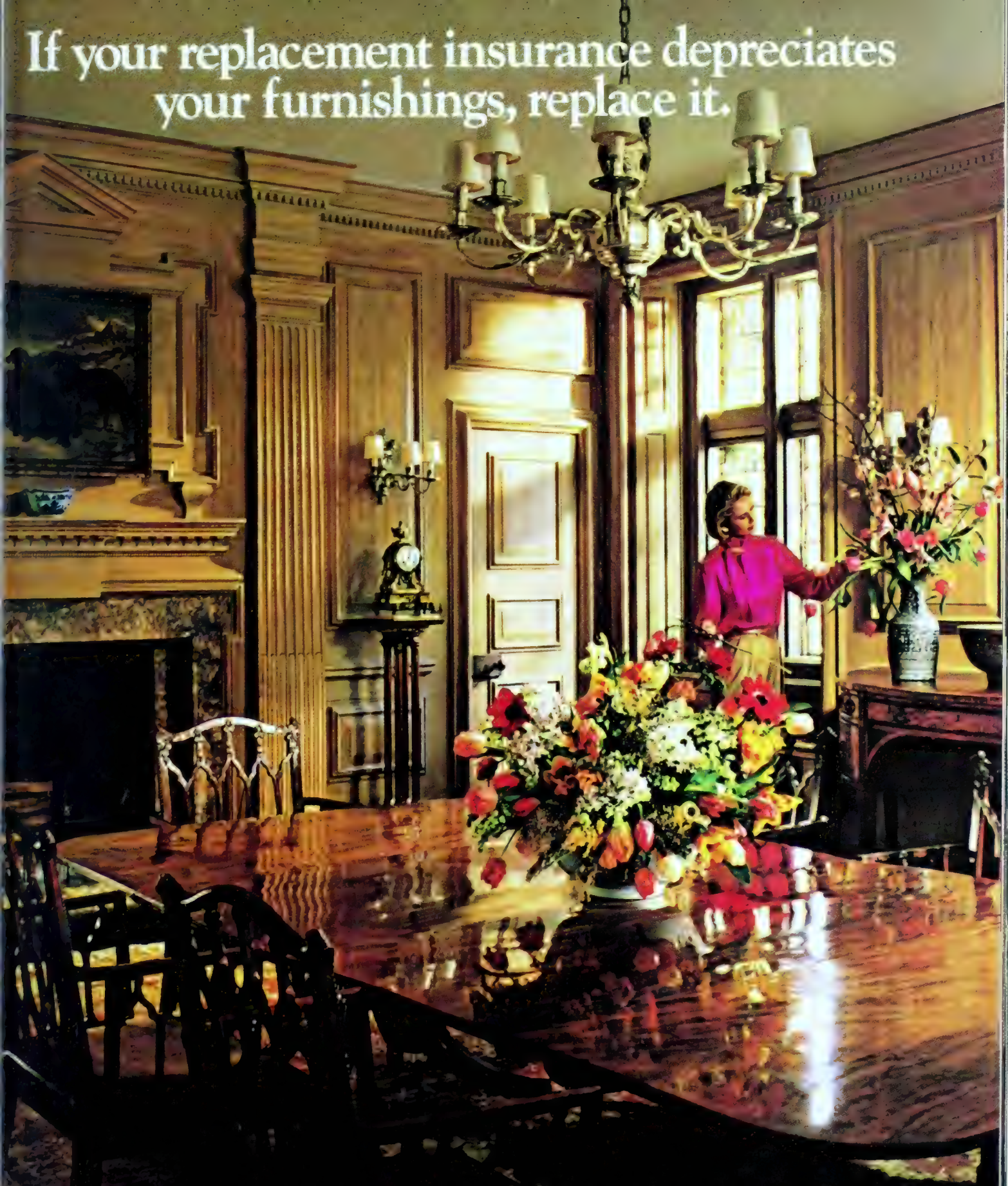
Were it not for the tenacity of an upstate New York a
tiques dealer, Jim Carpenter, Ohr might still rest in oblivio
Just by chance, in 1967, Carpenter stopped for car repairs
the Ohr family garage in Biloxi. Having been shown a fe
pots, he left Biloxi hooked and determined to buy the who
lot. Through persistence he finally won the bulk of the esta
in 1972. Slowly the rediscovery and reevaluation of Ohr b
gan, concurrent with a revival of interest in American Ar
and Crafts. In the beginning Carpenter sold the po
through museum shops at bric-a-brac prices. Then his tro
became known to a small group of cultish collectors wh
kept it a closely guarded secret while making frequent tri
to Carpenter's cluttered premises.

Today Ohr is a seldom-seen star in New York's premi
gallery for American Arts and Crafts, the Jordan Volpe Ga
lery. A major piece with the most luxuriant glaze might w
be in the low five-figure range, if one can get to the galle
before it is sold. Ohr is even honored by forgers. There is
major museum exhibition planned. Together with three co
lectors—Bob Ellison, Eugene Hecht, and Martin Shack—
the contemporary ceramics dealer and scholar Garth Cla
is organizing the show, which will be accompanied by
weighty monograph. Both will draw heavily on Shack's o
verse and comprehensive collection as well as his loving
compiled archive of unpublished biographical materia
Ohr collectors are nothing if not obsessed.

It is not only Ohr's extraordinary skill at throwing an
glazing which accounts for his long overdue adulation. Th
qualities that met with derision during his lifetime proved
be prophetic. Ohr not only raised the late-nineteenth-cent
ry revival of craft to dizzying heights, but his irony, form
subversion, and visceral revelation of the trials and tribul
tions of creating also gave an early push to twentieth-centu
Modernism. One sees echoes of Ohr's work and attitudes
the punning and posing of Duchamp's alter ego Rrose S
lavy and in the melancholy and masterfully ironic painting
of Jasper Johns. (Johns has even included representations
Ohr's pots in recent paintings and has also become an Oh
collector.) Perhaps the closest parallels to Ohr are found
John Chamberlain's crushed and lacquered car-part vo
umes, which the artist began making in the late 1950s, an
also in the strong emphasis on collaboration with materia
seen in the sculpture of the Process artists who came to th
fore in the late sixties. Ohr's revival came too late, of cours
to have had any direct influence on these artists or on th
radical experimentation of the California-based ceramic ar
ists of the sixties. Only Ken Price, who had an Ohr enthus
ast as an instructor at Alfred University in the late fiftie
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prising that many of Ohr's most avid supporters are closel
involved with the contemporary art scene. The virtuosity
Ohr's ceramic skills made, and kept, lavish promises to tra
ditional craft. And the contortions and distortions once con
sidered ugly now claim for him the role of a pioneerin
American master. □

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The entrance hall of Vila Verde is large enough to double as a dining space, seating twenty guests. Floor is stone, wood, and terra-cotta hydraulic. The brick outer walls of the three portions of the villa are lined with a concrete made of local quarry sand, stone, and terra-cotta particles.





THE CLASSICAL VILLA RESTATED

David Hicks's total design for a magical new estate in Portugal

BY MARK HAMPTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

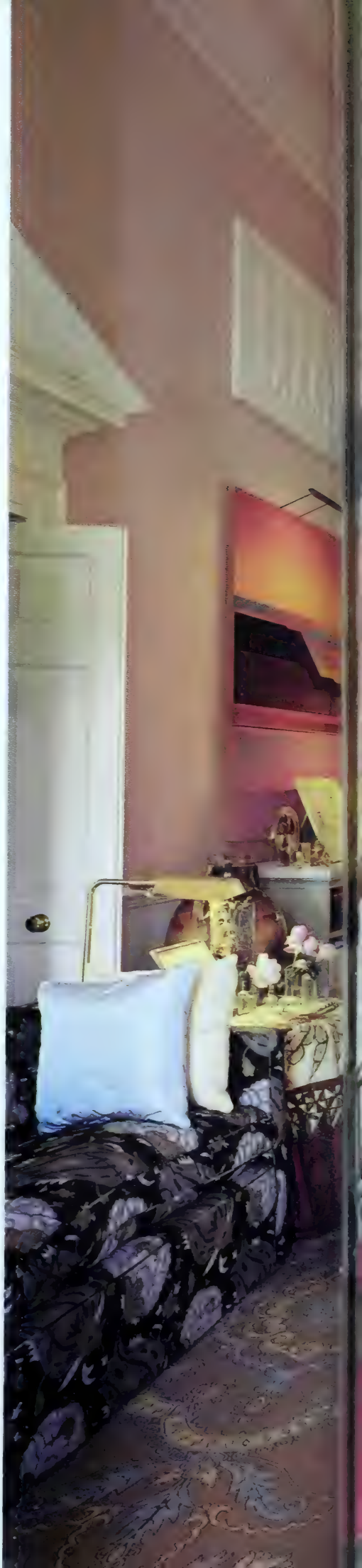
At the beginning of the sixties, a decade before the term Postmodernism was coined, David Hicks was combining strong architectural elements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with contemporary and antique furniture in a way that was prophetic. From the start the Hicks style was bold and solid-looking. Geometry prevailed over everything. The arrangement of furniture, the placement of objects (often the objects themselves), the designs of the carpets, and the patterns of the materials—all these elements shared a strict geometrical quality. The backgrounds against which they were placed were sturdily architectural. Clean moldings were set off by plain expanses of flat color or highly polished lacquer, the latter achieved by coat after coat of carriage varnish. Where no architectural details existed, new ones were created in an idiom that combined the sleekness of the twentieth century with a keen interest in the architecture and decoration of the past, and by the past I

everything from ancient Greece to the time of Sir Edwin Lutyens.

These references to the past often involved an element of surprise. It was a surprise that made one see what was going on. The colors were not the soft glazed hues we associate with the English country-house school of decoration. They were frequently bright or were shades that one seldom saw, like tobacco brown, or were combined in clashing combinations, like crimson with claret or lapis blue with turquoise. The juxtaposition of objects on the Hicks "tablescapes" added to this idea of surprise. Any conceivable country and century might be represented. Furthermore, things of great richness and value would be placed next to odds and ends of no particular worth but of terrific decorative impact. Then there was the way in which a very grand chair or settee would be covered in the simplest rough cotton or linen and trimmed with a favorite coarse linen gimp specially made by Mrs. Meyer in San Francisco or perhaps with nail heads wrapped in the material. One memorable room from about twenty years ago had glorious dark green silk velvet on the walls and a simple patterned cotton on the sofas. The leggy chairs and settees were upholstered in a plain white tweed that looked like muslin from a distance. It was a series of delightful contradictions.

David Hicks's enormous interest in the history of architecture, however, has always been the primary inspiration in his work. His real idols are the practitioners of overstatement—Lutyens, Kent, Hawksmoor, and the like. And there is an entire pantheon of worthy spirits that hover over the extraordinary Vila Verde in Portugal. Like San Gimignano, this lovely house appears and then disappears as one approaches it from below. Because of a portico that closely resembles St. Paul's Covent Garden in London, it is Inigo Jones who first comes to mind. Then, of course, Palladio. When Inigo Jones was born, Palladio had just barely finished the Villa Rotonda, the inspiration for this house. (It fascinates me to think that English Palladianism started so close to the time of Palladio himself.) Vila Verde is proof of the current vitality of that venerable movement.

The interior continues the evocative mood of the exterior. The stair hall reminds one of the seventeenth century and the great divided staircases that were the logical development of Elizabethan stairs. The big room, which is almost a double cube (the proportion that prevents it from being one is its width, which is a little too great), has a spare, monumental quality that is both imposing and quiet. The five round openings and the gigantic cornice immediately draw the eye upward. Then you look around, and you see a room of great comfort with what appears to be a rather normal accumulation of furniture. There is a perfectly good reason for this, because it *is* a normal accumulation of furniture from the owners' previous houses, the most recent of which was an apartment in London, the result of another collaboration with David Hicks. For years his clients, an enchanting Persian couple, have traveled around the world collecting the furniture and objects that have finally come to rest on this hilltop in Portugal. The scrapbooks that trace the designing and building of this villa are packed with sketches and watercolors, cuttings and snapshots, and a general profusion of material that chronicles a three-



Palladio would have called it the *sala*; David Hicks and his clients speak of "the big room." It is close to a double cube in volume, and high round windows are placed on the short north and south walls. These two upper openings are unglazed and open to a second-floor gallery. A bust of George III stands on 1720 English mantel.



architecture has always been a primary inspiration for Hi



The south wall of the big room, *above,* opens to a portico, *opposite,* and the pool, beyond which an ocean view is framed by umbrella pines. Carpet on big room's stone floor is a Hicks design made in Yorkshire.

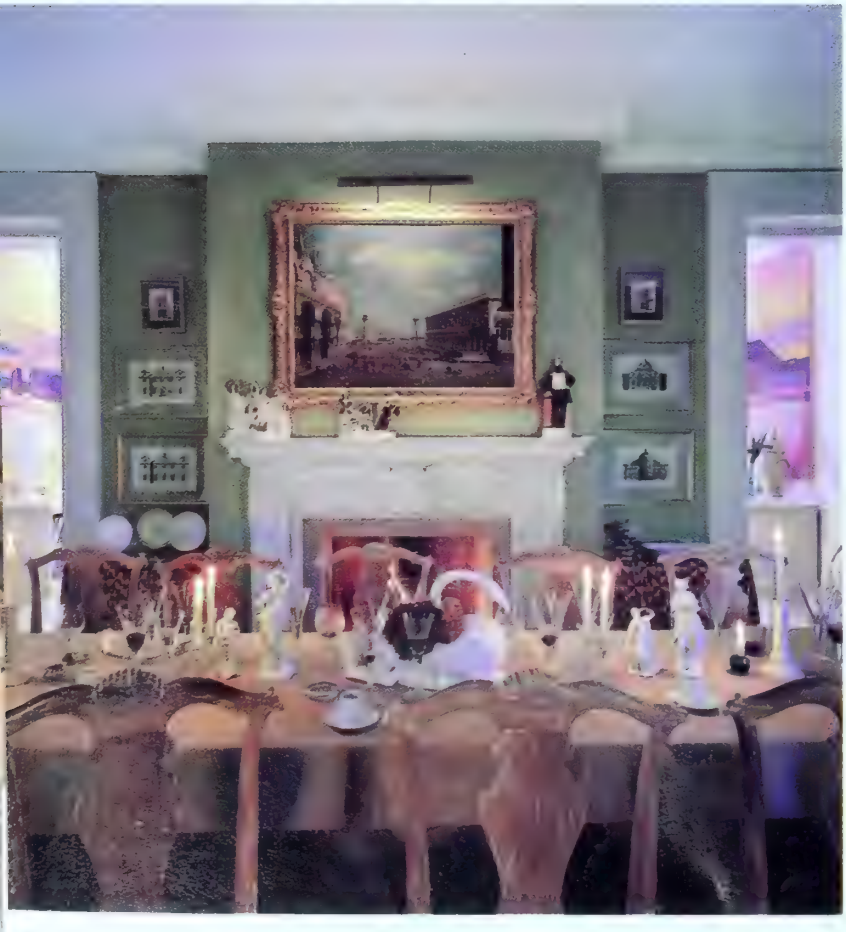




Palladio's balusters were marble; David Hicks's are bold flat wood elements on Vila Verde's divided staircase.



The square card room has pink paper walls, dark silk curtains, a vast collection of framed 1803 engr



Over dining room's early-18th-century English mantelpiece hangs a view of Venice, flanked by architectural prints.



Card room's Egyptian Revival mantelpiece inspire Hicks pyramidal bookcases and choice of Empire

year project full of cheerful enthusiasm. During the 26 years since my first job in the decorating world, which was with David Hicks, I have become accustomed to his virtuoso scrapbooks, and I have been following Vila Verde from the start.

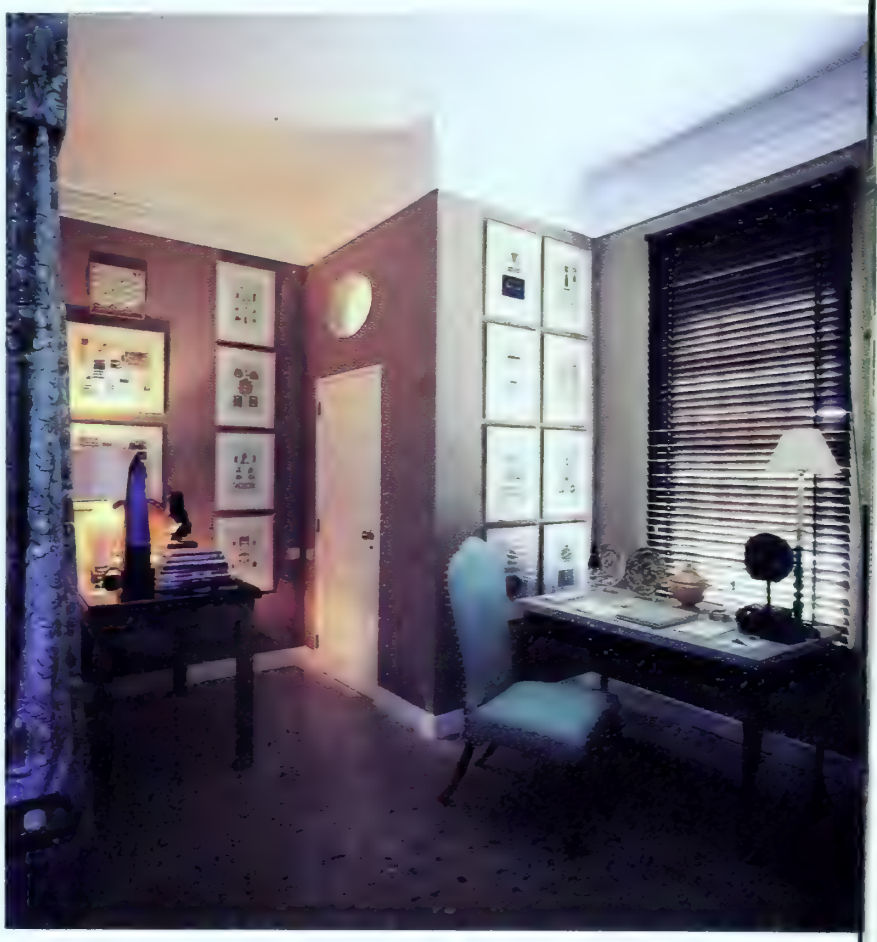
David's lucky clients remind me of the happy couples in early Gainsboroughs, sitting on benches set down in the middle of well-loved fields and meadows surrounded, as it were, by a world of their own making. It is not easy, however, to create a world like this. Imagine the patience required in this day and age to build a house of this sort deep in the countryside of a distant country. The fact that the furnishings and decorations of this neo-Palladian Portuguese house belonging to Persians were collected around the world enhances the mood of being in some unidentifiable realm. It is a place of total eclecticism. The strength of the architectural background allows and unifies all the disparate parts. And, naturally, the sense of precise order plays an important role. This is not a place where you casually drag furniture around without putting it back where it belongs.

All the Hicks contradictions are here. The combination of strict formality and casual informality. Richness and simplicity. Luxury and practicality. The old and the new. The familiar and the unfamiliar. The element of surprise continues to crop up at every turn. The ultimate surprise—and most remarkable contradiction—is the fact that in spite of the great wealth of detail and variety of decoration the mood that prevails is one of enormous calm. It is the reason for country houses, you know: a place to retire to in peace and quiet before returning to the hustle and bustle of the city. The problem is, will they ever be able to tear themselves away from this house? □

Editor: Judy Brittain



In ground-floor guest bedroom there is a marble-encased bathtub at the foot of the bed instead of the usual bench.



Guest room's interior window echoes the oculi in the big public room. Terrazzolike floor contains terra-cotta, stone.

reminds one of the seventeenth century



The white bedroom, *above,* is a Hicks tour de force in which all the whites differ from one another. *Right:* The staircase hall leads to the garden, whose architectural fountain is seen through the open door. Green outdoor "rooms" of grass, hedges, and trees flank the fountain, giving Vila Verde its name.



AS RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE



n eighteenth-century country retreat takes on
e style of a New York fashion designer



BY ALICE GORDON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

Six years ago a New York fashion designer and her husband, a financier, went house hunting on a crisp October day that she describes, in a tone suggesting divine conspiracy, as a "real-estate agent's dream." Their particular agent showed the couple through several fine houses in a historic New England village, but he spoke more fondly of a nearby house that was not on their agenda. A pre-Revolution stone treasure, it had been put on the market, taken off, put back on, and so forth, and its owners were still not sure they could bear to part with it. The designer grew very curious to see the house. And when she did, she started running toward it "like a person in a strange dream."

The couple had to wait to see the interior, but the next weekend they were welcomed into room after splendid room warmed by fires (nine altogether), and autumn sunlight through big windows on all sides. They were told that the house had been designed for a doctor who engaged a Genoese architect to make one of the finest houses in New England. It was constructed by a company of Italian craftsmen between 1757 and 1775 from stone quarried on the property. Once occupied, the house grew in prestige: during the revolutionary war the doctor raised two companies at his own expense and served as captain under Washington in the

A seating area in the living room, *right,* faces a fireplace large enough, according to early records, to hold a sled full of eight-foot logs. *Above:* The circular spiderweb window and the Palladian window below it distinguish the western façade of the historic manor house. *Preceding pages:* A West Highland terrier, one of three dogs in the house, poses on a chaise in the living room, which gives onto a small terrace and a large view.



On the fireplace wall in the dining room, *above*, hang portraits of hunters by the nineteenth-century British painter A. S. Boult. *Below*: Small rose garden to west of house was laid out by the fashion designer after holiday visit to Britain's greatest gardens.

The perennial garden, *above*, has 'Peace', 'Pristine', and 'Queen Elizabeth' roses, bordered by pink begonias. *Below:* The library's old dark carved-wood paneling, c. 1620, was brought to New England from Hawstead House, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.



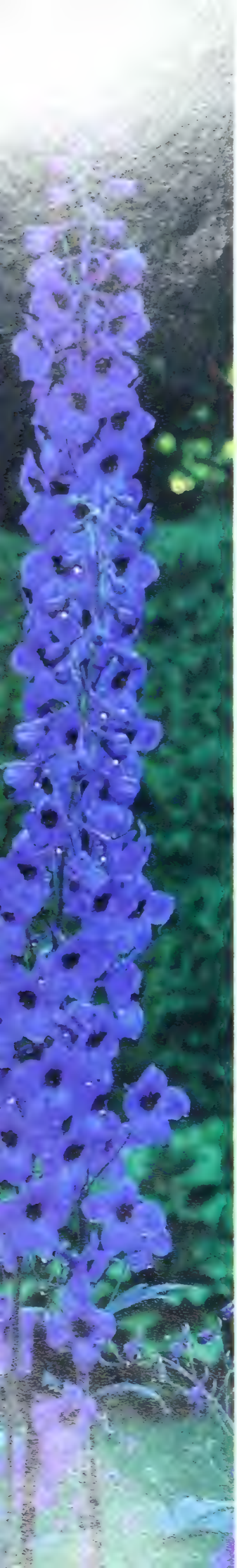
The pool room's voluptuous corner banquettes, *above*, were designed by Fourcade. *Below:* Wallcovering in the green bedroom is based on 19th-century pattern, the dust-ruffle fabric on a document in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs; 19th-century needlepoint runner is Austria





A serene array of flowers in several media brighten the designer's sitting room, *above*, where she often sketches before the re. *Below*: Floral touches also enliven the blue bedroom on the first floor for which Fourcade found a black-lacquer bamboo bed.





Long Island campaign. After the war he used to hold medical meetings in the large garret of the house, which doubled as the town hall at the time. Noah Webster, while teaching in the village, took free board here and worked on the spelling book that was to become his famous dictionary.

But over a hamburger back in New York City, the financier suggested to his wife that the house was simply too *much* house. "Darling," replied the fashion designer, "think about how thrilling it would be to live with so much history and how seldom we will get a chance like this." Won over, the financier negotiated the conditions under which the house was being offered for sale—as only part of the original estate. His counteroffer for the entire estate, including its outbuildings, essentially saved a historic property from uncertain development.

Exhilarated by their new house, the couple nonetheless spent a sobering first evening there as, seated at a rickety table tossed with a swath of chintz, the designer "turned green" and the financier "became more and more downcast" at the prospect of filling all those empty rooms. But, says the designer, "we are both fast and compulsive," and their solution in the light of day was to relax and start shopping. They began small, picking up things on weekends at antiques shops, flea markets, and fairs. As their confidence grew and their house began to take shape, they would also meet at lunchtime midweek in the city to look at a particular piece of furniture or work of art. Travels in England and France produced more substantial pieces, as well as ideas for the gardens.

Before she furnished this house, the designer's taste in interiors had been Victorian, crossing into the eccentric and exotic (she describes an early apartment as "something like a bazaar"). The financier's preferences had been for modern art and furniture. The house in New England clearly had a third, more traditional, point of view. So, says the designer, "I learned to tone down, and my husband learned to warm up." She explored the themes and variations in pattern on pattern and detail upon detail, while he exercised a newfound passion for sport paintings, building a healthy collection that hangs in all but the bedrooms.

Thanks to the additional crucial input of Vincent Fourcade and the counsel of other professionals, the house is now in a completed phase (however, the designer knows that her eye will eventually change, and with it the house). Regular weekends—full of children, houseguests, dinner guests, riding, gardening and reading before fires—must approximate in a twentieth-century way the sense of community this house engendered over two hundred years ago. Desiring to leave more than spirit behind them, the couple have committed to a ten-year landscaping plan, and in this way they continue their partnership with history. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*



As a counterpoint to flowery chairs and bed, Fourcade upholstered the master bedroom walls in a bold printed linen. *Left:* A spiky delphinium in the late afternoon light.





Gae Aulenti's bold but sparing conversion of the old Gare d'Orsay in Paris provides a resplendent setting for nineteenth-century art. *Opposite:* The museum's 19 a portrait by Giovanni Boldini.





AULENTI ASSOLUTA

With her celebrated museum designs the distinguished Milan architect moves to the top of her profession

BY MARTIN FILLER







Aulenti's country house in Umbria, *above,* remodeled by her in 1978 with red stucco additions at right. *Left:* Mao Zedong's bedroom was inspiration for her own, *below. Bottom left:* Masonry walls were left exposed. *Bottom right:* Aulenti sailing.



FRANÇOIS HALARD



FRANÇOIS HALARD



International celebrity in architecture rarely occurs before the age of forty, but it is quite another thing for it to happen all at once at sixty, which Gae Aulenti becomes on December 4. But this turn of events is entirely merited, for each of the Milan architect's most recent designs is larger and more visible than the last. The first of them to be completed was her skillful reworking of the permanent collection galleries at the Centre Pompidou in Paris in 1985. Aulenti's intelligent, low-key solution for creating operable spaces within an abysmal, undefined open plan effectively corrected a major museological disaster. In 1986 her sympathetic renovation of the eighteenth-century Palazzo Grassi on the Grand Canal in Venice into a gallery for changing exhibitions demonstrated her ability to refit a historic landmark no less sensitively than a troubled modern structure. And last December, Aulenti's biggest work to date, the impressive metamorphosis of the old Gare d'Orsay into a new national museum of nineteenth-century art, opened to fitting fanfare in the French capital.

Unquestionably the most spectacular and convincing example of architectural recycling since that concept became prevalent twenty years ago, the derelict Gare d'Orsay (built in 1900 on the Left Bank to the plans of the Beaux-Arts pedagogue Victor Laloux) has been transformed into a resplendent, if somewhat problematic, repository for treasures that pick up where the Louvre leaves off, at the revolutionary year of 1848. The question of how to properly present its masterpieces of the nineteenth century had become ever more urgent of late. The Louvre's nonpareil collection of Impressionist paintings was inadequately (even dangerously) displayed in the makeshift galleries of the Jeu de Paume, an eighteenth-century indoor tennis court. Furthermore, new perspectives on nineteenth-century art have prompted the reevaluation of many academic works long consigned to critical purgatory and, as a result, to the Louvre's storerooms. Clearly the time to take them out again had come.

Though the idea of turning a train station into a museum seems like an odd contortion of architectural function, the choice of the Gare d'Orsay was in fact an



FRANÇOIS HALARD

inspired one. Far more ornate than the iron-and-glass train sheds of the great proto-modern engineers of Victorian Britain, the masonry-frosted Orsay terminal is both monumental and substantial enough to stand up to the most florid and assertive objects housed in it (which, reciprocally, also shine there). As a symbol, it is no less correct: the train station is a building type born in the nineteenth century, and its combination of civic pride and technological optimism makes it the perfect architectural emblem of its age.

Aulenti began with a splendid given, and nowhere is that more evident than at the entry to the 450-foot-long central space beneath the 103-foot-high barrel vault. There the Italian architect's innate sense of history and instinct for theater combine to riveting effect. After removing the train tracks and passenger platforms, she replaced them with stepped parterres and ranks of enclosed galleries with ceilings left open to the overarching roof. Aulenti's monolithic slabs of stone (virtually unadorned save for a few highly abstracted Classical motifs), along with the slanting of some walls, has led many observers to see the scheme as Egyptian or Babylonian in inspiration, an analogy she bridles at. It is not, however, impossible to imagine a grand opera being staged there—Verdi's *Nabucco* or *Aïda* above all.

Less worthy of applause is the handling of the picture galleries, obviously a crucial factor in gauging any museum's design quality. Most unsatisfactory is the lighting by Piero Castiglioni, which ranges from merely adequate to awful. Paintings with a great deal of black in them look best: Courbet's overwhelming *The Burial at Ornans* seems even more majestic at the Orsay than it did at the Louvre. But the incomparable flesh tones of Manet's *Olympia* look sallow in the greenish light, and the fresh green and white of that artist's *The Balcony* are killed by fluorescent glare. The collection of Impressionist paintings—the Orsay's greatest drawing card—is divided in two, with works completed up to 1870 on the ground floor and those done after that pivotal year on the top floor, several flights of escalators above. It is not the most practical arrangement for a public eager to immerse itself in its favorite period without interruption. There are, however, moments of exceptional grandeur which triumph in one's memory: the lively representation of Garnier's Opéra in Paris, with a huge model of the theater and its surrounding boulevards sunk into the floor and covered by thick glass plates one can walk on and peer down through; provocative installations of Art Nouveau rooms and decorative ensembles; and the excellent placement of heroically scaled sculpture throughout. For all its flaws the Orsay fully conveys the incomparable prestige of French academic art in the nineteenth century, which was its greatest glory.

Although she has been a highly respected (if not widely renowned) member of the Milan school since its apogee in the mid sixties, Aulenti has suddenly emerged as a leading exponent of the quintessential building type of the 1980s: the art museum. Her proficient triple play of remodelings has propelled her reputation into the architectural stratosphere, and now her name is inevitably included among the handful of innovative gallery designers of acknowledged world stature: Aulenti, Isozaki, Meier, Stirling, and Venturi. No sooner had the Orsay been officially launched than Aulenti closed up shop in Paris and shifted her major base of operations to Barcelona, where she has begun another major museum conversion. There her task is to renovate the grandiose exhibition hall by Josep Puig i Cadafalch which served as the centerpiece of the 1929 World's Fair. Her new Museum of Catalan Art, encompassing works from the Romanesque to the contemporary, will be as important an addition to the cultural life of Barcelona as the Orsay is to that of Paris.

Understandably the choice of a foreign architect in both instances has caused envious reactions among local professionals who coveted those plum commissions, but their competitive impulses pale beside those of Aulenti's colleagues in Milan. There the peer-group response to her sudden success runs the

Most famous of Aulenti's designs, her Pipistrello (Bat) lamp of 1965, became a best-seller and was in MOMA's 1972 show "Italy: The New Domestic Landscape."



MARTINELLI LUCE

of Aulenti's has a quietly Classical character. Entry hall of Milan apartment, 1969. *Below, from top:* Palazzo Grassi, Venice, 1985–86; apartment-house project, Milan, 1986; stage set for Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Samstag aus Licht,* Milan, 1983; Aulenti's inks and brushes.









gamut from bemused surprise to jealous rage. "Why *her*?" they all want to know, quizzing foreigners as to whether she is known in their countries. But the real key to their invidiousness lies in the pronoun *her*. Architecture in Italy is at least as male-dominated as it is elsewhere, and the notion that the one among them to rise to such eminence is a woman seems especially galling to some of her fellow architects.

She was born Gaetana Aulenti in 1927 in the town of Palazzolo dello Stella, near Trieste. Her father was an economist; in Italy, a country with far less social mobility than the United States or even France, access to architecture even now is largely limited to the upper-middle and professional classes. Although her parents wanted her to become a pianist, she first studied the classics before recognizing her interest in design, and graduated from the Milan Polytechnic School of Architecture at the relatively late age of 27. That year she joined the staff of *Casabella* (one of the leading design magazines documenting the extraordinary resurgence of high-style Italian design in the postwar period), where she remained for nearly a decade. She simultaneously began her own architectural practice in Milan and completed her first building in 1958 for Elena Cumari, a championship equestrienne who has since become Aulenti's devoted office manager. The two-story, tile-roofed brick structure at San Siro (the Italian Longchamps) contains stables on the ground floor with the owner's living quarters above. Its designer's customary lack of concern about prevalent architectural fashions makes it impossible to guess the year of its construction. Though not a copy of vernacular farm buildings, it has the same timeless solidity as the traditional barns of Lombardy.

For the most part, though, Aulenti pursued the multiple disciplines that constitute an architectural career in Italy today. She taught architectural design at the universities of Milan and Venice and lectured in Barcelona and Stockholm. There were occasional interior-design commissions—a prize-winning exhibit at the acclaimed 1964 Triennale in Milan; a glossy, high-keyed Milan apartment for Giovanni Agnelli in 1968–69; a series of showrooms for Fiat and Knoll and shops for Olivetti—but product design proved a more dependable source of income.

By the mid sixties the Italian modern furniture industry was at its peak of productivity and experimentation. Aulenti was one of its most active participants, with an output of over seventy realized designs to date: she has created furniture for Kartell, Poltronova, and Zanotta, lighting for Artemide, Francesconi, and Stilnovo, but her most famous pieces have been her marble Jumbo table for Knoll in 1966 and her Pipistrello (Bat) lamp for Martinelli Luce in 1965. Topped by a translucent Perspex shade recalling the webbed wings of a bat, the Pipistrello lamp became one of the most familiar components of hip late-sixties interiors and was *(Text continued on page 224)*

JACQUES BACHMANN





Aulenti's Minimalist terraced garden for the villa of designer Emilio Pucci at Granaiolo, near Florence, 1969–70. *Right:* The living room of a villa near Parma, 1973–75, is defined by Aulenti's powerful reinterpretation of vernacular timber construction.

CARLA DE BENEDETTI

EMMETT BRIGHT





My garden is a place of sentiment. The poppies came from seed that my mother brought from a churchyard in France



GARDEN GENEROSITY

Maintaining a family tradition, Mary Ley plants and gives with an open hand

BY SYDNEY EDDISON

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY PETER MARGONELLI

Elizabeth Lawrence in *The Little Bulbs: A Tale of Two Gardens* describes the setting in which Mary Clark Ley grew up: "At the top of one hill there is the house, and at the bottom is a clear, wide creek. On the far side of the creek the limestone banks are hung with ferns and wildflowers. On the near side is a little green meadow, long and narrow and embroidered with blue phlox. A broad path winds from the house to the meadow, with gray bridges across the ravines. In the steep places are steps made of great, flat stones drawn up from the creek bottom. From the main path, tributaries lead to other parts of the woods. Along these you can walk up and downhill for hours and never come to an end of squills and daffodils."

This paradise, appropriately named Lob's Wood for the magical forest in J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus,* was the home of her grandfather, Carl Krippendorf and now, thanks to a group of public-spirited citizens, it is the Cincinnati Nature Center. Mr. Krippen-

A blaze of poppies, *Alyssum argenteum, Anthemis nobilis,* and aethionema fill the shallow valley at the foot of an imposing arrangement of local stone.



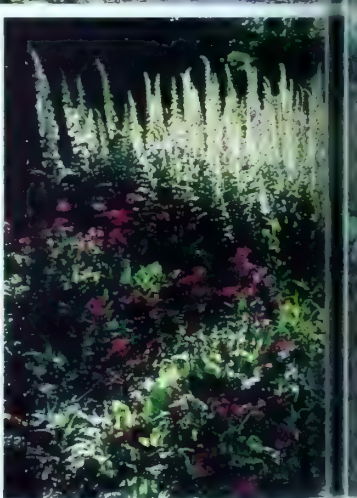












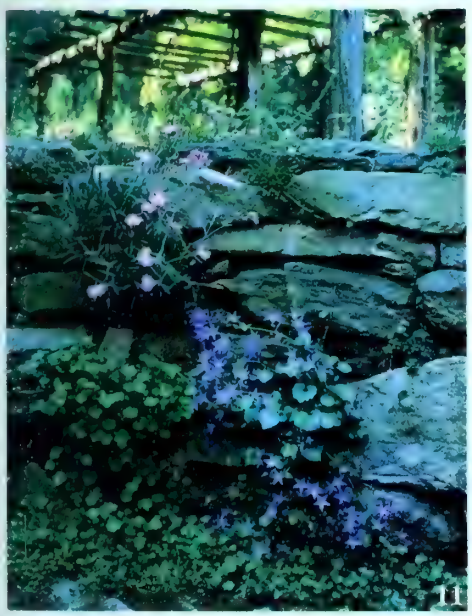
Rock garden accents, 1, fastigiate *Juniperus communis* Hibernica' and trailing *J. horizontalis* 'Procumbens'. 2. Bluebird houses dot meadow. 3. Beyond campanulas and hostas, the view north. 4. Grass-lined gravel [illegible] es silvery thyme, dianthus, allium, iris.

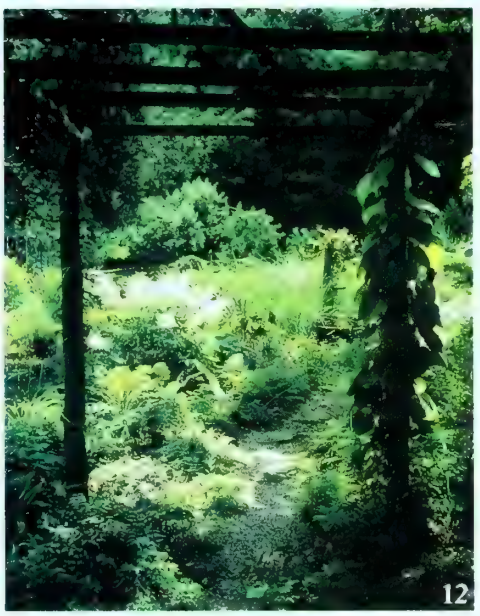
5. Informal planting of ferns, evergreens with self-seeding *Corydalis lutea*. Prostrate cotoneaster is pruned along risers of steps. 6. Thermopsis, coreopsis, and daisies bloom early along meadow path. 7. *Clematis ×jackmanii* amid *Miscanthus sinensis* 'Gracillimus'. 8. Sedum and thyme spill from stone trough.











Texture study: ferns, hostas, hellebores, daylily foliage.
Primula japonica backed by foxgloves in the bog garden.
Flowering wall. 12. Pergola frames astilbe. In early
ing *Adonis amurensis*, species crocus, snowdrops, unusual
fodils bloom under hellebores and hosta.

dorf's extraordinary garden was his legacy to the community and to the gardening public; his legacy to his granddaughter was an abiding passion not only for growing plants but also for sharing them.

Today Mary Ley lives in Connecticut. It is hard to say exactly where her garden begins and ends. In a sense it is a garden without boundaries because her plants are everywhere—in the gardens of friends, neighbors, and acquaintances. She has planted hundreds of bulbs along the village streets where she lives and has even broadcast wildflower seeds along the interstate highway. But the nucleus of her garden is in a clearing in the woods. The house is in the middle and the garden ebbs and flows around it. On the south side the land rises steadily to the 800 feet or so that makes this ridge the highest elevation for miles around.

To the north the drop is steep and the view magnificent. Through an opening in the trees, farm buildings on a distant hilltop are seen against blue ridges that link the Connecticut hills to the Berkshire chain. The swath cut through the woods to open up this vista was originally maintained as lawn, but in Mary's hands it has become a meadow filled with wildflowers. Only a crescent of lawn remains. Below it a path leads down the hill between waving grasses to a duck pond. Strategically placed here and there in the field are bluebird houses, which are occupied every spring.

When the Leys bought the property, the south slope was also lawn, smooth, green, and rock-free. In the autumn of 1981 it became a shambles of sand, gravel, and boulders of all sizes. Looking out on the chaos, Mary's late husband remarked, "In one week you have brought back all the rocks that it took some poor farmer fifty years to remove!" Nevertheless, under the skillful direction of Karl Grieshaber, former curator of the Rock Garden at the New York Botanical Garden, order gradually emerged from the confusion.

Following the contours of the land, he arranged the largest rocks in the form of natural outcrops that mount the hillside to a sandy plateau where a huge shoulder of stone dominates the scene. Next paths and stepping stones were laid out among the rocks, and a



My greatest satisfaction in the garden comes from planning unusual combinations of plant forms and textures



background of conifers was planted just beyond the summit of the miniature mountain. Now these trees blend imperceptibly into the edge of the surrounding woodland.

Access to the rock garden is either by a flight of steps leading up from the terrace or through an arbor of rough cedar posts, which someday will be a bower of golden laburnum. The path beneath the laburnum passes by one of the most appealing features of the garden—a length of hollow log filled with water. The water drips slowly from a bamboo spout set in a post entwined with *Clematis ×jackmanii*. When the cavity in the log is full, the water trickles over the edge, and droplets are captured in the pleated fan-shaped leaves of *Alchemilla vulgaris*. In the background, grasses repeat the watery theme with their fountains of tall elegant foliage.

Mary credits Karl Grieshaber with many of the garden features. "He's the one who said, 'Now why don't you put a trough in there?' And I said, 'Make me a picture.' He made a picture and the next week I had the trough. He made a lot of suggestions—all of which I wrote down—and instead of putting them in a drawer, I went straight out and did them. So I feel that he is very responsible for the way the garden has taken shape."

Beyond the trough the path skirts a broad, shallow valley running east to west. In the early spring the tiniest of daffodils bloom here amid the rocky debris. *Narcissus asturiensis* is one of the most minute with a blossom less than three quarters of an inch across. Later, in June, this little vale is a sea of dianthus, daisies, and poppies in shades of red, orange, pink, and white. The red poppies are grown from seed collected by Mary's mother in the churchyard of Brou in France.

There is always something to see in the rock garden. The spectacular June display is followed all summer long by intermittent bloom against an understated *(Text continued on page 222)*

Subtle contrasts in color and texture enliven a composition of rocks, evergreens, and carpeting plants. Beyond a prickly *Pinus mugo,* soft mounds of *Calluna vulgaris* 'Red Haze', 'Silver Queen', and 'Gold Haze', and *Erica vagans* 'St. Keverne'.

A DECORATING EYE

A House & Garden editor brings light, air, and personality to her New England carriage house

BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND





It looked like a dollhouse that was magically enlarged and set down at the edge of an apple orchard," Kaaren Parker Gray remembers about her first glimpse of the carriage house she bought six years ago. "It was part cottage and part castle, worn and weary with neglect but filled with promise." The house goes back to the first decade of this century when the Italian-born Alfredo S. G. Taylor of Taylor and Levi extensively remodeled a barn on the estate of a prosperous family in a small, hilly New England town. Taylor, 21 of whose buildings are listed on the National Register of Historic Places, seems to have had fun turning a barn into a playful, livable carriage house. Local architectural historians compare this auxiliary building with the rural houses of Charles F. A. Voysey, an exponent of the English Arts and Crafts style who also had a light touch with the vernacular.

Kaaren Gray is a decorating editor who has had a







Frieze found on the property was hung in the living room, *above.* On the walls, restored original wainscoting; on the beamlike pipe enclosures, new wainscoting to match. *Opposite:* Tub chairs and all upholstered furniture come from Italy, a favorite Gray source. *Preceding pages:* John Saladino designed a sculptural fireplace for the lower floor, which had never housed people before.



Wide horizontal boards line the old buggy room, now a kitchen with a U-shape counter and generous open storage shelves. In the c. 1830 Ohio painted cupboard, part of the owner's pottery collection.





long professional association with designer John Saladino as well as a friendship with the Saladino family, now her country neighbors. It was he who first brought the house to her attention, and he became the architectural designer for the Gray remodeling and adviser on aspects of the decoration. He explains, "Kaaren has been my editor for nineteen years. It was my turn to be her editor."

Like most people who buy a vacation-weekend house, Kaaren Gray was looking for country comforts, but going the more usual rag-rugs and calico route did not suit her style. A person most at ease in the unpretentious but highly cultivated rooms of John Saladino and John Stefanidis, one who keeps clippings of Cy Twombly's famous 1966 Rome apartment in her active file, Kaaren Gray is very sure about her preferences. She likes daylight and airiness and whiteness, a whiteness in which a wash of mauve or a row of stoneware jugs is vividly perceived. She likes texture: a scratch-coat finish for her fireplace, sisal on the floor. Also good pottery, old or new, African, Japanese, or American. Also antique wood furniture that is informal but never rustic, simple upholstered pieces with loose covers of elegantly rumpled natural fabrics, and surprising combinations, like silk damask near cotton canvas, but always with a coolness in common.

The house in which these tastes could be indulged had first to be put in order. Alfredo Taylor had designed the lower *(Text continued on page 210)*









The pencil-post bed in the main room, *above,* is draped with a veil of etting inspired by a stay in Mexico. ker rocker is a country-fair find. *Left* and *right:* The mauve bedroom for guests and serves as a showcase for Kaaren Gray's collection old American stoneware. Perforated ıg held spices to be immersed in a large pickling vat. *Opposite top:* ıe house at twilight with front door open. The contractor for the remodeling was E. O. Nelson.





Claudette Colbert at her home in Barbados has managed to create a private world of repose and beauty, sheltered by giant trees and guarded by the ever-changing sea

A WEEKEND WITH CLAUDETTE

WATERCOLORS AND TEXT BY WILLIAM WALTON

Relentless tour buses often pause outside the tall iron gates of a certain Barbadian house, always hoping the customers can glimpse a famous face or two stashed away here in the southern reaches of the Caribbean. All they see is a strip of well-raked gravel driveway, a flight of steps up to an iron-railinged balcony, and a mass of tropical foliage with the sea sparkling beyond. That is all.

So, reluctantly, the buses amble off seeking more visible quarry, and Claudette Colbert is left the way she wants to be—with her carefully nurtured privacy intact.

What the inquisitive travelers have missed was once the home of an eighteenth-century sugar planter, now converted into a comfortable and romantic retreat for an actress who is still able, in her eighties, to bewitch audiences around the world. With a face and figure that are renowned and a guest list that includes presidents and prime ministers it hasn't been easy to preserve her privacy, but Claudette has worked at it assiduously, being gay and friendly toward her fans while making quite sure they stay at least at arms length.

The old sugar plantation turns a genteel back to the public road in one of the outer parishes of Barbados, looking instead across flower beds and a stone terrace toward the sapphire sea. Another iron gate, this one smaller, leading toward the beach, is necessary to fend off inevitable autograph hounds who emanate even from the Spanish Main.

Between the two gates—to the road and to the beach—Claudette has managed to create a private world of repose and beauty, sheltered by giant shade trees and guarded by the ever-changing sea. Her domain includes an elegant white guest house, a broad croquet lawn, a beachside dining pavilion whose Chinese-Chippendale roofline and latticework are a pleasant surprise in a landscape that is otherwise unmistakably West Indian. The house itself could have been found on many another Caribbean island between Tobago and Jamaica or even in Biloxi, Mississippi.

A low two-story structure with spreading eaves, the house was designed for the tropics. The second story, the main floor, is reached by a long flight of outdoor steps. The balcony with iron railings is too narrow for sitting out and serves principally as a passageway between parts of the house.

Originally the ground floor had no exterior walls and served mainly as storage and utility space. Now it



houses guest rooms, servants quarters, and a commodious kitchen replete with all kinds of modern devices down to an ice-cream machine that turns out the world's best sorbets, including flavors as exotic as mango and soursop.

"My main contribution," says Claudette, looking ruminatively around her long pale blue sitting room, "was to let in the trade winds and the view of the sea." Her gesture indicates the two tall openings that anywhere else might be called picture windows. Here they seem more than that. Their wooden shutters are closed only at night. Daytimes they are open, unscreened, inviting reflections of the colors and smells and sounds of the tropical world outside, even a few small birds and an occasional butterfly. Such close communion with nature is possible only because flies and mosquitoes are almost unknown in Barbados.

Claudette, canny Frenchwoman that she is, admits to being "house-proud," and she herself attends to all the details from bath towels to flower beds. It is all her own taste, the cool blue-and-white chintz of the sitting room, the Impressionist paintings, the highly polished dark-stained floors, the mahogany furnishings of the dining room across the center hall, the old silver gleaming on the sideboard.

This is a lady of taste and sophistication whose house carries no hint of Broadway or Hollywood unless you count the Oscar you could find crowded in with other bric-a-brac above the bar. Though she has an apartment in New York, Barbados has been home for more than 25 years. Here is where she turns off and recharges after a theatrical schedule that would daunt many a younger trouper. In the 1985–86 season she and Rex Harrison played six weeks in London, several

"My main contribution," says Claudette, looking ruminatively around her long pale blue sitting room, "was to let in the trade winds and the view of the sea"







months in New York, and then after appearances in Washington and several other cities she vanished down under to do a circuit of Sidney, Melbourne, and so forth. Obviously she thrives on it, but she allows how it wouldn't be possible without Barbados to come home to.

When she is unwinding, her life is quiet but not hermetic, thanks to an extensive network of friends, both British and American, who have Barbadian homes. Life in Bridgetown, the capital, is much less segregated than in other Caribbean islands. Blacks and whites socialize in a less self-conscious way, perhaps because the general educational level is higher than on other islands, poverty is less prevalent, and self-government has really taken hold.

British traditions still dominate—cricket, school boys in knee socks and blazers, the pews filled for Church of England services.

The new prime minister, Errol W. Barrow, back for a second time in the island's top office, is an old friend of Claudette's. She remembers a time, not long ago, when he was sitting in her garden and noticed a handsome pair of cannons poking out of the shrubbery.

"What are they?" he asked.

"Oh, probably about George III. Left over from the time this garden was a small fortress."

"You know, Claudette, those cannons are government."

"Really," said Claudette, quite unfazed. "Well, come and get them."

The serenity of her reply was rooted in knowing that ancient bronze cannon are devilishly difficult to move, and more to the point, she knows that no Barbadian prime minister *(Text continued on page 210)*



The central rotunda has its space defined by dark elements set against a white background. *Opposite*, On the exterior, these contrasts are reversed in tone while the same geometric elements remain

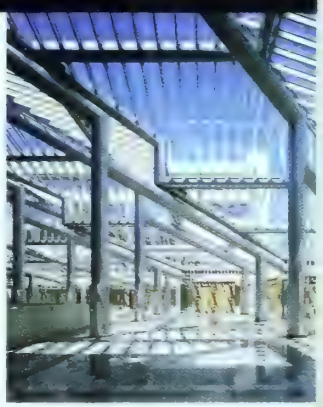


THAT PALLADIAN FEELING

There's nothing revivalist about Belgian architect Charles Vandenhove's way with nine-square organization

BY CHARLES JENCKS . PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT





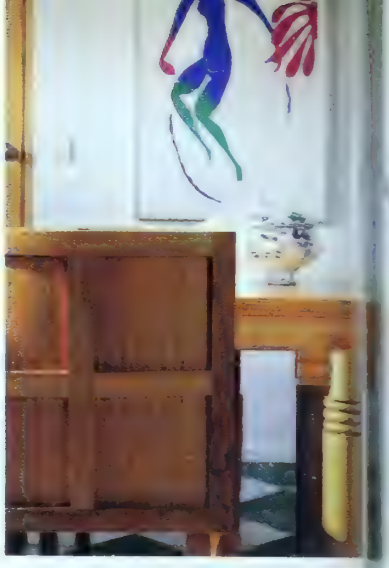
A dignified Palladian villa with floppy, cloudlike capitals is not exactly what one expects to come across on the outskirts of Brussels, in suburban Namur. Like the other work of Belgian architect Charles Vandenhove, it mixes traditions that are usually separate, and only reveals its subtle beauty and surreality on second glance. The plan of the Delforge house, which one can almost feel from the exterior cues, has a Palladian nine-square organization, and all the rooms are harmoniously related to the square. In the interior, particularly around the central double stair that rises grandly to a circular oculus, the geometry is underlined by a severe contrast in black and white; suddenly one is inside an early Renaissance church. The sequence of space, from entry to central rotunda to its

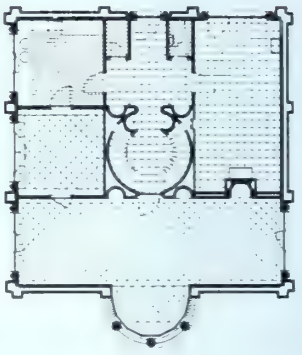
A pure circle of light, *top,* and niches in the living room, *right,* underline the churchlike character of the house; entablature from the façade is superimposed on the photograph. *Above:* A large hospital shows Vandenhove's characteristic mixture of the modern and traditional: aluminum columns and Belgian marble, square windows and colored glass.











Billowing capitals, *left,* surmount four brick piers on each side and mark the order of square rooms or multiples of the square within (see plan). *Above:* The harmonic proportions tie even the semicircle of the "apse" with the details of the oak dining table, *above right,* also designed by Vandenhove. *Opposite:* The calm dignity of this order is most evident in the double stair and its contrasting colors, which define the geometry.

culmination in a circular apse that opens onto the view, is conceived as both Classical villa and sacred structure.

There are only a few architects today who work as both Modernists and Postmodernists, who side with both Mies van der Rohe and Robert Venturi, who operate in the gap between structural purity and historical ornament. There are indeed a few clear examples of these transitional figures, such as Mario Botta, but Charles Vandenhove is the most interesting because he operates in a series of gaps characteristic of the profession today—not only that between structural expression and decoration but also between interior design and large-scale building. As with Mies, his major concern is with constructional beauty, but like any number of Postmodernists, he is also concerned with historical recall and ornamenting the transitional points of a building, the doors and windows.

Charles Vandenhove was born nearly sixty years ago near Liège in Belgium, not far from Mies's birthplace, and it's possible to see in both architects' Catholic background a traditional concern for hierarchy, order, and ritual. Vandenhove will often use both luxurious and industrial materials with a precision that evokes a sacral character as much as it recalls the austere Modernist who claimed that "God is in the details." He now lives and has his office in the Hôtel Torrentius, a sixteenth-century house he has converted in the heart of Liège, which has become a fitting emblem of his paradoxical approach. Grafting square geometries and abstract patterns onto an existing Renaissance vocabulary would seem at first yet another example of that prevalent method of ironic collage, but these interventions are treated like continuities, not disruptions. The work of artists he often collaborates with—Daniel Buren, Olivier Debré, Léon

(Text continued on page 226)

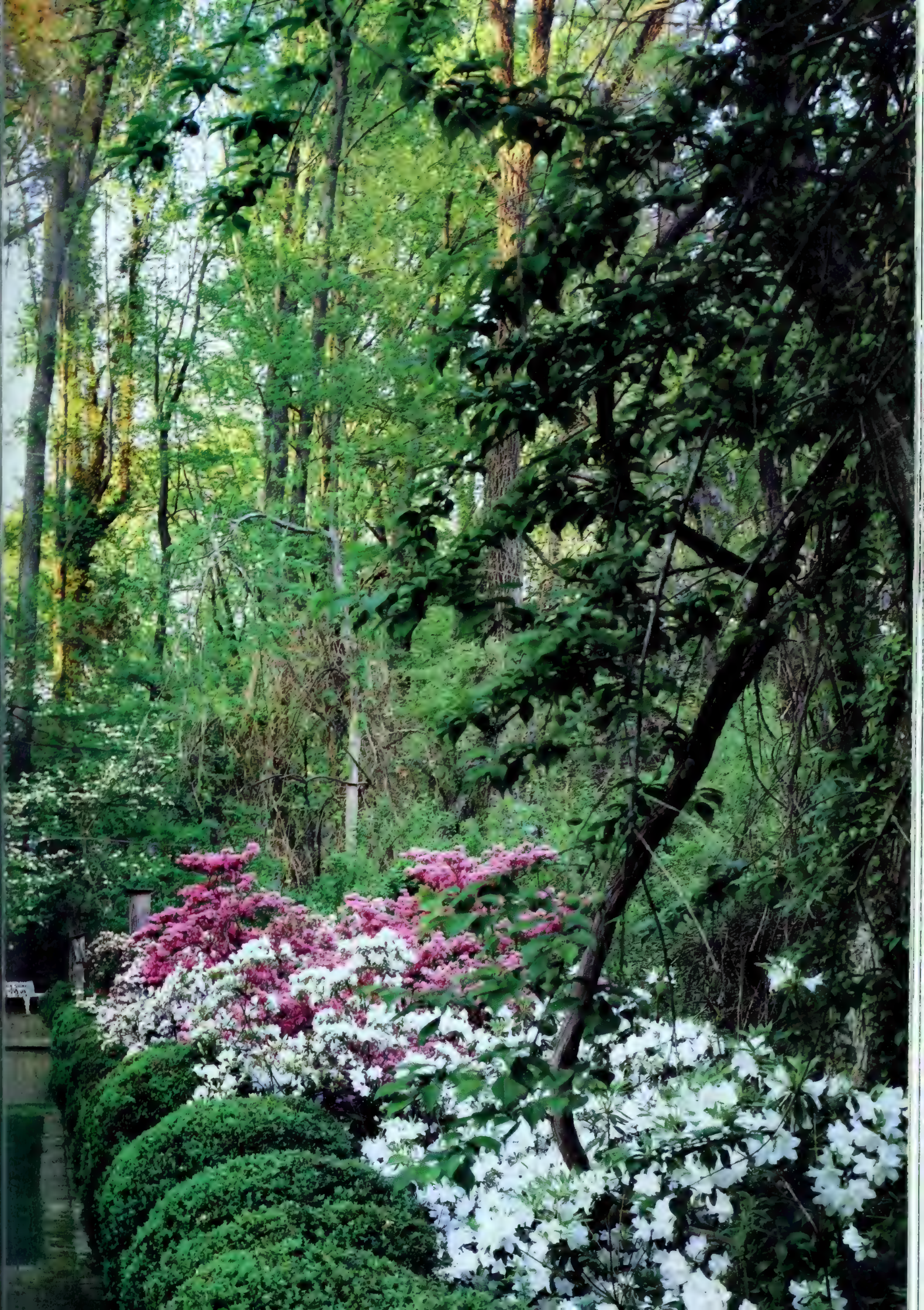




WING HAVEN

For over fifty years the remarkable garden created from bare North Carolina soil by Elizabeth and Edwin Clarkson has become a mecca for birds and bird lovers alike

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES

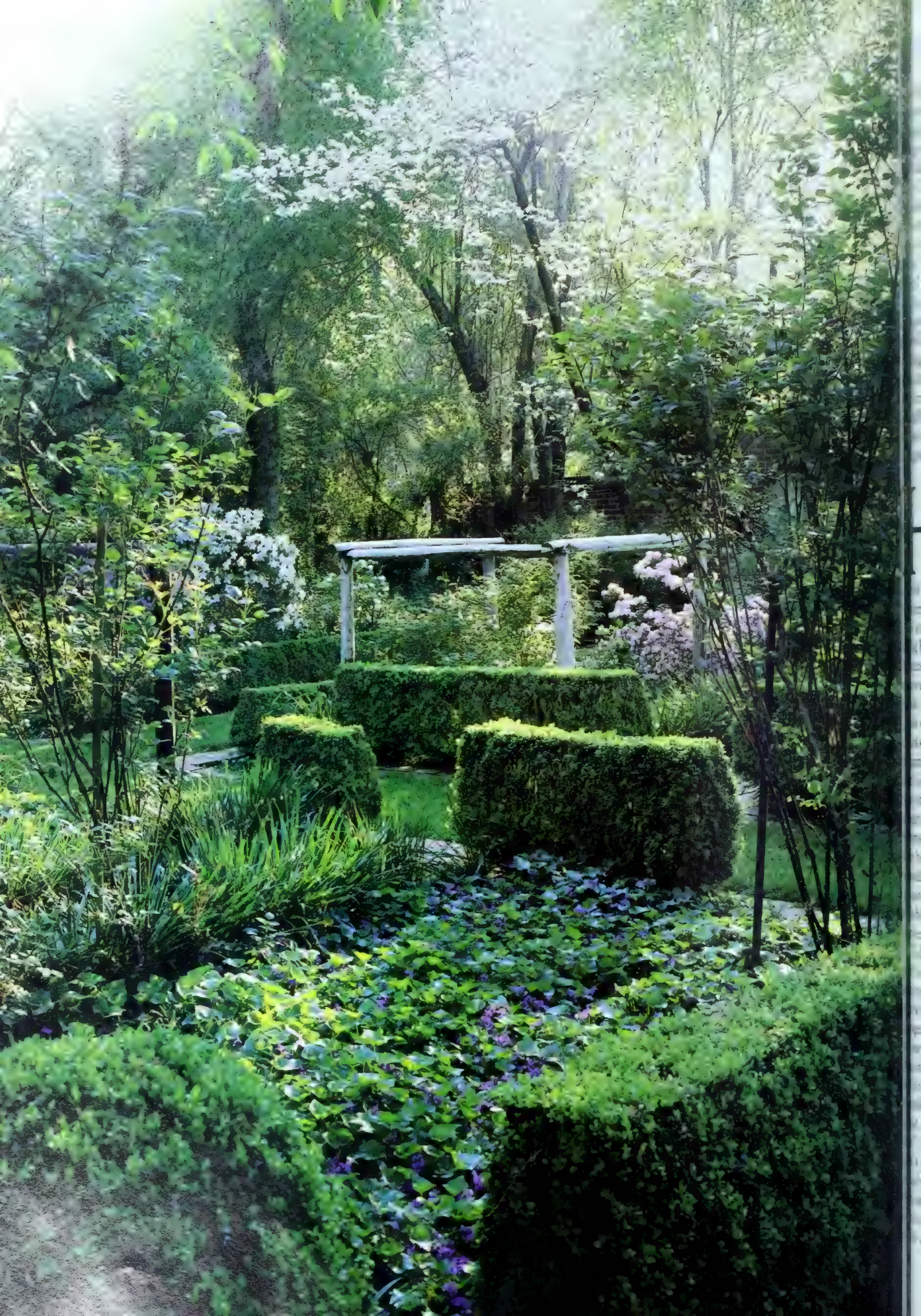




An arbor full of 'Frau Karl Druschki' roses, *opposite*, blooms all summer. *Above:* A wedding present marks time in the old herb garden. *Preceding pages:* Azaleas and boxwood line a springtime vista.

Elizabeth Clarkson laughs as she recalls her first day at Wing Haven, but she has had sixty years to recover from that shock: "When Eddie and I were engaged, he drove out to Texas so that we could plan our house and garden. I drew up designs and he returned to North Carolina to buy some land. We married in April 1927, and after our honeymoon we came to Charlotte. I'll never forget that day. There sat my house, exactly as I had planned it; Eddie had even built the little pool on the terrace. But the garden was a horror. This house was sitting in the middle of bare Carolina clay fields. There was no green anywhere in sight. All I could see was sticky red mud. It looked hopeless." As Elizabeth stood staring at her dream house and its nightmare garden, Eddie searched in vain for house keys. Finally, in desperation, he was forced to execute an unusual version of carry-the-bride-







Boxwood partially encloses fragrant beds of violets in the Upper Garden, *opposite*. Wooden supports mark the remnants of large rose garden. *Above:* The Upper Path, which divides the garden like a hallway. Old bluebird houses now serve titmice and wrens.

er-the-threshold: he nmied a window and shed Elizabeth into the ing room.

Today Eddie and Elizath Clarkson are in their ghties and entertain in the me room into which Elizath was launched as a newwed. "I planned this room nen I was 22 and I still like " But there was no way she is going to live with those rrible clay fields. "I start- digging right away," she ys, and she didn't stop unthree barren acres surunding her house were nsformed into lush wellsigned gardens.

Her efforts were such a success that Elizabeth, quite literally, opened up a hole new can of worms ncerning the Clarksons' e and enjoyment of the ing Haven garden. Severyears after Elizabeth comenced converting red lds into green gardens, rds started to visit. The arksons found them inguing and put up houses d feeders. At this time, t yet an expert, Elizabeth gan feeding birds with rms from her hand. (Had e been an expert, she uld have known that this just about impossible.) he birds loved it and more rived daily.

Today Wing Haven is a rd sanctuary of considerle repute. The garden has tracted 142 species of nged visitors, resulting in yearly entertainment bill at includes 3,500 pounds birdseed. (Eddie: "It unds like an awful lot of od, but they eat every t.") Elizabeth always cars a pretty pink container ll of worms, and every year e and Eddie hand-feed ousands of wild birds. his unusual opportunity for close-range observation has proven irresistible to many ornithologists, artists, and birders, with the happy result that Wing Haven is a regular stop along the flight patterns of both the watchers and the watched.

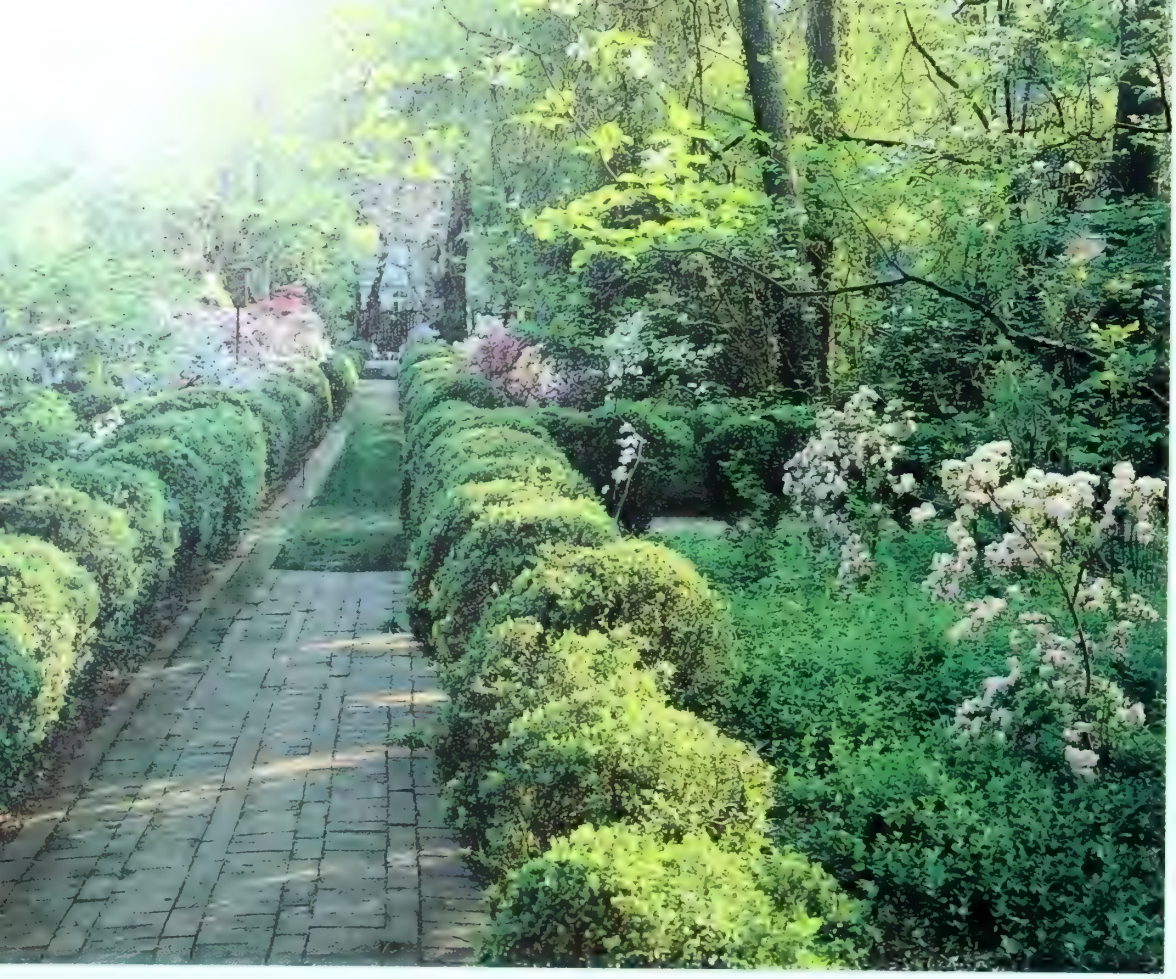
Elizabeth Clarkson planted much of Wing Haven to attract, feed, and shelter birds. But she also designed it to surprise, delight, and entertain humans. The carefully executed balance between civilized and wild is Wing Haven's glory.

The garden design is based on a cross of Lorraine laid on its side (++). The two parallel axes are located roughly to the east and west of the house, and both run the garden's depth. These axes are called the Upper Path and the Lower Path respectively, even though there is no appreciable change in levels. At the top of the Upper Garden, east of the house, is a plaque, quoting Japanese poet Toyohiko Kagawa, that marks the beginning of the intersecting axis. This axis, the Kagawa Path, is perpendicular to the Upper Path (intersecting it to form one end of the cross of Lorraine) and runs the entire width of the garden. The house is not on axis with any of the three main paths but instead settles into the lower-middle space defined by the cross.

The Clarksons always begin their walks in the Upper Garden. As Eddie opens a large iron gate, Elizabeth spots a towhee. She chooses a squirming worm out of her pink can and coaxes the wild creature to accept her treat. Before she actually enters the Upper Garden, she pauses to give the full text of her lecture on Wing Haven's design: "Look up every path you see. Every one has a view."

Elizabeth explains that she wanted brick paved paths as well as high walls to enclose the entire property. "So Eddie and I started giving each other bricks for Christmas, our anniversary, or just any old excuse. We finally ended up with all that I needed, about 350,000, which is almost enough to build ten houses." Walls, benches, paths, and pools are all made or accented with brick. These hard lines are then softened with beautiful, voluptuous plantings.

The Clarksons walk around the Upper Garden along a perimeter path sheltered by many trees. Inter-



The Lower Path, *above,* leads to the oval reflecting pool. Rocket-shaped duck box provides nesting space. *Below:* Mrs. Clarkson's roses grow tall in old-fashioned Southern style. *Opposite:* Mayapple and scillas crowd a wild woodland path.



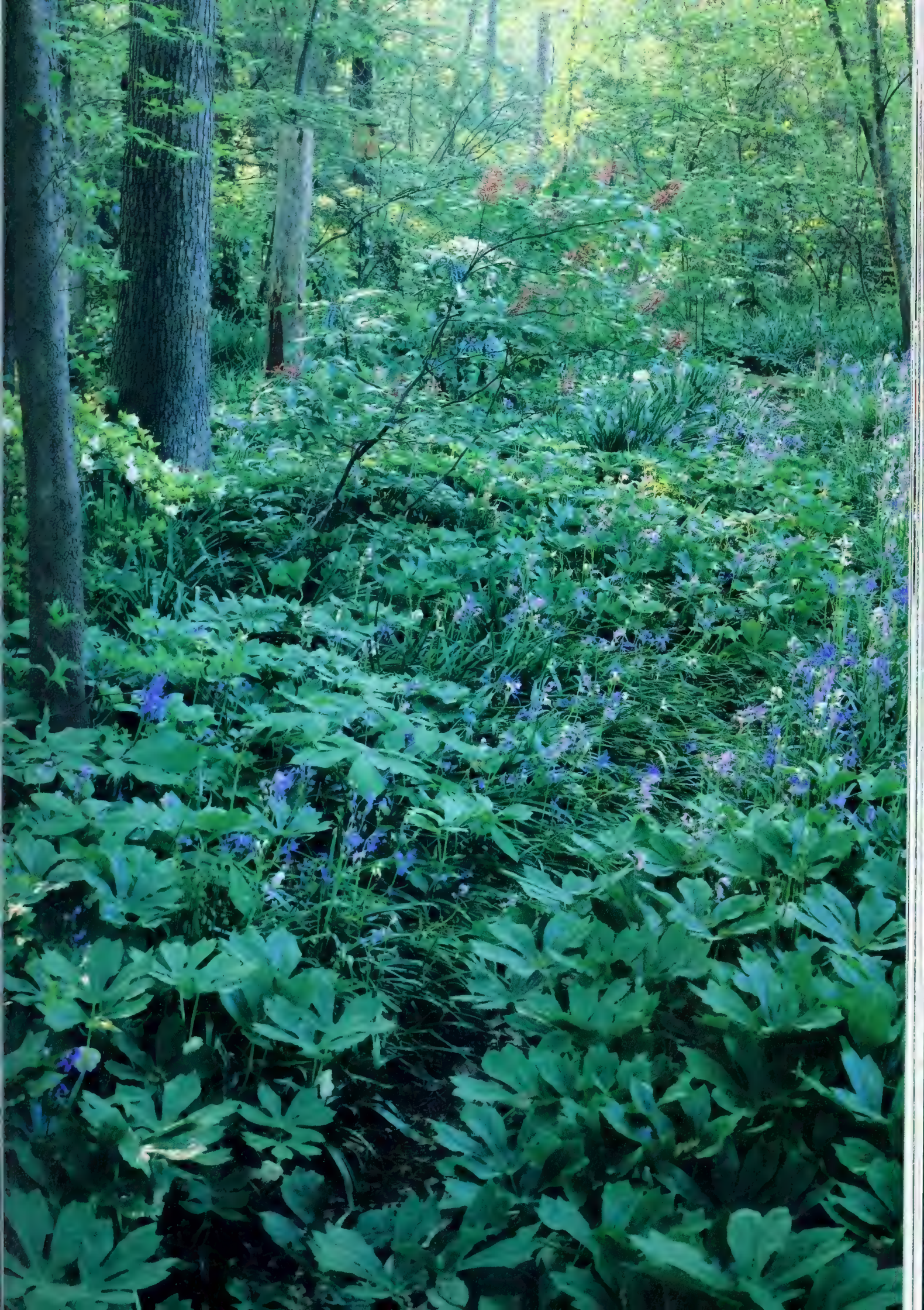
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Looking along straig
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plaques.

At one intersection,
wooden supports rise abo
the remnants of the Cla
sons' first rose garden. M
of the roses were mov
from this area when s
rounding trees grew tall a

(Text continued on page 2





Haniwa earthenware bust of a warrior, 5th to 6th century A.D. *Right:* Nabeshima ware dish, late 17th century.



A VISUAL WISDOM



The Met's superb new Japanese galleries honor art made for spiritual enlightenment

BY MARTIN FILLER

New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has been bathed in the bright light of publicity to an almost unprecedented extent lately, but by no means has that exposure been totally flattering. The recent opening of its Lila Acheson Wallace Wing for twentieth-century art has incited well-founded criticism about the museum's priorities and standards, and the weaknesses of that controversial endeavor are seen by some as serious contradiction of the Metropolitan's rationale for being an encyclopedic institution.

But a much smaller, and far less heralded, addition to the museum this season stands as a strong corrective to the Met's modern misadventure: the new portion of the Sackler Galleries for Asian Art, devoted to the arts of Japan. Opened to the public on April 25, this exquisite enclave represents the Met at its very best, a comforting reminder that the world's most comprehensive art museum hasn't sold out completely to opportunism and fad. Occupying 11,000 square feet—exactly one-tenth the size of the Wallace Wing—the Japanese galleries are an oasis of reflective quiet and understated beauty within the increasingly turbulent atmosphere that makes much of the Met seem like a gigantic department store of cultural consumerism. Victims of museum burnout are heartily recommended to repair to the Sackler Galleries for the kind of visual and spiritual solace which used to be an expected part of the *(Text continued on page 212)*





Detail of *The Battle of Heiji, left,* screen, Tosa school, late 16th century. *Right:* Detail of *Yatsuhashi* (Eight-Plank Bridge), or *The Irises,* screen by Ogata Korin, early 18th century.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



MANHATTAN STILL LIFE



Carefully composed art and furnishings mark the finely finished apartment of Candia Fisher

BY JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY HARTY AND PETER DEROSA

Candia Fisher's parents might well wonder just where they went wrong. They raised their daughter in a Modernist apartment, partially designed by Raymond Loewy, with flowing spaces, large plate-glass windows, bold contrasting colors, and modern paintings. A black Calder stabile served as the centerpiece of their white marble dining table; their everyday chairs were those that the Museum of Modern Art collects.

But Candia Fisher now has an apartment of her own, and her preferred chair is a deep club chair, upholstered in a lightly patterned Fortuny fabric, set in a corner of a shadowy den. If the clear, open space in her parents' apartment separated and objectified everything in it, the space in her den—its closeness, its shading, its warm tones—marries the parts instead, like the sections of a mellowed Oriental rug. A matched pair of nineteenth-century Classical-style walnut bookcases establishes the warmth and darkness in the room—a tone sustained by a mid-nineteenth-century English landscape painting by James Ward, more Fortuny fabric on the walls, trompe l'oeil green marble wainscoting, tapestry pillows, and a silver-leaf ceiling that imparts a slight shimmer.

"The apartment I grew up in was an early loft," she remembers, sitting in the armchair, wearing a favorite plaid wool dress and an Hermès scarf

Candia Fisher's harmonious living room, with its muted palette, reflects her talent for creating what she calls "wall compositions."



Sensuality makes people relax," says Candia Fisher, who uses a sculpture of dancing nudes as a centerpiece, *left*. French Neoclassical painting is by Sellier, c. 1874. *Opposite:* Detail of dining-room wall with trompe l'oeil wainscot, Deco side chair, and an Italian architectural screen.

around her shoulders. "I was drawn to the apartments of my friends which had woods and antiques—that solid, rooted quality."

She, then, had no heirlooms to borrow from her family when she set out to create her apartment, but she did have certain notions. "I wanted everything to look better in five years—things dull a little, they soften some."

If, when she sat in a Barcelona chair in her parents' living room, she was cantilevered into space, in her den she is a part of a quiet, carefully composed still life—the metaphoric model for which actually lies within arm's reach of her club chair. On a Biedermeier fruitwood side table, amid three stacks of books, a small nine-by-twelve-inch oil painting by Claude Raguet Hirst, set on brackets, depicts a burled pipe, a green glass vase, and stacks of leather-bound books, one of which is open to a letter written by Lord Chesterfield to his son: "Write to your mother often. . . ." The objects in the painting are carefully chosen and composed, though they look as though the person reading at the table had just gotten up and will come back. The dominant colors are the red browns of its wood table and leather; its subtle gradations are like the tones in the room.

This small oil holds the core idea of Candia Fisher's apartment design: that all the objects be carefully chosen for character and age and that they be deliberately composed. The still life, in fact, is simply the center of several successive rings of still lifes. The oil is part of a tablescape of old books, a brass candleholder, an English antique brass safe box and a jade Foo dog curled on a carved-wood cushion. The walls are what she calls "wall compositions" of paintings, draperies, tapestry wall covering, trompe l'oeil wainscoting and moldings, and bookcases—all







An Empire bed and ntique crewel screen race the airy master edroom, *far right. elow:* In the den a ames Ward painting angs over armchair, gouache by Léger n far wall. Small oil n table is by Hirst. *ight:* The guest oom is Candia isher's "country oom," with faux-amboo furniture, ntique quilt.



softly lit. The room itself is the largest ring emanating from the still life—an ensemble of nineteenth- and twentieth-century antiques against a background of trompe l'oeil and silver leaf, which give the room a subdued tone.

Candia Fisher is not a designer, decorator, or architect. She produces and markets a hand-wash product for fine fabrics called Lavant. (Sister Fisher, the name of her firm, is an in-family reference to Fisher Brothers, the family



real-estate concern.) "But I had ideas about decoration that I wanted to accomplish—could I do this well?" she said. "I was not out to be pretentious." She collected books on the history of interior decoration and did her own research. While she worked with designers who advised on fabrics, draperies, and wall coverings, it was she who dressed the apartment as an atmospheric still life, shopping at estate sales and art and antiques auctions.

Throughout the nine-room Upper East Side apartment is an eclectic mix of objects and furniture, from the early nineteenth century through Art Deco. Her apartment, in fact, stops approximately where her parents' had once started. It could have existed in about 1935, in the same location and building (minus the stereo system). Although many of the pieces are fine works of decorative art, none is so prepossessing that it claims immediate attention. They are chosen to work with one another and to work within upholstered and painted rooms in which the whole is more important than the parts. The dining room, for example, is furnished with a shagreen dining table, a sideboard made of several exotic woods and topped with marble, and matching palisander spoon-back chairs—all bought en suite and extended into the room with a matching trompe l'oeil wainscot. *(Text continued on page 224)*

SUTHERLAND'S FOLLY

My house in Hollywood

BY DONALD SUTHERLAND
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

I've led a charmed life really, all things considered. My children are well mannered, intelligent companions, and anyone will tell you that their mother is the best and the most beautiful. I work at what I want when I want, I see a lot of baseball, and, as chance would have it, I lived for 42 years before I met a contractor—a building contractor—professionally. The people I'd known with hammers, nails, saws, and paint brushes built sets, made magic and trompe l'oeil; the electricians flooded arcs that changed night into day, chiaroscuroed two dimensions into







Brigitte Lacombe photographs, *above,* hang over a marquetry desk behind a Le Corbusier lounge chair in a corner of the television room. *Opposite:* A Southwest mood in the pool house, with skulls on the wall and views to the cactus garden outside. *Preceding pages:* Donald Sutherland and the glass-encased jacuzzi, which he has used only once, near his bedroom.



three; and the plumbers, well, the plumbers made the rain. That's how it all worked in the Hollywood I knew.

The other Hollywood—the one you sleep and eat in—is a different story. Only the beginning is always the same:

"Once upon a time there was a house . . ." We bought our first house because of the house itself, one of those wonderful Hollywood mansions. Our lawyer, recognizing our innocence, had insisted on a complete survey before we took possession, and that survey showed that the pool was halfway into a neighbor's land and that somebody's garage way out back was on ours, so that first house didn't really become our first house and a week later we bought the next house, our second first house.

We bought this one mostly because of the hill behind it and the succulents and the neighborliness of the street. And the view. If you climbed up onto the roof you could see far away the sea to the west and the mountains to the east. It was a modest well-built house. It needed a coat of paint certainly and probably something on the roof to take advantage of the view. The kitchen was really too dark and the basement, which had an earth floor, would only be useful if it were a finished room. But if you did want a room down there, there was a place for it, and if you wanted a pool, you could put it at the bottom of the hill. And a pool house. If you wanted it. I left Francine with a lawyer, an accountant, and the regret that I couldn't be with her while she was having all the fun of putting the house together, and went off to make a movie with director Phil Kaufman in San Francisco.

Putting a house together in Hollywood is not like it would be anywhere else in the world. It is different be-





A feeling of light and space in the living room, *above*. Chinese chairs on left were found by Sutherland in Macao. Le Corbusier chairs face each other, and against the wall is a Mackintosh table. *Above right:* A Kim Kozzi painting hangs over Chinese chairs and the granite table designed by Sutherland. *Below:* In the kitchen, toys on top of the French Canadian armoire.



cause the people who work there are the people who are out of work there. The contractor, whom the accountant and the lawyer found, was the husband of a very famous actress and he set about putting together a merry band of workmen who would quickly bring light into the kitchen and a view to the roof. The kitchen was to be of steel, glass, and tile with a big eating area, a wonderful stove, the best fridge, all the compactors, "garberators," sinks, and cabinets that a culinary heart could desire. The light would come from a steel-and-glass cage that would replace the northern wall. Work began.

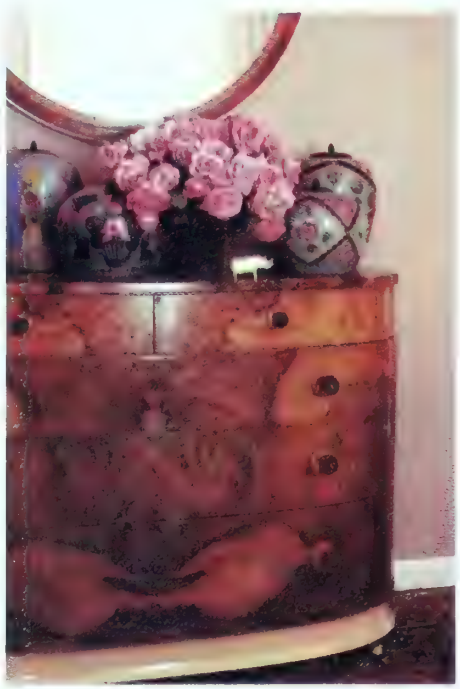
Our merry band of craftsmen were craftsmen indeed. They were writers, actors, dancers, directors, each and every one of them, but it must be said that they attacked the project with great gusto. So great indeed was their gusto that they built the glass extension into our neighbor's backyard. So high was their enthusiasm and their eagerness to complete the project that they neglected to seal this steel structure against the elements. In the sunshine the kitchen was just fine, everything we'd ever hoped it would be. In the rain it was a horror beyond our wildest dreams. The contractor, however, came up with a positively brilliant solution and, lambs that we were, we agreed to it. We bought the neighbor's land and we rebuilt the glass-and-steel cage. We sealed it this time, and thus there was no more unwanted water in the kitchen—a kind of cool Mediterranean peace had snuck in in its stead.

We were sitting quietly marveling at the peace when the merry band invited us upstairs to see their wonder on the roof, a trellised wooden balcony that embraced every view Los Angeles could offer. It was very, very beautiful and very, very illegal. At first sight the building inspector ordered us to tear it down. We did, but after the rainy









season. And as it turned out, there was a consolation of sorts in all this for us. We would have had to tear it all down anyway because in an effort to get their work completed before the rains began, the merry band had spiked everything straight through into the ceilings below.

So the peace turned out to be no peace. Meanwhile, the merry band dispersed with the rains. Once in a while I see on the screen in the credits a name or two of a member of the merry band, but they didn't ever come back. They didn't even come back to see their friend who started building the swimming pool not to finish it. He just dug a hole. A big hole. And then he left. He said he wasn't in show business, he just had financial problems. I can't say I sympathized with him, but I was beginning to understand. Francine thought maybe a better grip on things would occur if the language of communication was French. So we hired a French Canadian contractor. He satisfied all the prerequisites. He spoke French and he couldn't sing or dance. He couldn't write a script. He couldn't act. But he sure could do his trade. He built a steel balcony upstairs to replace the wooden one. He gave it a rainproof floor and a wonderful white awning. He repaired and plastered and painted bedroom after bedroom and closet after closet and on into bathrooms and laundry rooms, playrooms and sewing rooms, dressing rooms and book rooms. He refinished the wooden living-room floors and then he

(Text continued on page 219)

The children's rooms open onto a terrace, *above,* that encircles the top of the house. *Right, from top:* One of the master bedrooms; the black pool, whose unusual shape follows that of the hill, with a jacuzzi in the shallow end; 'Sterling Silver' roses from the garden on the Art Deco chest in a bedroom—an ivory good-luck rhinoceros is dwarfed by the Chinese vases.







Richard Morris Hunt's transformation of Château-sur-Mer kicked off

THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEWPORT

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI

The year 1851 was important in the history of Newport, Rhode Island. Two events coincided. A retired tailor named Alfred Smith and a local worthy who subsequently gave his name to a famous nearby beach, Joseph Bailey, bought 140 acres of farmland, just to the south of the city, for something under $23,000, and William Shepard Wetmore, who had made a fortune in the China trade, began work on a large granite villa nearby. The Wetmore property had been bought from the Van Alen family a few years before when an earlier house burned down. Since the property adjoined the land about to be developed by Alfred Smith and Joseph Bailey, it suddenly became desirable.

Wetmore, born of British stock in 1801, had amassed his fortune in partnership with George Peabody, the philanthropist. Château-sur-Mer was the first of the spectacular "cottages" that reached an apogee of extravagance in two Van-

Both the library, *opposite,* and the dining room, *above right,* were built by Hunt with carved woodwork made for the rooms by Luigi Frullini of Florence and installed here in 1877–78. Silver centerpiece by Tiffany, Young & Ellis, New York, 1852. *Above left:* Porte cochere is part of Hunt's major addition to an earlier house.



derbilt houses, Marble House and The Breakers, forty years later. Originally its acres stretched to the sea, bounded on one side by what has now become Bellevue Avenue. Within three years of its building five summer cottages had been erected on Smith's farmland, and the Newport legend of fashionable ostentation had been launched. In the process Alfred Smith died a millionaire several times over.

William Wetmore left a son, George Peabody Wetmore, who was dissatisfied with the house he inherited. He summoned Richard Morris Hunt in 1871 to make it still larger and grander. This was not enough. Hunt was recalled several years later to remodel and enlarge, feeling his way through the romantic trappings of granite, stamped leather, and velvet toward the Beaux-Arts splendor of his later years.

On the death of George Wetmore in 1921 his direct line ended with two



When Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore's bedroom, *left,* was restored in 1977, the wallpaper and frieze were reproduced from samples given the Cooper-Hewitt Museum by her daughters in the early 1900s. Bed and wardrobes were hers. Painting on easel is of her husband, whose bedroom, *below,* contains original 1870s English wallpapers by Charles Eastlake and William Morris.



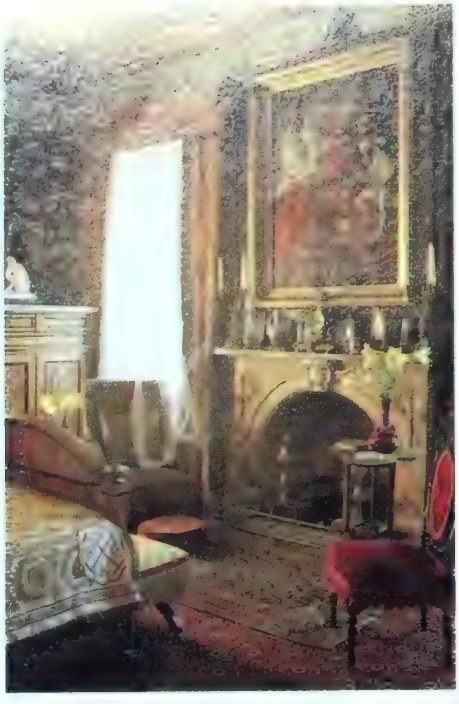
daughters, Maude and Edith. Edith Wetmore lived to be 95 and died in 1966. In 1969 the contents of the house were sold and the building itself was acquired, not without difficulty, by the Preservation Society of Newport County. John A. Cherol, executive director and curator of the Preservation Society, has been largely responsible for the loving reconstruction of the house, based on the comparatively few pieces of Wetmore furniture and decorative objects which he has been able to reassemble since the sale.

In the history of American architecture Château-sur-Mer plays something of the part filled in England by Norman Shaw's Cragside, built for the first Lord Armstrong in the 1860s. Both houses make a similar impact. First the visitor is amazed by the sheer weight of the building, plumped down on its landscape like some monumental inkstand or cruet, looking less like a house than a decorative



The ballroom is unique in the house for having survived almost unchanged since 1857. Decoration and furnishing is attributed to Ringuet Le Prince & Marcotte of New York.







The Butternut Bedroom, *far left,* was so named for the lig colored woodwork and the nine-piece furniture suite mad Leon Marcotte about 1869 *Left:* Mrs. Wetmore's Japonesque rosewood bed i English, c. 1876.



object blown up to gigantic size. One walks through a huge porte cochere, and enters a somber cavern from which the outer world is commandingly excluded. Walter Crane tiles, Morris wallpapers, a skylight of stained glass behind which are installed gas jets for great occasions, butternut furniture, and bronze torchères evoke the atmosphere of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *The Secret Garden.*

The stone used by Seth Bradford, the first architect, is Fall River granite, which gives a portentous air to the façades under their dormered roofs. For a lodge and entrance arch—which one critic has called a "sort of junior Temple Bar"—the same architect chose a softer Connecticut red freestone. The China connection of the family is emphasized by a stone moon gate, which originally gave a view of the sea but now serves no purpose.

Luckily what must at first have looked bleak and unshaded, in spite of its broad, cool veranda, is now embowered in magnificent trees, of which only the elms have failed to thrive. Greenhouses, a grapery, a palm house have gone, the old stables have been sold off. but otherwise the exterior is much as the Wetmores left it.

Edith Wetmore must have found her high-Victorian home oppressive. She effaced decorated ceilings and stencils in order to create a more contemporary background for the fine French furniture and pictures she collected. It was probably at her instigation that George Wetmore commissioned a young cousin, Ogden Codman, to create the Green Parlor in order to give the French acquisitions a better setting.

Upstairs the house did not take altogether kindly to gray and beige paint, and a few years ago, when it was decided to probe expertly into what lay beneath, the verdict was to restore its original colors and as much of Hunt's work as possible. At the sale of furniture in 1969 a few pieces had been bought for the Preservation Society. These, added to what remained, attracted the generosity of local collectors who had the courage to look beyond a superficial dismissal of Hunt's designs as turgid or oppressive. It has taken much time and money to bring so large a house back to life. Fortunately the Wetmore daughters were scholarly enough to present many of the original designs to the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Fortunately, too, a revival of interest in high-Victorian building brought renewed interest in work done in the house by half-forgotten revivalists *(Text continued on page 220)*

George Peabody Wetmore's sister, Annie, occupied this bedroom, *right,* until her marriage. Her initials are on the headboard of the maple and burl walnut bed. English wallpaper was hung here in 1907. *Below:* The Turkish Sitting Room had been painted yellow by the last Wetmore occupants of Chatêau-sur-Mer. Furniture, correct for the restoration but not original to the room, includes Herter and Marcotte pieces and a pair of pink Neoclassical sofas, one seen here.







THE SURREAL LIFE OF EDWARD JAMES

From Monkton to Las Posas the ultimate English eccentric dreamed up unforgettable environments

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Ivy cloaks the façade of Monkton, the 1902 Lutyens house built in Sussex on the estate of West Dean. Edward James made it a homage to Surrealism: he painted it purple, put carved palm trees by the front door, turned the chimney into a clock tower. *Inset:* Edward James in his English days by Cecil Beaton. *Far right:* James in Mexico in the 1960s. Portraits courtesy Trustees of the Edward James Foundation.



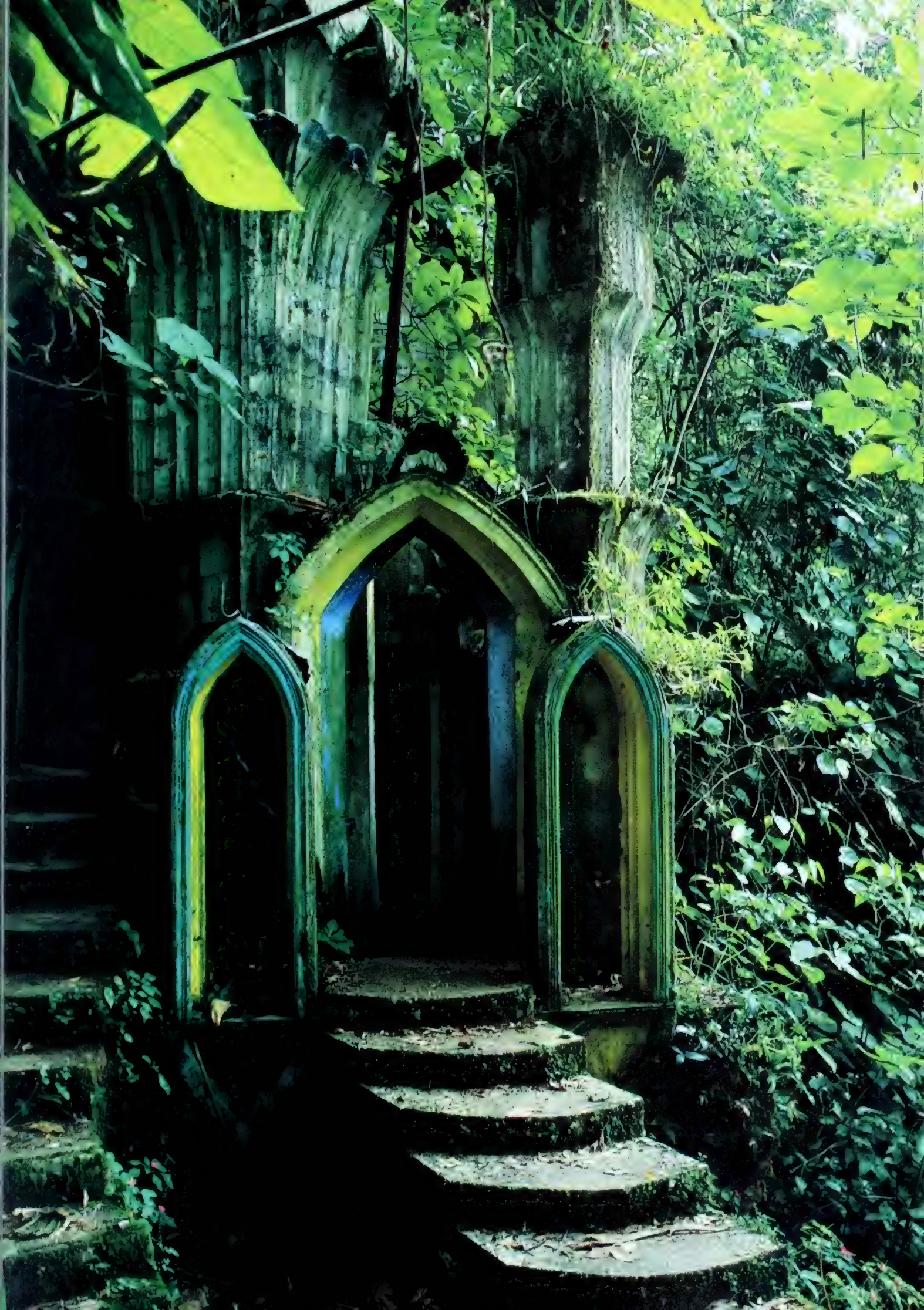
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KAREN RADKAI

The sun climbs over the rim of some mountains 200 miles north of Mexico City and gleams like a poached egg through the milky morning mist. Three miles away across the valley the little town of Xilitla takes shape and color, nowhere more strikingly than in the antic cupolas and Venetian colonnades of the house of Plutarco Gastelum, part Yaqui Indian, part Basque, self-taught architect. Down on the valley floor the sun begins to disclose the work of Plutarco's late associate, sometime employer, and longtime friend Edward James, who was part English, part American, probably the grandson of King Edward VII, most assuredly a millionaire, and, when it came to architecture, as self-taught as Plutarco.

The transition to James's concrete dreamscape comes abruptly a few hundred yards down a rutted track off the road up to Xilitla. Pairs of columns forty feet high and crowned with wings lead to a triumphal arch, an echo of the Borromini false perspective in the Palazzo Spada. The red, tan, and gray scoops in its abruptly narrowing vault begin to glow in the sunrise with an ironic salute to European tradition from the Mexican hillside.

Round the corner from the arch there is a narrow door in what looks, at first glance, like a gatehouse. A column, bulging at its midriff like the royal palm next to it, carries a frill of steps up to the concrete mezzanine of what James called the House Destined to Be a Cinema. Here is the symbolic furniture of the Surrealists, of Hollywood montages of the unconscious: windows on nothing, doorways to nowhere, spirals that beckon one up to arches that end in air. A few yards farther on, orange doors of iron, shaped like the oval tunnel entry to a mystery ride in a funfair, lead to a vista of leap-

A gateway, *left,* at Las Posas, James's folly at Xilitla, which evokes Borromini's trompe l'oeil perspective of Palazzo Spada. *Opposite:* A path along the river leads to the Gothic-style ruin of the House with Three Stories. *Overleaf:* The brilliant colors of the Plaza Don Eduardo just after it was completed, and the Walkway of Snakes and Toadstools.









Arches, stairs, and totemic columns, *left,* in the Homage to Max Ernst. *Above:* Plutarco Gastelum, James's self-taught native architect, built his house with colonnades and cupolas. *Right:* James's Regency Bamboo bedroom high above the jungle floor.

ing serpents, seven feet high, inlaid with turquoise mosaic chips and with iron reinforcing rods darting from their mouths, hissing across the path at giant concrete toadstools buttressed by swans' necks rising from clusters of stone leaves stained green and blue.

In five minutes we have gone from Borromini to Dali to Disney and now we are on the flagged pathway of an English country churchyard with a mossy wall, winding uphill through the jungle. In the temple of dark green, with the help of sunbeam spotlights, the eye gradually picks out the hopes, the whims, the afterthoughts of James and his builders.

It's a dream in which nothing ever comes to a conclusion. There are houses without floors, floors almost without houses, electric cables for a nonexistent lighting system snaking out of walls and pillars. Everywhere there are impedimenta of the dreamscape: a cavernous cellar with a concrete couch, a stone hand four feet high, a Gothico-Hindi ocelot cage with a magenta floor, a concrete screen of Regency bamboo. The paths are almost blocked by immense leaves of *Philodendron giganteum.* Columns abound: bulbous, slender, hexagonal, Ionic, Corinthian, Oriental, square. There are fat columns in the Homage to Max Ernst, columns like a coast-guard's watchtree, columns half-buried by vines amid the pale pink phlox, stippled with lichen and the fading tints of violent Mexican colors.

Up the *(Text continued on next page)*



Columns from Homage to Max Ernst

the Brighton Pavilion, till at last one reaches the crystal pool at the bottom of the stepped hills that give the *finca* its name, Las Posas. Here's the little Temple for the Ducks, crowned with pale mauve wildflowers, water splashing past it through mysterious stone courses and great whale ribs of concrete, a half dam with a Dali cartwheel set into it. The butterflies swoop to and fro and one can hear distant laughter from the pool down by the Borromini arch where the people from Xilitla go. Here, as everywhere in Las Posas, there are signs of mighty work in progress, trace elements of some civilization long gone or brusquely interrupted. But this is an illusion, partly deliberate and partly prompted by the jungle's own rapid reclamation project. At Las Posas, the Age of James only began in the 1960s. There are scarcely any structures here older than the New Frontier.

Edward James is one of our century's minor cult figures. The path that led him to Xilitla winds back through the century past such landmarks as Dali, Magritte, and Kurt Weill to the Oxford of the late 1920s and ultimately to a large house in Sussex, where he grew up amid every appurtenance of luxury, having been born near Edinburgh in 1907. His paternal grandfather had solidly anchored the family's fortune in the American lumber and mining empires resumed in the names of his two wives, Phelps and Dodge. James's mother brought her son misery rather than money, but also the distinction of having almost certainly been the consequence of a Highland fling between her mother, Helen Forbes, and the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII.

With Saxe-Coburg blood pulsing in his veins and Phelps-Dodge income coursing through his bank account James fashioned a life of conspicuous idleness, undistinguished versifying, and sometimes brilliant patronage and collecting. His meandering romantic and sexual interests reached their greatest notoriety with his brief marriage to the Viennese actress and dancer Tilly Losch. To further her career he sponsored Balanchine's first company, Les Ballets 1933, for which he claimed later to have written a scenario with music by Weill, lyrics by Brecht, best known now in the form of *The Seven Deadly Sins*. The marriage to Tilly was a disaster. She sued for a divorce, alleging homosexuality and cruelty on his part. Against the etiquette of the time he countersued, charging her with infidelity, most notably with Serge Obolensky, though once James's maid had entered the drawing room of their house in London to find her in flagrante on the sofa with James's friend Randolph Churchill. The sensational court case ended with James's getting his decree nisi as well as the cold shoulder from most of his friends, who thought he'd behaved like a cad.

From the early 1930s he had become close friends with the Surrealists and a patron of Dali and Magritte. He built up a fine collection, most notably of these two—the back of James's head features in Magritte's *La Reproduction interdite*—but also including such artists as Paul Delvaux, Christian Bérard, Leonora Carrington, Pavel Tchelitchew. The collection was successfully sold in the late 1970s, thus permitting the construction at Las Posas to continue till James's death in 1984.

After offering to buy the Republicans a bomber in the Spanish civil war, in return for first pick of some Spanish paintings he was keen on, James set course for Los Angeles, where he spent a good portion of the next twenty years. He frequented the Vedanta circle fostered by Gerald Heard, was a friend of Krishnamurti and Aldous Huxley, and began in 1945 to make a series of trips to Mexico. In that year, driving south in a Lincoln Continental with a U.S. army sergeant, he first saw the curving thumb of the mountain crag of Huestmolotepl, and two years later, with the help of Plutarco Gastelum, he bought some steep jungle land along the waterfalls in the shadow of this same thumb.

At first James planned to grow orchids at Las Posas. The weather changed his mind for him in 1962 when a rare frost killed thousands of plants. By this time he had taken Plutarco and his wife, Marina, on a tour of Europe and on his return Plutarco fired with the glories of Venice and Florence, decided to build something serious in Xilitla. As Plutarco's structure rose with its colonnades and cupolas, James embarked upon his strange version of a home across the valley.

The two projects progressed, both accurate reflections of their makers. Plutarco domesticated his imagination sufficiently to make a home. James, as befits an exile and a dilettante, supervised an architectural résumé of his life and travels: a folly in the eighteenth-century manner, a Surrealist manifesto in poured concrete, homage to Lewis Carroll, Ernst, Dali, Miró. If Las Posas is in the tradition of eighteenth-century landscaping, it also owes much to two great naive architects: Le Facteur Cheval, whose Palais Idéal in the French Drôme was an icon of the Surrealists, and Simon Rodia, whose Watts Towers in Los Angeles James helped save from destruction in the 1960s, just as he started work at Xilitla.

Las Posas looks to the fantastic and to the light-hearted in architectural history, from Eastern temples through Gaudí to Juan O'Gorman. In his only other architectural enterprise, a semi-surreal rehab of the Lutyens-built Monkton House on his Sussex estate which he supervised in the 1930s, James did his best to transcend the spirit-squashing tedium of the well-bred English country house.

To start with, he painted the place purple, added molded plaster drapery below the bedroom windows to look like towels hung out to dry; the sitting room was resplendent with the famous bright red Mae West's lips sofas by Dali. All this was outré but still within the ambit of conventional good taste. In Mexico, several thousand miles west of the well bred and a few hundred miles south of the nearest planning commission or neighborhood association, James could really let go.

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James was the major employer in Xilitla with anywhere from fifty to seventy locals on his payroll, heaving sand, concrete, and reinforcing wire and rocks up and down the hill. Quite obviously they regarded him as a rich madman whom God had chosen to drop on Xilitla, but after a generation, like his structures, he had become a pleasantly regarded fixture. James was diplomatic, too. He took care to soothe local sensibilities by such enterprises as raising the great stone walls and dams of the public swimming place.

As well as being a one-man relief program, Las Posas was a collective endeavor. Like the butterflies fluttering up and down the hill, James would dart from one half-finished fantasy to the next, calling for his builders to follow him, and one suspects that much of the work got done in the seven or eight months of the year when James was not there. It all came down to the carpenter, José Aguilar. James would scribble his vision—a fleur-de-lys, a broken pediment like a snail's horns, a shape from Miró—on a scrap of paper and give it to Aguilar who would retire to his workshop and painstakingly convert James's sketch into a wooden form or mold for the concrete.

The workers cooperated in the creative enterprise, and James rejoiced that when asked to produce an iron gate, they would forge one of vigorous and attractive design. But did it bother them that they were building something absolutely useless, an architectural equivalent of Keynes's mine shafts sunk only as public works to provide employment and redistribute wealth, in this case a portion of the Phelps-Dodge profits? The young Mexican art historian Xavier Guzmán, who visited Las Posas in 1983 and talked to several of the people who used to work there, says it did bother them that none of the work was ever finished. For James, I imagine, part of the point of Las Posas was that it was never finished according to the sedate concepts of the land he'd left behind.

Plutarco describes an occasion in which James supervised the mixing of liquid concrete and color. First he asked for a streak of yellow, and the worker poured in the color and stirred it with infinite care. James instructed him to add some blue and then, across the tint that was now green, a streak of red "like an arrow," then some brown. As the tint darkened to orange, Plutarco remembers, James expressed every sign of jubilation. Then he asked for black to be added to the mix. Everyone around fell silent. The black would overwhelm the other tints. Was he mad? Then James said to Plutarco, "Haven't you ever seen a jungle sunset as the darkness finally overwhelms all the separate threads of color?" So Las Posas becomes a Surreal joke, a great cock-snooking at the Modernists' house-as-machine-for-living, a hymn to the nonfunctional.

Not only Las Posas but also Xilitla stands at a slight angle to the universe, as E. M. Forster once said of the poet Cavafy. The second night we were there schoolchildren from miles around gathered for a dancing and singing competition in the town square. The children performed against a fretwork of lightning that silhouetted the open vaulting, which was all James had ever managed to complete of a projected house next to Plutarco's, where he actually stayed in Xilitla. In the midst of a spirited dance the rain poured down, the children fled, and we returned to talk to Plutarco. He's 73 now and badly afflicted with Parkinson's disease. We sat looking at the graceful ellipses of his swimming pool over which a magnolia stands lifeguard. One passage leads to a Surreal mural by Leonora Carrington, another to a cavernous sitting room filled with the enormous pieces of fifties furniture which were Marina's dowry.

The man of the house now is really the son, also called Plutarco, a charming young person of 26 who told us that everyone in Xilitla is pretty crazy, as witness the ongoing drama in the town square. Xilitla is divided into four bitter factions, which cannot agree on the design of this square. The 25 years of Don Eduardo have turned them all into architectural dreamers. Or maybe not. Maybe it was James who was overwhelmed by Xilitla. Young Plutarco explained that he and his three sisters had been left Las Posas by "Uncle Edward." There had been a trust fund for them, but James had died suddenly and there was no money in it. He loved Las Posas and liked to go there and read. In the late 1960s, James had tried to deed Las Posas to the Mexican park system, which deemed it too small but nonetheless tried to settle some landless peasants on it. In angry retaliation James made it more private than ever, even though it does now have a somewhat mysterious, word-of-mouth reputation in artistic circles in Mexico. Young Plutarco would like it to be completely secret, which—given the speed with which the jungle is advancing—it may soon be.

Plutarco led us back up the hill to another gate. Halfway down the hill one comes to the most enchanting structure, which James called Jungle Regency; no walls, but three floors, stained a pinkish maroon, looking down on the House with a Roof Curved Like a Whale. Across a little gulch hangs the delicate bridge James built for the Indians who live above Las Posas to preserve their ancient right-of-way and across which they totter fearfully when tipsily heading for home.

On the top floor of Jungle Regency, beneath open Gothic vaulting twined with wild roses, James would sleep contentedly, master of all he surveyed. He had hated his childhood. In *Swans Reflecting Elephants,* the memoir he dictated to George Melly, he says, "The only escape I achieved was when I went all alone into a wood . . . and . . . ran and ran and ran, weeping and weeping and weeping, sobbing and sobbing because everything was awful. The housemaster at Eton was awful and life during the holidays was worse than school, and I longed to kill myself, and then the wood overwhelmed me, and nature became a protective mother." Atop Jungle Regency below his Gothic vault and behind a screen of concrete bamboo James could enjoy a rosy dream of childhood: an open-air bath like a peacock's eye; a wall garden without cabbages but with plantain blossoms bursting redly from their green heart; ocelots, ducks, and parrots as his neighbors; and in the forest the imported boa constrictor whistling in frustration as it searched for its lost mate. Here in the jungle, heeding the lessons of the Surrealists, James bought back his horrible childhood and gave it a happy ending. □

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A WEEKEND WITH CLAUDETTE

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When she is in residence, sometimes summer, sometimes winter, she sets a leisurely pace and her guests fall quickly into step. Her own breakfast is served on a tiny balcony off her bedroom, a command post from which she can oversee what's going on in the garden and on the terrace. And that well-modulated voice can make the owner's wishes felt in the remotest corner of her domain.

Guests breakfast in the Chinese pagoda, screened from the beach by high bushes. Housemaids in starched pastel uniforms wend through the garden bearing trays of sliced papaws, tiny finger-size bananas, fresh-baked bread, thermos jugs of coffee. Newspapers are passed around, some several days old, but never mind, all the news seems like word from another planet—a blizzard in the Middle West, terror in the Middle East. Here the trade wind is fresh, the day sparkles.

Table talk turns to important matters like identifying the perky little birds that dart down on our breakfast table, grab a bread crumb, and swoop away. The consensus is that they are either black-whiskered vireos or grassland yellow finches. Whichever, they are both bold and decorative.



By midafternoon the garden snoozes, likewise the water-logged guests, unless they wander off for tennis or golf. The beach, at its midday hottest, grows quiet. A painter, sketching on the terrace, finds that the quiet is full of some new stirrings. A blue black hummingbird ravishes a huge pale pink hibiscus. Suddenly a mongoose, slinky as a weasel, hurries across the terrace from one shadow to another. Moments later the low branches of a big tree shake with muffled activity, which ceases as quickly as it started. A band of monkeys in the big tree has just spotted the painter near them on the terrace, and he, in turn, has spotted them. Both parties freeze.

The grizzled old lead monkey is the first to break the silence. He grunts a command, which must have meant "Proceed with caution." They move ahead, a couple of mothers with young ones in hand, then others of assorted sizes, nine in all. They glance sideways at the painter as they pass in single file with slow dignity until, at a safe distance, they break for a tall tree, cackling and laughing as they go.

They swing onto Claudette's roof, prance in line to the top, and disappear into the neighbor's garden headed, no doubt, for their favorite garbage pits. I clocked them at exactly three thirty every afternoon for a week.

Sunset in the tropics, as everyone knows, is far from subtle. Bang and suddenly it's dark. Then a graceful chandelier, hanging improbably from the biggest tree in the Colbert garden, twinkles into life. Dinner in the main house is candle-lit, a lovely mixture of West Indian and European cookery carefully orchestrated by Claudette. Sometimes there's an old movie after dinner—guess whose?—sometimes conversation. And long before midnight everyone's abed. The moon-spattered Spanish Main is all around you and worth listening to—if you can stay awake. □

A DECORATING EYE

(Continued from page 154) floor some eighty years ago as storage and maintenance space for horse carriages and possibly also for that promising new invention, the automobile. Views were naturally of no interest down here, so windows were minimal. The upper floor was generously planned to make the coachman's family comfortable, with a sitting room, kitchen, three bedrooms, and two baths. Kaaren Gray retained the second-floor plan and concentrated on redecorating it. Her upstairs sitting room now reflects the orchard with tree murals painted by David Mills. Below, in collaboration with John Saladino, she created a kitchen in the old buggy room and a living room in the wainscoting-lined larger carriage room (the smaller is her garage).

The high ceilings downstairs lived up to their potential for airiness when Saladino added two sets of French doors and installed a very large, old, multipaned window found in the carriage house basement. In the potting shed they discovered a ten-foot-long signed plaster relief representing agriculture. The sculptor was Alfred Alphonse Bottiau, a Frenchman who designed similar works for the city hall in Hartford, Connecticut. It was clear that this work should be displayed in the new living room, and Saladino suggested, Kaaren Gray remembers, that it not be totally cleaned. "It was once a white tablet," he said, "but age has given it beautiful shadows." Another found asset, to be seen near the Bottiau frieze, is the door to the garage which hangs, stripped and waxed, on the original barn door–style sliding track.

John Saladino designed the sculptural five-sided freestanding fireplace chimney that divides the kitchen and living room and finished it in scratch-coat plaster to enhance the adobe effect. Kaaren Gray is pleased with its suggestion of the vernacular Southwest houses she is so fond of. From this timeless center in her main room an inner circle of harmonious furnishings radiates, while outside the house another circle widens: the old apple orchard, a long season's carpet of wildflowers, and in the distance mountains. Country comforts indeed. □

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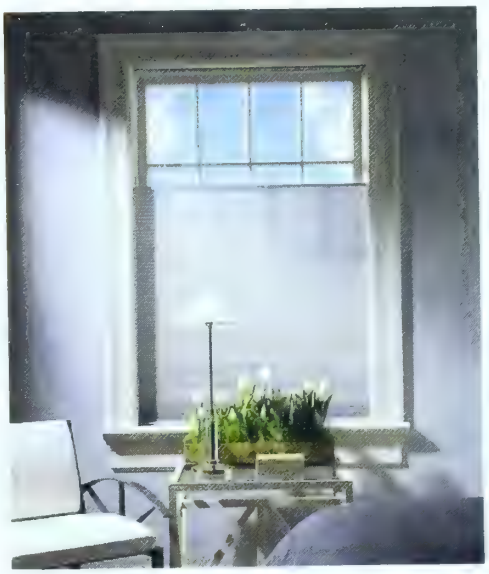
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Housed in a mezzanine enfilade next to the Temple of Dendur, the Japanese treasures of the Met will be visible on a frequently rotating basis, with about 250 of the collection's 20,000 pieces on view at any given time. Though prompted by the conservation requirements for limited exposure of the extremely fragile materials—ink paintings, silk kimonos, paper screens, gold lacquer, colored woodblock prints—this changing display accords with the age-old practices of Japanese connoisseurship, in which only a few objects are brought out for concentrated delectation and are periodically replaced, often in response to the season or a special occasion. (This practice has so much to recommend it as a stimulus to seeing familiar objects with a fresh eye that one wonders why it is not adopted by Western museums as an alternative to their rampant expansion programs.)

The Met's Japanese collection—considered the best outside Japan after the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington—has been installed in a calm, clear, chronological sequence, mercifully free of gimmicks, glitz, or greenhouse effects. This is what a museum exhibit ought to be like: respectful to the objects, informative to the viewer, and evocative of the context that produced the works. Those are principles that should inform every gallery design, but they are especially important in the case of Japanese art. These are some of the most thoroughly refined artifacts ever produced by man, and are part of a scholarly tradition of such intellectual and aesthetic sophistication that contemporary American acquisitors have much to learn from it. Japanese art appreciation at its highest places learning in its most elevated role: not about the object as an end in itself but what it can teach us about life and our place in the world. It might be said that in a Japanese masterpiece the emphasis is more on the visualized wisdom of the master than on the physical characteristics of the piece.

Although some Japanese art, especially the utilitarian, was meant to convey status or to impress others, it is for the most part an exceptionally intimate



Gilded-wood figure of Dainichi Buddha is cynosure of a setting inspired by a contemporary 12th-century Kyushu temple. Columns are trunks of Japanese cypress.

aesthetic, requiring close proximity to the object as well as conditions conducive to quiet contemplation. Thus the design of the Met's new Japanese galleries is cause for celebration, though of an appropriately subdued nature. The eleven rooms comprise a variety of approaches, from the very specific (the re-creation of an altar from a twelfth-century temple on Kyushu and a classical seventeeth-century study and a modern interpretation of traditional rock garden designed by Isamu Noguchi) to the general (such as the large gallery for arts of the Edo period, with a wooden gridded ceiling based on the great castles of that epoch). But all share dim lighting and a delicate range of neutral colors as a foil for the art.

So carefully considered are a number of details that they will perhaps pass unnoticed, though they will add immensely to one's experience of the art. For instance, painted folding screens are not displayed behind glass, which causes distracting reflections and has unsightly seams when used in such large expanses. (The Met's most famous pair of screens, *Yatsuhashi,* or Eight-Plank Bridge, familiarly called *The Irises,* measures over 22 feet in length.) Instead the unenclosed screens are protected by an electric-eye beam that sets off an alarm if a hand moves too near.

The galleries were a collaborative effort of the Met's curatorial staff (Wen Fong, Barbara Ford, Yasuko Betchaku), the design team (exhibition designer Cleo Nichols, the architectural firm of Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo & Associates, consultant Kyotaro Nishikawa), and the architectural historian Kakichi Suzuki. The installation—several sections of which were crafted from native woods of great rarity by traditional Japanese carpenters—has a lucid consistency that belies the participation of so many individuals. The strong resolution of the setting seems to confirm the value of consensus, customarily sought in Japan, that most group-oriented of societies.

At the Met one can move through the history of Japanese art in an orderly and enlightening progression, from the prehistoric artifacts in which the collection excels all the way to the late Edo period of the mid nineteenth century, when Japan was opened to the West after centuries of isolation. Japan's avid absorption of foreign influences is hardly a new development, as the Met collection shows. But although Chinese painting and ceramics were the primary models for Japanese efforts in those media, the Japanese transformed those prototypes and made them uniquely their own, often reaching heights of imaginative daring not found in the originals.

Certain themes persist throughout the history of Japanese art and will be found repeatedly in the new Met galleries: the religious concerns of the native Shinto and imported Buddhist faiths; the exemplary deeds of sages, scholars, and warriors; and, above all, nature and the passing of the seasons, emblem of the ephemeral quality of all things. Those who revisit these rooms several times over the course of a year will appreciate those concepts as fully as can be done in a museum, for the variety and unity, evanescence and endurance of Japanese art are all movingly expressed there.

Though far less renowned than they should be among the American public, these works can open the doors of perception on all art. Kakuzo Okakura, the great interpreter of Japanese culture to the West, put it this way: "An eminent Sung critic once made a charming confession. Said he: 'In my young days I praised the master whose pictures I liked, but as my judgment matured I praised myself for liking what the masters had chosen to have me like.' " It is that level of empathetic understanding that the Met inspires through its most praiseworthy addition. □



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(Continued from page 172) began to produce shade. Two remain: peachy 'Perle d'Or' and the purer pink sweetheart 'Cécile Brunner'. These old faithfuls don't seem to mind the shade producing tiny buds which Eddie picks daily for the Clarksons' matching boutonnieres.

Scores of birds dip and rise around Elizabeth and Eddie as they rest on a bench at the beginning of the Kagawa Path. Given the setting, it is perhaps appropriate to describe this axis from a bird's-eye view. From a branch above Elizabeth's head a wren can fly straight down a wide brick and grass path, across the Upper Path, through a vine-roofed arbor, and beyond through a precisely cut door in a privet hedge. Skimming the smooth surface of a formal pool marking the center of the garden, the bird then passes through another privet door, along a brick and grass straightaway, and crosses the Lower Path and into the woods beyond.

These woods sweep across the width of the property along the back boundary wall and provide a wild area essential for birds. Here soft-soil paths, contrasting nicely with the paved paths elsewhere, meander, allowing for stealthy wildlife stalking. Traversing the garden from east to west through this wood, one discovers a statue of Saint Fiacre, patron saint of gardens. Standing where brick paths resume, the saint marks the Lower Path, the third axis in Elizabeth's plan.

Like its parallel Upper Path, the Lower Path runs the depth of the garden and is intersected by the Kagawa Path. Also like the Upper Path, it is neatly paved with brick and trimmed grass and defined in places with boxwood hedges, taller and bushier than those along the Upper Path. The oval pool is the distant focal point, with some rather puzzling rocket-shaped objects along the way also begging for closer attention.

Elizabeth's grand plan provided a strong framework for laying out a garden where the land offered no variety to the viewer. The paths provide logical spaces for gardens with room left to encompass several specialty areas.

The direct view from the rear of the house is of the rectangular lawn of the Main Garden. Borders line both sides of the lawn, spilling soft old-fashioned colors of plumbago, crinum, and



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WING HAVEN

cleome onto the green grass. This is th oldest part of the Wing Haven garde and, with its reflecting pool, terrac and evergreen Amur River priv hedge, is its most formal. Beyond th pool in the Main Garden, hidden fro the house by a curtain of crape myrtl is a charming herb garden.

The woodlands along the garden' far boundary are full of ferns and wil flowers, including the rare goldensea In spring, jonquils, scillas, and snow drops break through blankets of wil ginger and evergreen sarcococca. Her Elizabeth once spied 22 goldfinche splashing, shaking, and singing in tiny shaded pond. Carved out of th western end of the wood, near the in tersection of the Kagawa and Lowe paths, is an open space for a tall-grow ing Southern-style rose collection.

Elizabeth, recalling the fields tha she started with, says, "I didn't know what to do, but I knew I could do something. Over the years I tried many plants that didn't work, but I never tried a plan that didn't work."

Another plan the Clarksons have carried into fruition, which they are rightfully proud of, is the establishment of the Wing Haven Foundation. It ensures preservation of the garden and protection for the bird sanctuary and is organized to educate the public on horticultural and wildlife subjects.

The oval reflecting pool at the end of the Lower Path marks the finish of the garden walk, and the Clarksons stop here to check on the progress of a courtship. Two wood ducks paddle along the water and engage in rather vigorous flirting games as Eddie explains that the rocket-shaped objects nailed up in nearby trees are nesting boxes. If all goes well, the amorous couple will soon move into one of these dream houses. Elizabeth watches the cavorting couple and mentions that the oval pool is one of her favorite Wing Haven places: "I love the way the tops of those tall pines reflect in the water on a moonlit night." The ducks obviously agree that this is indeed a romantic spot. □ *Editor: Senga Mortimer*

CORRECTION

In Pacific Orientation (May, page 160), owner Roger Lapham was misidentified in the subtitle. We regret the error.

Continued from page 189) tackled the job of balancing north with south. Quod erat demonstrandum.

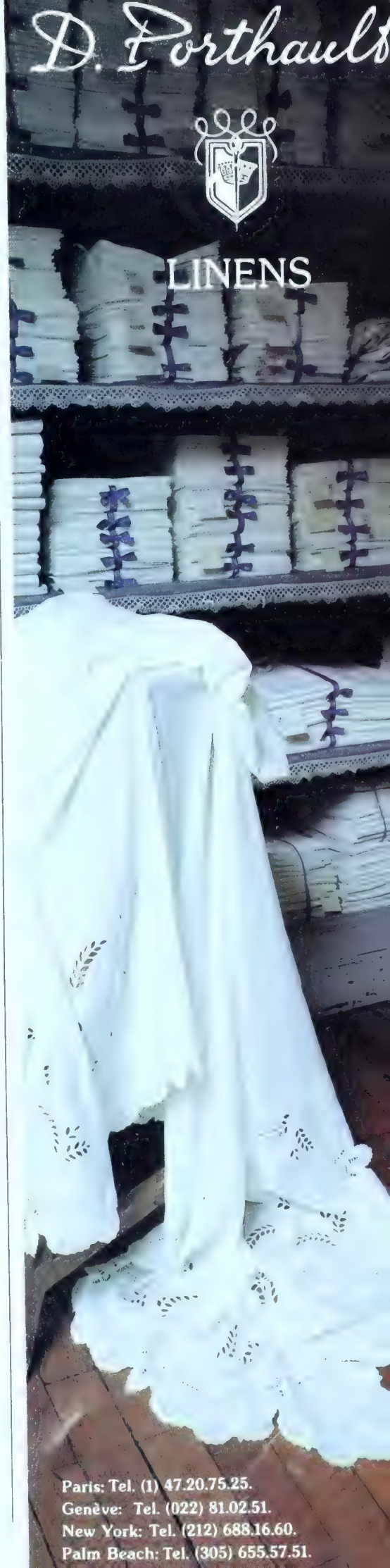
He tore out the southern wall. For six months we had an exposure that set every other southern exposure to shame. Imagine standing on the stern of a ship steaming north. Imagine that the ship is sinking and that the refinished wooden floor is that ship's deck and then you know what it was like except that when it turned cold and windy he wrapped it all up in a clear noisy plastic and that experience is beyond anybody's imagination. To extend and bring light into that living room, he added another steel-and-glass wall, and to make that wall really work, he built into it a steel staircase that led one down into the dirt cellar and he turned that dirt cellar into a room that roamed in and out of an even more perfect wine cellar. A room face to face with cacti and jasmine. Open doors and scents: the wonderful fragrance of lilac-colored 'Sterling Silver' roses.

At last Francine's imagination and taste were taking shape in his hands, but the order of it all was often not remembered. It was wonderfully conceived but not perfectly planned. There was the problem of executing ideas sequentially. In fact the word *execution* had by now acquired endless and tormenting nuances. Extend a wall and that required a new roof and a new roof required more strength to hold it up, so you had to replace the beams that had held it up before and to get to those beams you had to tear open the ceiling. The floor beneath that ceiling had been done some months before. It was a perfect wooden mirror. But the screenwriter who replastered the ceiling didn't protect that shiny new floor with a cover so he ruined it and when he was told he had to repair the floor he said he didn't do floors. We said he had to do floors and when he didn't show up to do them we phoned his home and his family wept and said he'd shot himself. We were appalled. Of course, no floor was worth this. The contractor, on the other hand, callously scoured the obituary columns for days muttering that this was what people did out here in California to get out of doing what they were contracted to do. He never found the notice of death and felt completely vindicated. Somebody else was paid to re-refinish the floors.

It seemed as though it couldn't get more extreme until the family of the roof man called up to say he'd had a stroke. It was true that when we found out he hadn't cemented the tiles down we all said it wouldn't do because they would blow off in the wind and we asked him to come back and do the work. Apparently the pressure had finally become too much for him. Our contractor laughed mercilessly but we felt terrible and said we hadn't meant to be so ruthless and tough. With a smile he found for us the phone number of the hospital where the roofer was and we phoned to extend our sympathies and find out how he was only to discover he hadn't had a stroke at all, he wasn't even a patient, but he was there doing *their* roof.

And then there was the plumber fixing the furnace in the garage. The company said he'd been with them for thirty years, was the very best, most reliable man for the job. This chap spent his time in the basement having a near heart attack and whispering, "Please don't tell the company, they'll fire me if they find out I'm sick. I've just started working for them and I'm not a plumber, I'm really a doctor who's fallen on hard times because my broker cheated me out of all my money, but I could have been a wonderful plumber and I will get the furnace fixed." Sitting in our garage trying to fix the furnace and stave off a heart attack, this man actually invented a heart valve that saved his life and made him a cool two million to boot. The furnace, needless to say, was fixed by somebody else.

Larry Hagman's wife, Mai, made wonderful jacuzzis and she was just finishing ours when *Dallas* started to take off. It was not easy, she understated, to concentrate, but she did and she finished it and by then the house was nearly done. We didn't want to express any untoward optimism but secretly we felt that things were looking good. All that was really left to do was put the doors back on we'd taken off to get refinished. The contractor decided to take a day off and have a little surgery. The kind you have in the doctor's office. It turned out that was a simple enough procedure but it would cost him for a little while a piece of his memory. Our piece. He chose to have the operation the day after he'd gone to the



pick them up
the doctor.
under the an-
remember who
. Francine drove him all
town, over all the hills and into the Valley, for days, in and out, trying to find those doors. Ages later somebody phoned from a furniture refinisher and asked whether we were ever going to come and pick up our doors because they were getting in their way. We picked them up ourselves. So the house was done.

After that, Francine looked for a gardener, cautiously. When she thought she had found one she liked, she asked, "Do you write scripts? Act, dance, direct, design? All you've wanted to be is a gardener, all your life? What a find, what a relief." So she hired him and then one day I came home from a movie location somewhere and he saw me walking down by the pool. He was digging in the garden with Francine and he turned to her and confided that in his heart he knew that he could be an actor, not just any actor, but a really good one, that that's what they said about him in acting class. Francine blanched and said you're fired and then he looked stunned and asked why and she said just go be one, go be an actor. So he did and he's not bad at all.

The new gardener talks quietly, in Japanese, to the flowers and the plants, to the lemon trees and the avocado; even the implacable succulents respond. When you stand here near th window, they flutter away these memo ries and the house whispers and smile There always seems to be a breeze an the sound of the piano and flower Chinese chairs, granite tables, line and cotton, white down, and never an noise to disturb the peacefulness Nothing intrudes and one rests at th center of an oasis looking out. Even th house down by the black pool has sauna with a window in it. Everywher Francine has made the space open, an there in that light with the flowers th rain is refreshing. Fireplaces smoke there is laughing and the children al going for a ride. Beyond are visions an dreams and the desert but there, in tha house, is everywhere. □

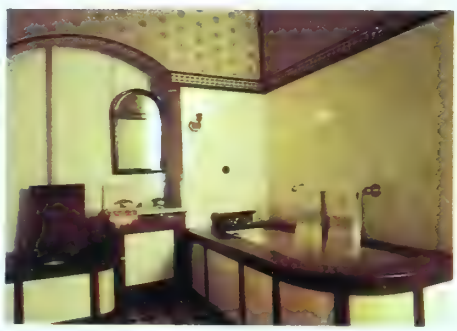
Editor: Joyce MacRa

THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEWPORT

(Continued from page 196) like Luigi Frullini, of Florence, who had been responsible for the dining room and the library in the 1870s, complete with intricate marquetry floors and ceilings of carved walnut.

Some of the inspiration for these fantasies came from the influential studies of Charles Eastlake, some from the pre-Raphaelites. Because their ideas fell from fashion after World War I it is easy to dismiss mid-Victorian design as a belated expression of antiquarianism or the reflection of that special prudery which draped piano legs as indecent and reduced the temptations of sunlight to a brown penumbra.

The Turkish Sitting Room on the second floor, the tree of life painted on the underside of a monumental stairway, the ebonized ballroom furniture from the house of Ringuet Le Prince & Marcotte, all evoke a rich and peaceful world in which the Wetmores and their cousins had no ambitions they could not fulfill. George Wetmore became governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator, but these achievements were secondary to European trips in quest of furniture and wallpapers, summers in Pau, and afternoons at the racecourse. The feeling of the house itself is curiously private. It has, however, one splendid reception room, the ballroom, its walls picked out in seven



Minton tiles and mahogany in bathroom

shades of gray with highlights of gold leaf—a room to which new upholstery, flowered against a bright yellow background, gives a satisfying glow.

I am glad to have known Miss Edith a little toward the end of her life. My wife and I were spending a few weeks in New York some thirty years ago, and we were asked to an evening party by Kirk and Constance Askew, who had a large following of clients and friends in the arts. We arrived late, and we were at once introduced to Miss Edith, a total stranger to me. Having to say something, I mumbled that it was disgraceful to be the last to arrive. She gave me a sharp look. When she spoke, it was in a markedly European voice, rolling her Rs. I noticed that she was a small, neat old lady, formidable after the fashion of Edith Wharton. "Don't apologize," she said. "You should be proud of yourselves. You wanted to make an entrance and you made one."

I answered that, on the contrary, we had spent a long day in the Brooklyn Museum and come home tired. We had overslept. She changed her tune. "That sounds honest," she agreed. "But I've learned one thing in a long life. When you deal with the British, get your blow in first." Whereat she insisted on our going to visit her next day on Beekman Place, and for two weeks she ferried us all over the city in a noble old Packard with, as I remember it, basketwork on the back and sides and carriage lamps above the driver's seat: a coupe de ville.

Much later I shared her as a Newport friend with another nonagenarian, Miss Alice Brayton, equally formidable in her way. As time passed, people fell into the habit of saying that Miss Maude had been much the more sympathetic of the sisters and that by comparison Miss Edith was a dragon. But she was a generous dragon, and, as well as benefactions to the city and to artist friends, she fell into the habit of giving away to even casual acquaintances pictures or porcelains they had admired.

One day she insisted on Miss Brayton's accepting her mother's engagement ring. "You are the last," she said, "to remember her. And it is right you should have it." Miss Brayton was

huch touched and accepted graceful-. It was therefore a blow to her to eceive, shortly after, a telephone nessage from the butler saying that he ad been instructed by the family law-er to prevent Miss Wetmore's giving ner possessions away. Would Miss Brayton please return the ring?

When the dust subsided, she struck compromise. She would return the ing but Louis the butler must fetch it himself from the dining room of the Colony Club in New York one day the following week.

On that day Miss Brayton was seated alone at a table. Before her was a substantial crate. "Open it," she ordered. And when a mountain of paper, cardboard, sawdust, and cotton wool had risen around the table, there at its heart was a tiny velvet case with a ring in it. "I hope it is the right one," she said.

Scandal struck only once. That was when Mrs. William Wetmore eloped with one of her husband's coachmen. The marriage did not last. But legend reports that after she was exiled to suburbs of Boston, she was allowed from time to time to draw up a carriage on one side of a local bridge in order to gaze at her children, George and Annie, on the other. Her name, however, was not mentioned.

The granddaughters of William Wetmore remained celibate all their lives. But I remember Kirk Askew telling of an evening party at the house when, for a change, there was a surplus of male guests. At which Miss Maude said in an awed voice to Miss Edith, pointing down a corridor at a group on their way toward brandy and cigars, "Edith! Look at all those *men*."

I can guess at what the ladies would say if they could revisit their old home and observe the guided groups poring over white-oak woodwork and the bronze figure of a geisha holding an electrified branch of cherry to illuminate the staircase. But the visiting groups like what they see. Of all the Newport houses open to the public, Château-sur-Mer is the one the visitor of today finds most welcoming. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

Château-sur-Mer is on Bellevue Avenue in Newport. It is open seven days a week May through October 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. and November through April on Saturdays and Sundays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission is $4 for adults.

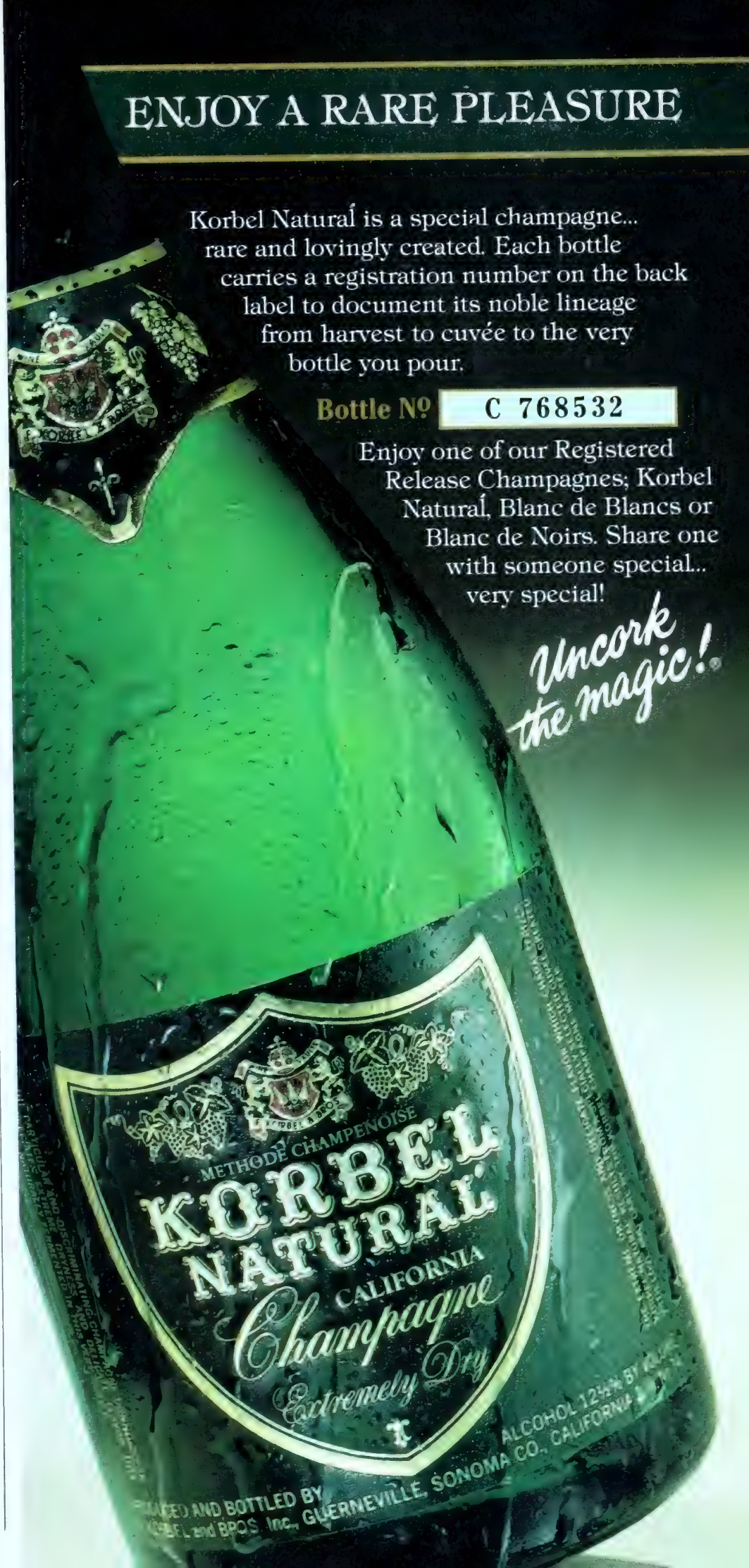
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Prostrate junipers mark wall by pool

current popularity and she has used them to stunning effect. In one particularly imaginative combination, a six-foot clump of maiden grass (*Miscanthus sinensis* 'Gracillimus') with upright arching blades is paired with a lacy, spreading threadleaf Japanese maple that hangs over a boulder.

Everywhere the plant associations are subtle and beautiful and nowhere more so than in the panels of greenery which edge the driveway and surround the house, unifying the separate elements in this large varied garden. To the untutored eye, the rich brocade of ground-covering plants looks unplanned and natural. But only a gardener of consummate skill can weave together a solid fabric of plants that complement one another, provide contrast and continuity, thrive under the same conditions, and look presentable for the entire growing season.

In the dry shade among trees, Mary has used ferns and hostas, herbs and wildflowers, with a few silver-leaved plants as accents. The Japanese painted fern (*Athyrium goeringianum* 'Pictum') is planted where its frost-colored fronds stand out against the bold green leaves of *Hosta sieboldiana*. In front *Lamium maculatum* 'Beacon Silver', a trailing plant with small green-trimmed silver leaves, repeats the color scheme. As much attention is devoted to texture as to color in these plant compositions. The sculptural leaves of the hosta are intentionally placed among plants with delicate openwork foliage like ferns, sweet cicely (*Myrrhis odorata*), and herb Robert (*Geranium robertianum*). The solid leaves contrast with divided leaves, horizontal lines with vertical lines, arching habits of growth with upright ones.

Successful plantings of this nature are an achievement that requires talent, horticultural expertise, patience, and a staggering number of plants. That Mary Ley has single-handedly raised the vast majority from seed is a measure of her dedication as a gardener. Seed of the giant green-leafed hosta came from the garden of a family friend in Cincinnati. Other seed has been passed down through her own family.

Every year her grandfather harvested the seed of his winter aconite (*Eranthis hyemalis*). Once, in a letter to Elizabeth Lawrence, he wrote that he had gathered and sowed 60,000 seeds. "He was always counting everything," Mary recalls. "He used to measure the aconite seed in my grandmother's gold thimble, and he knew just how many there were because he had counted them out. Everyone who came to see the garden got a package. He gave away so much: seeds, plants, bulbs. All the Virginia bluebells (*Mertensia virginica*) in my garden came from his woodland. He really spread that around. He even sent it to Clarence Elliott, who was a horticulturist to Her Majesty the Queen, and Elliott planted it in Windsor Great Park. Years later I actually saw it there for myself."

Carl Krippendorf's contribution of a simple American wildflower to a queen's garden seems entirely fitting. At home he gave away his treasures. As Mary says, "He wasn't a snob gardener in any way. He never held anything back. Consequently loads of people all around Cincinnati had all these wonderful and unusual plants, because of him. And I just think that's so important. If you are going to be a gardener, you have to be as generous as you can be." Like her grandfather before her, Mary Ley has shared the wealth of her garden. And all over Connecticut and farther afield people have these wonderful and unusual plants—because of her. □

Editor: Senga Mortimer



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MANHATTAN STILL LIFE

[illegible] and marble in [illegible] the wainscot [illegible] adding [illegible], "I think trompe l'oeil is overused. The se[illegible] with real materials, like marbles and woods," she says. The centerpiece of her table is a nineteenth-century white marble sculpture of four dancing nudes holding a garland.

The furniture in the apartment is complemented by paintings she has purposely chosen as a decorative embellishment. "I didn't want a gallery," she says. "I must have the largest collection of 'cheap art' in New York."

There is a theory among some art historians that many paintings, before they were elevated to the status of high art by connoisseurs, were thought of as a form of fine furniture. They were not to be set apart within a home but integrated with the rest of the furniture—objects to be appreciated, to be sure, and passed on, but not divorced from their living context. While Candia Fisher does have several works by well-known artists (a Picasso drawing, a Léger study), most are by somewhat obscure painters. She simply lives with the paintings; her apartment is not dominated by them.

She has also chosen several oils for what she calls their quiet eroticism—a cool 1930s landscape painting by Émile Aubry in the living room depicts nudes at a well. "I feel that sensuality makes people relax," she says. Her nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works also bring stories into the apartment. A French Neoclassical salon painting done by Charles François Sellier circa 1874 depicts the distraught Achilles lamenting the imminent sacrifice of Iphigenia by her father Agamemnon. In the living room there is a Pre-Raphaelite allegory of young love: two young women and a man play chess amid a full repertory of Pre-Raphaelite symbols—a peacock, castle, and knight on horseback.

"At first I didn't feel comfortable with the apartment when it was done," she admits. "I realized I had set a goal for myself, that it was only a project, an idea. I felt removed from it. I had created a formal space for people in formal clothes. And I like to wear jeans. But then I grew into the apartment."

Her six-year-old son, Eric, clearly feels comfortable, too. He brings a toy computer into the den so that his mother can help him with addition. He pulls up a miniature Chippendale chair, originally made as a sample, from under an early-nineteenth-century serving table and puts the plastic toy on a nineteenth-century club chair complete with brass tacks and original leather. Tux, a black-and-white Akita that stands five feet four inches tall on his hind legs, comes in looking for Eric, his enthusiastic tail wagging several inches away from some iridescent Art Deco vases by Loetz. The apartment, like a still life, stays immobile, but a full family life flows around it. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

AULENTI ASSOLUTA

(Continued from page 138) included in the Museum of Modern Art's influential 1972 exhibition "Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," which also displayed her plastic modular "home-environment system" commissioned for the show.

With her great passion for music Aulenti gravitated quite naturally toward designing sets for opera, including several productions at Milan's Teatro alla Scala as diverse as Rossini's *Il viaggio a Rheims* and Berg's *Wozzeck*. (Costume designs for some of those stagings were done by her only child, Giovanna Buzzi, from Aulenti's early marriage to the architect Franco Buzzi, which soon ended in divorce.)

Italy seems to produce architects in inverse proportion to its ability to employ them. The complex interrelationship there of politics, economics, and the burdens of history make it more difficult to practice architecture in [illegible]y than in any other industrialized nation in the West. Alternatives to construction are always being improvised: the architect as teacher, theoretician, historian, editor, critic, curator, creator of fantasy drawings, maker of furniture and lighting are all part of the Italian professional repertoire.

Thus it was perfectly natural for the fashion designer Emilio Pucci to approach Aulenti in 1969 to redo the eighteenth-century garden of his fourteenth-century villa in the Tuscan countryside near Florence. She devised a scheme of startling severity and optical impact which seems at once like a stylized diagram from a Renaissance treatise on point perspective and a horizontal version of one of Frank Stella's "pin stripe" paintings of the late fifties and early sixties. Aulenti had the sloping greensward surrounding the stark white-stuccoed house terraced and edged with low white revetments. Those gleaming concrete retaining walls break at right angles and seem to cascade downward like a staircase for giants. That exercise in Minimalist earth art has a dynamic power just as imposing as the Baroque conceits of the great age of Italian garden design.

It is impossible for Italian architects to escape daily confrontations with history, and it is in that dialogue between old and new that Gae Aulenti ultimately found her true calling. Such small but eloquent conversions as a pied-à-terre in a medieval tower in Rome in 1972 and her renovation and expansion of an old stone farmhouse near Assisi in Umbria for herself in 1978 are evidence of that rarest of all architectural personalities: the designer who is willing to listen to, but not be overwhelmed by, the lessons of the past. That does not include, in her estimation, overt quotations from architectural history, a practice that has not become as widespread in Italy as it has in the United States, presumably because it would seem even more ridiculous next to so much of the real thing. Aulenti's attitude toward renovation is quite matter-of-fact. "History deposits its message in the structure of a building," she explains. "It is up to the architect to find the elements that are

ndamental, abstract, like geometry, nd to make those historical secrets ome to light again." This is just the ind of synthesis she prefers: not as teral as the Postmodernists, not as brasive as the Memphisti, and far nore receptive to new conceptual in- uences than the rigid schemes of the talian neo-Rationalists.

Although Gae Aulenti is now sought fter around the world and her ab- ences from Milan are more prolonged han ever, she is resolutely trying to naintain her disciplined focus on her vork. Though by no means a social outterfly, Aulenti is often seen at open- ngs and dinners given by leading members of Milan's small, clubby cul- ural elite. She numbers among her friends the conductor Claudio Ab- bado, the novelist Umberto Eco, the pianist Maurizio Pollini, and the archi- tect Vittorio Gregotti, and cuts a dis- tinctive figure at their parties, clad in her uniform of navy wool cardigan, light blue blouse, gray skirt, and Mary Janes. In a roomful of black-velvet Valentino-clad *bombas,* she knows how to make her own fashion statement.

That Aulenti's work *is* her life is sig- nified by the small building containing both her home and office on the Piazza San Marco in Milan (the same house in which Verdi wrote his *Requiem,* she proudly points out). "Vive le Musée d'Orsay!" someone has scrawled over the buzzer, and no one has wanted to remove it. Inside, several levels of the gutted-and-restructured volume are used as offices and drafting rooms by her small staff. Above them is her simple but very bright, comfortable apartment, filled with books, records, and art.

Even now her assistants number only eight, and she is loath to consider expansion beyond a manageable com- plement of twenty at the most. She has no desire to trade her role of designer for that of administrator, and as attrac- tive as the large-scale offers that have started to come her way have been, she is too experienced and aware of her goals to fall for those temptations at this late date. There is something to be said for success that can be savored at leisure rather than devoured in haste, and Gae Aulenti at the beginning of her seventh—and quite possibly most productive—decade refuses to let suc- cess consume her. □

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte



nt. And here, in our age of ... the paradox of the ... of style, as the avant-garde would have it: architecture and art can be fresh and new while being analogous to styles of the past.

Vandenhove's most significant work is involved with such additions to, and transformations of, the past. As well as the Hôtel Torrentius, he has patiently rehabilitated a small part of Liège, Hors-Château, which consists of single-family dwellings grouped around a tiny pedestrian square. Again he has invented twentieth-century equivalents of a traditional grammar that enhances the past without repeating it; he has fashioned an intermediate language of constructional elements—precast column, cast-iron window boxes, and bronze casement—which is old and new at the same time. The effect is dazzling and haunting much like the paintings of the northern Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux which are equally modern and traditional.

Vandenhove's collaboration with artists is also set between customary alternatives. The Modernist method usually consists of the artwork collaged onto the building after it is finished—a disruption in scale and meaning—at best a fortuitous interaction of the two disciplines. Vandenhove chooses to work right from the beginning with artists who are his friends, and he always leaves a primary space for their work. In the Théâtre de la Monnaie, the opera house in Brussels, Sol LeWitt, Sam Francis, Giulio Paolini, and Daniel Buren all had a clear context in which to place their work. As a result, the art and architecture do not cancel each other out, but work together to greater effect.

There are many links made between the past and the present, especially on the level of visual representation. For instance, the inside spaces of the Delforge house are signified on the outside in a Palladian manner, with the engaged piers of brick indicating the nine squares within. Indeed the rather awkward proportions of the roof pitch and bulky massing resemble those of Palladio's Villa Rotonda, and this, coupled with the tiny surmounting glass dome makes one wonder if an ironic critique of the model is partially intended.

Such thoughts are suggested by the strange capitals of the engaged piers, which are perfectly logical in their flat sides but oddly semicircular on their fronts. They billow up, like triple clouds, to a quadripartite architrave, which also cantilevers out. In historical terms we have the combination of a Doric order without its base, an axial bracket capital like the Ionic, and several stepped echelons like the Corinthian and Art Deco modes. All this—coupled with the cloudlike volutes, shades of Pop Art and Robert Venturi's "Mickey Mouse Ionic" used at the Oberlin Art Museum—would suggest



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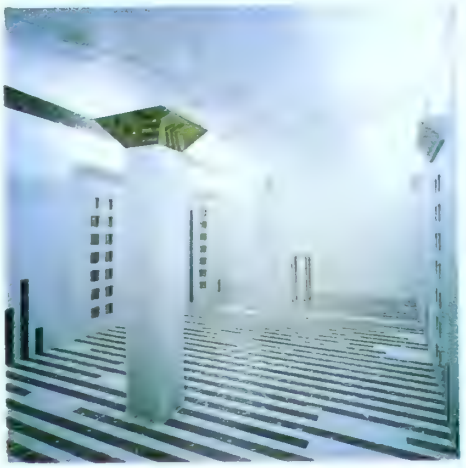
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We are witnessing some elaborate historical argument about the lesson of the past and its impact on present architectural reality, a suggestion made plausible by the fact that Vandenhove is a teacher as well as an accomplished detailer in the Miesian tradition. These strange piers seem to be arguing several things of relevance: first, the flat stereotyped ornament Venturi has prescribed for Postmodernists need not be the only valid decoration in an industrial age; second, columns and pilasters still have a primary role of visual articulation, telling us what happens inside in terms of space and structure; and third, in a few instances, such as a column capital, we are encouraged to invent an expressive gesture that gives identity to a building.

In the Delforge house the piers break up the facade into a steady tripartite beat, which is then further subdivided into triple rhythms of minor columns and window frames. These last, carefully detailed in oak like much of his furniture, repeat at different scales the overall square motif of the plan and of each room. Thus the order really does relate, as a Classical ordonnance should, to the mental and constructional order of the entire building. It's not a tacked-on afterthought, or collaged sign as it sometimes is in Postmodern practice, but an intellectually satisfying sign of the whole, *pars pro toto*.

This modest villa, located in a modern suburb, is not quite the *villa suburbana* Palladio created for the patricians of the Veneto. Its compact scale, sparse furniture, and use of industrial materials—as much as its tight spaces—indicate that we are living with twentieth-century realities. Mario Botta has built a clutch of similar Palladian villas in the Ticino region of Switzerland which are equally chaste and modest in scale. Indeed they have a similar monumentality, also the result of using concrete in a highly formal and geometric way.



The Salon Royal of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels has been renovated by Vandenhove. Giulio Paolini contributed sculpture and Daniel Buren strips of marble on the floor.

What distinguishes Vandenhove's monumental houses from those of the Ticino school is his figural use of the orders, his invention of an ornamental system, and his articulation of traditional spaces. Doors and windows receive special treatment: sometimes colored glass or a repeated square motif, other times a layering of column and mullion elements. These decorative features, this layering at the Delforge house, serve as further psychological protection for the inhabitants allowing them to look out without being clearly seen, a point the architect makes about his own "retreat" inside the Hôtel Torrentius.

Since every room of the Delforge house is autonomous and capable of being closed off, at least acoustically, one has the impression of being inside a small bastion that is rather like a tiny church. Little niches with statuary mark both approaches to the central rotunda, perhaps implicit religious signs for this Catholic family. The whole sequence of space culminates in a little apsidal chapel, which holds the circular dining table and chairs, an altarlike group made in oak, which the architect has carefully designed. The overall mood is that of a temple-monument, the house as a permanent shelter placed in opposition to an age of constant change.

Belgium, like many other European countries, has gone through a period of radical suburbanization, highway construction, and exploitation of the countryside. The urban devastation of World War II was continued intermittently by a policy of Modernist urban renewal, and Vandenhove, like some other Belgian architects, has decided to resist these dislocations. But he has done so with his unique hybrid grammar of contemporary construction and Classical language, his commitment to urban patching and artistic integration. Set firmly between a Modernism of constructional purity and a traditionalism of urban order, he occupies a central position which will, no doubt, become less lonely as more architects and clients finally understand its point. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Bryon

RESOURCES

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A DECORATING EYE, Page 148: Sofa, tub chairs, club chair, ottoman from Flexform, available through Studio MORSA, NYC. Lamp table from Facade Collection by John F. Saladino, Baker Knapp & Tubbs. Mid-19th-century plate on lamp table and two contemporary beige crackle garden stools from Naga Antiques. Mounted textile from Edward Merrin Gallery. American primitive 19th-century candlestick, wooden bowl on draped table, 18th-century English tea caddy all from Saladino Furniture, Inc. Ming oxidized bronze bowl, 9th or 10th century, from Nuri Farhadi, Inc. Page 150: African stool from Gordon Foster. Page 151: Antique Continental marble mortar from Saladino Furniture, Inc. Chinese Sung glaze jar, 9th or 10th century, from Nuri Farhadi, Inc. Page 155: Shaker fan encased in Lucite and small antique baskets on chest from Saladino Furniture, Inc. Page 155 inset: Sterling-silver woven carafe from Eva Antiques, Ltd. Castellini linen sheets from The Home at Bergdorf Goodman. White 19th-century quilt from America Hurrah. White plaster sculpture by Tony Marra.

MANHATTAN STILL LIFE, Page 178: Fabric on large stuffed sofa from Fortuny. Curtain fabric from Clarence House. Pages 182–83: Striped wallpaper from Cowtan & Tout. Wall, curtain, and sofa fabric from Fortuny. Leather on bench printed by Douglas Ferguson. Blanket cover from Jane Wilner. Large shams from Paper White Limited. Duvet cover from Pratesi.



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